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MY DIARY IN AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR.

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IN

THE MIDST OF WAR.

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BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	THE ASPECT OF THE PLACE, AND THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE	1
II.	WASHINGTON	68
III.	THE OPENING OF CONGRESS	97
IV.	PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS MINISTERS AT HOME	123
V.	A "HOP" AT THE NATIONAL	153
VI.	THE SEVENTH OF MAY	173
VII.	THE ANTI-SILK DRESS MOVEMENT	184
VIII.	A DISCOURSE ON AMERICAN HOSPITALITY	193
IX.	PER HARLEM R. R. TO TROY	221
X.	BETWEEN SARATOGA SPRINGS AND A BOX OF MATCHES	244
XI.	LIFE AT SARATOGA	272
XII.	A MASS MEETING	301
XIII.	THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS	319
XIV.	"PHERNANDIWUD"	331

CHAP. PAGE

XV.—SECESH WOMEN 350

XVI.—THE COMPLETE ART OF CRIMPING 371

XVII.—THE REPUBLIC OF JONES 388

XVIII.—PARSON BROWNLOW 399

CHAPTER THE LAST—THE LADIES 407

MY DIARY IN AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASPECT OF THE PLACE, AND THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Lying in that narrowest of beds—the very narrowest of all that a man can occupy save his grave—the berth in my state-room on board the steam-ship "Persia," I gave myself up last November to many nights of thought. And my thoughts were of many kinds. First, that I should be infinitely thankful to Heaven for being alive—for having been permitted to confront so many perils, to overcome so many difficulties, to override so many mishaps, to escape being hanged by Butler, bullied by Stanton, bastilled by Dix, gouged, bowie-knived, or tarred-and-feathered, by anybody, shot by Confederate guerillas, plundered by Mexican guerilleros, picked up by the Alabama, or knocked over by the yellow fever,—in short, that I had seen America in the Midst of War, and was well out of it. Since my return to my own country, I have (being of a somewhat irritable temper) almost chafed under the congratulations of friends,

who have said:—"And so you're back, safe and sound, are you? Safe and sound. Well, we never expected to see *you* again!" Why the deuce shouldn't they expect to see *me* again? Was it their wish not to do so? Did I carry a Death Warrant with me to the States? Was I under sentence when I left? Had I been sojourning with the Old Man of the Mountain; and was I bound to be assassinated? Was I in the last stage of consumption, or liver complaint, or heart disease, when I left the white cliffs of Albion? It is certain that, previous to my departure, I experienced extreme difficulty in persuading an Insurance Office to take my life; and that the Solicitor who made my will shook my hand with much cordiality when I left him: which boded ill, I thought. Now there is my dearest friend, whose "hair is as white as the snows on the summit of Popocatapetl." He has earned the proud title of an Atlantic Navigator. He crosses from Liverpool to Boston, and from New York to Queenstown, at least eight times a-year. He is always going away, or coming back. He has been in fearful storms, and has been twice more than nine-tenths wrecked. He oscillates between hotel and hotel. Census and Income-Tax Commissioners can never get hold of him; for he resides, the major part of the time, in a portmanteau,—a Fisher's dressing-bag and a portmanteau. Yet nobody seems astonished when *he* comes back after two or three months' absence. People talk of his being nearly "due," and of the probability of his "turning up" next Monday week, or so. He goes and comes quite as much as a matter of course as a Queen's Messenger or a Post-Office

Mail Agent. He seems to belong, morally, to the Cunard packet service, and to be as safe as the "Persia" and Captain Lott, or the "Scotia" and Captain Judkins. Nobody ever expects to hear that he has been shot, hanged, stabbed, or "run out." It is his business to come due, and to be taken up, like a good bill; and he arrives at maturity, and takes himself up accordingly.

So I thought, and was thankful, in my berth on board the "Persia." There were many things besides gratitude that impelled me to cogitation. Every day brought me nearer Home. The word was associated not only with bright pleasures, but with grave cares, to come. I was coming home to rent and taxes, and more critics, and to the people who write anonymous letters. I was coming back to the daily treadmill, the bullet and the chain. I had a Book to finish; I had a new carpet to buy. I knew that I had eight hundred pages of printed matter to see through the press before January was a fortnight old; and that if I didn't have the gas laid on, there would be a disturbance at home. There was, you see, a little hyssop mingled in the wine-cup. And every day, as the shadows began to fall, there used to come and sit over against me on the washstand a Shadowy Thing, that became more and more to my distempered fancy a visible and tangible Presence, in the likeness of an Elf—a grubby little Elf, given to whistling negro melodies, and quite innocent of a pocket-handkerchief. And these were the words the Elf seemed to be muttering:—"Welcome Home. I have been long waiting for you. Now, if you please, I will wait upon you every

morning, every afternoon, and every evening. I will go to sleep in your hall. I will crouch on the hearth-rug in your study. I will haunt your step. I will drive coffin-nails into your door with single raps. You shall think of me sleeping, and think of me waking. I am a Printer's Devil. I have come for Copy. I have come for Proofs. I want to know what time I am to come to-morrow morning. You must learn to love me, for I am the Ink-Bottle Imp, and I will never leave you." I tried to shut this dreadful little vision out; but when I buried my head in the pillow, or clasped my hands over my eyes, I could still hear him knocking single knocks, or sniffing in the hall. And he is still sitting, like Edgar Poe's Raven, by my chamber door: and if I tell him to go to the Devil, his papa, he sniffs, and murmurs—"Never more!" and that it is as much as his life is worth, to go back to the office "without them proofs."

But now let me tell you the chief reason for my thinking so much in my berth on board the "Persia." As a rule I can sleep anywhere, and for any number of hours on a stretch. But slumber fled from my eyelids on my homeward voyage for the reason that, during the first three days and nights, I suffered intense agony from a most atrocious toothache, the which, although I overcame it with chloroform, and cognac, and pepper, and other medicaments, was continually threatening to return, and kept me for the remaining seven days in a continual tremor of nervous expectation. Boys at school will tell you that the pain of the thrashing they have just had is nothing compared with the anticipation of that which they are promised the next morning. So I used to do

my sleeping by fits and starts in the daytime, and at night lay awake and thought. I thought chiefly this. Here have I been away a whole year, and what, after all, have I seen? I have but fringed the garment of the North American continent; I have but spied out a corner of the nakedness of the land. I have never gazed on the boundless Prairies of the West; I have never surveyed the Rocky Mountains; I have never seen the Mississippi. Much as a man feels inclined to make of his travels, I don't think the whole of my American journey has been more adventurous, or more perilous, than an expedition to Bethnal Green. In the bowels of the silver mines of Real del Monte, in Mexico, I was never without a shirt, and had to dress for dinner punctually at half-past six; and there has never come a Saturday without a sheaf of white cravats coming home from the wash. What with steam, the electric telegraph, and newspapers, it would be hard work nowadays even for Timon of Athens to fly from the pale of civilization. That wretched dolt who sleeps on the cinders in a kitchen near St. Albans, and dresses in a blanket and skewer—who calls himself a Hermit, and whose diseased vanity Mr. Charles Dickens unwisely fostered by making him the Hero of a Christmas book—is compelled, maugre his pretended renunciation of the world and its ways, to sacrifice at the shrine of civilization. *He keeps his cheque-book in a fish-kettle.* Wherever you go, the swallow-tailed coat, white choker, and gibus hat—the banker's letter of credit, the postage stamp, the *Illustrated London News*—the woman's bonnet and crinoline skirt—follow you about; and what are these but

Civilization? There are a few places left—Bhootan, for instance, Halesowen, the Durham Collieries, and that wonderful island in the Malay archipelago, where the daily life of the entire population is an incessant repetition of the various stages of intoxication, and ends every evening in a drunken brawl—where you may give civilization the go-by for a while, and be a savage, and (if your tastes tend towards savagery) happy. But these places are daily growing more select. The Barbarian Eye is looking right through the Great Wall of China. English officers collect the dues in the Celestial custom-houses, and there are horse-races at Pekin. There is a theatre at Great Salt Lake City, and Artemus Ward was enabled to calculate the number of Brigham Young's wives from the number of long stockings he saw hanging over a clothes-line in the Patriarch's garden.

"I have in my desk two large yellow envelopes, given me, "just before I left New York, by a gentleman whose ac- "quaintance I was not fortunate enough to enjoy for any "lengthened period, but who, by the rare qualities he dis- "played, made a greater impression on me than almost any "other American with whom I had been on terms of in- "timacy. 'I don't know whether you'll ever come our way,' "said this gentleman; 'but, if you do, our folks will be very "glad to see you.' 'Our way,' was set forth in the con- "tents of the large yellow envelopes. One held a pass over "the Overland Stage Route (carrying the U. S. mails) "between San Francisco, California, and Atcheson, Mis- "souri, and back again, and instructing all station-agents, "conductors, &c., to show the bearer of this pass every

"attention. The second paper was a letter of introduction "to a Banking Firm at Salt Lake City. I wonder whether "I shall ever be able to make use of these two yellow "envelopes. '*Sait-on où l'on va?*' asked Diderot. In "the course of a year or so I may grow rusty again with "town life; throw myself into a Royal Mail Steamer; speed "from St. Thomas to Aspinwall; cross the Isthmus of "Panama; take a berth on one of the colossal Pacific "steamers; land at San Francisco; try 'our way' overland, "and look up 'our folks' at the City of the Mormons. I am "reminded too that, did I choose to visit California *viâ* "New York, I have the promise of a pass by long sea for "the Nicaragua Route to the Golden State (among the end-"less varieties of American hospitality, that of giving a "stranger free passes for a four or five thousand mile "journey is not at all uncommon); but what with wars, and "rumours of wars, and the new U. S. passport system, and "this Book of mine, I don't know whether the Yankees will "ever suffer me to land at Jersey City again. I fear it will "have to come to 'our way,' and I should dearly like to try "it. I have carefully abstained from reading any books "about the Mormons—even those of such notable travellers "as M. Jules Remi and Mr. Brenchley, or Captain Burton, "to avoid being, as the Reviewer said, 'prejudiced;' but I "met numbers of gentlemen in the States—from Senator "Latham to Artemus Ward—who had sojourned in Utah, "and I could not help hearing a great deal about the "Mormons and Brigham Young and his many wives. By "all accounts this people must be the most curious in the

"world. The institution of polygamy, which is so funda-
"mental a part of their polity, and to which they cling with
"such persistency, has made them hateful to the people of the
"United States, and is justly reprehended in Europe, where
"monogamy has been found sufficient, and sometimes more
"than sufficient, for any Christian man. The Book of
"Mormon has been denounced as a wicked fable; Joe Smith
"as a vulgar impostor; Brigham Young as an artful
"intriguer; and the Latter Day Saints as a horde of crazy
"and profligate impostors. They may be all, or any of
"these things, or none; but the fact nevertheless remains,
"that Heaven, for some inscrutable purpose, has per-
"mitted them to prosper, and that they are now flourish-
"ing to a surprising extent;—that the plurality of wives
"which obtains among them, however much it may con-
"duce to private dissoluteness, has destroyed public im-
"morality, and that there is no adultery, no prostitu-
"tion, no seduction, no debauchery among the Mormons.
"I asked the Senator whether ardent spirits were consumed
"in the place. He told me that he thought travellers could
"obtain wines at the hotels; but *that in the whole of Great*
"*Salt Lake City there was not one drinking bar.* I asked
"Artemus Ward whether the purely ecclesiastical govern-
"ment to which the Saints were subject led in any way to
"gloom, to asceticism, or to the sour self-conceit which
"Puritanism engenders, so surely as a decayed cheese gene-
"rates maggots. He replied that, on the contrary, they were
"a very cheerful, and vivacious, and appeared to be a very
"happy people; that the theatre at Great Salt Lake City

" was a very large and handsome structure, which was nightly
" thronged, and that secular amusements (except, always,
" getting drunk) were largely patronised. He confessed that
" he was somewhat staggered when he saw a flock of chil-
" dren issuing from a schoolhouse, and was told that the
" greater number of the juveniles belonged to Brigham
" Young; but both he, and every other traveller among the
" Mormons, warned me not to believe the absurd stories
" current in the States of the rampant and indecent form
" which polygamy has been said to take in Utah, of
" women being maltreated, children strangled, and obnoxi-
" ous strangers 'passed on'—*i.e.*, murdered and thrown into
" the Lake. I was furthermore begged to divest my mind
" of the possible impression that every Mormon was the
" possessor of a harem full of Odalisques. Some of the
" Elders have indeed many wives, but many more persons in
" authority are content with one; and an emigrant to Utah
" could not fall into a greater error than to imagine that on
" his arrival at the blissful bourne he would be immediately
" presented with a dozen sultanas, thenceforth to lead a
" jovial rollicking life. There are indeed a great many
" widows and unmarried females in the settlement—most of
" them persons of mature age and in indigent circumstances,
" relatives and friends of emigrants who have died, and so
" forth. Of these, a number are 'sealed' to Brigham Young,
" and other Dignitaries of the Church. This 'sealing' is
" a kind of Platonic matrimonial arrangement; but, as it has
" been described to me, partakes more of the nature of a
" charitable provision for persons without any means of

"support than a tangible nuptial contract. For the rest, "the corner stone of practical Mormonism (apart from the "extraordinary theological delusion on which it is founded) "seems to be Hard Work of the grimmest and most unequi- "vocating kind. Brigham Young does the 'bossing;' but "everybody else has to work. The government is a simple "theocracy; and the revenue is derived from a sweeping "duty of ten per cent. paid to the Church. If an emigrant in "poor circumstances arrives, the Saints will allot him so "much land, provide him with seed, stock, and implements, "and give him every chance of earning a livelihood; but he "must redeem his indebtedness within a reasonable time, "and pay his annual ten per cent. to the Church. If he "won't pay his debts or his tithes, if he won't work, if he "is idle, or profligate, or a nuisance, the Saints don't "exactly 'pass him on' in the Lethal sense of the locution, "but they 'run him out.' He has to go. The sooner he "makes tracks out of Utah Territory the better. I cannot "imagine a more Alnaschar-like dissipation of a voluptuous "dream, than that of some gay young rover who has emi- "grated to Utah with the hope of discovering a Mahomet "Paradise there, but has found instead that it is a very "Tophet to those who are not willing to earn their bread by "the sweat of their brows. A great deal of the hatred "which the inhabitants of the Northern States bear to the "Mormons, may be traced to the fact that the purely "American element is not strong in Utah. The commu- "nity is most cosmopolitan. Swedes, Germans, English- "men, Welshmen, Frenchmen, outnumber the Yankees;

"nor do the Europeans, following the rule which prevails in "the States, become speedily Yankeeised." This note is entirely derived from *vivâ voce* information.

To return to civilisation. The King of Siam takes astronomical observations; the heir of Runjeet Singh goes out deer-stalking and marries a tract distributor; and in the month of March last I was presented in the palace built by Hernan Cortés to the Regent of an Empire, who, in the purest English, asked after the health of Lord Palmerston, with whom he had often dined, who knew Paris and New York and Philadelphia by heart, and read the *Journal des Débats* and the *Saturday Review*, and who was a full-blooded Indian, as copper-coloured as a stewpan, and whose mother, the squaw, from the way she had of flying with him (the papoose) to the mountains when peril was near, caused to be conferred on him the name he bore :—Almonte.

"The duty of an archdeacon," once said Bishop Blomfield, "is to discharge archidiaconal functions." The duty of one sent to a far distant country to describe the manners, customs, and peculiarities of a great people—interesting to us for a hundred reasons—is to describe them accordingly. I asked myself, tossing, toothfully, in my berth, whether I had "discharged archidiaconal functions" as an archdeacon should do—had I turned the pen of a ready-writer to profitable account? Alas! I looked back upon a tangled wilderness of interminable digression and wearisome verbiage—of trivial anecdote, of idle speculations, of carping criticism, of stories about a cock and a bull. For twelve months I had been biting a file, and twisting a rope of sand, and making

dirt pies, instead of exploring the latent depths and the giddy heights, and seeing what the open and what the covert would yield. What acres of ephemeral discussion, of purposeless invective, must I not leave for ever entombed in the columns of a daily newspaper? Who would care to hear now why Chase resigned? how Fessenden strove to raise the wind? how Howard forged a proclamation? how Payne stole mules? how Thurlow Weed accused an ex-mayor of New York of peculation? how Greeley was hoodwinked at Niagara? how Jaques and Gilmore were bowed out of Richmond by Jefferson Davis? how Abraham Lincoln consorted with a corncutter, and how the corncutter shot another chiropodist, his partner, in Broadway? how the gaoler at Columbus shaved John Morgan's head, and sold his hair in love-locks to Secesh admirers? how gold went up to a hundred and eighty-five premium? how pork and petroleum rose and fell? how Butler issued proclamations from Fortress Monroe against mankind in general, and came to New York, and put up at the Hoffmann House, and frightened the Manhattaniten out of their wits? how Bennett called Raymond a "little villain," and the *World* called Jewett a "swelling oaf," and Belmont called the Chicago Convention to order, and Cheever spoke of Lincoln as Herod, and Lincoln wondered that he didn't call him Hernia, since there had been a "rupture" between them? how that most blasphemous person, Henry Ward Beecher (the brother of the lady who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and who by her wicked exaggerations and misstatements has done more than any other human being alive towards plunging a

once glorious and prosperous and united nation into an abyss of blood and tears and unextinguishable hatred) said from the pulpit, of which he is permitted to make a mountebank's rostrum, and to the congregation, *whose pews are sold every year by public auction*, "that when God had to deal with the rebellious angels, he recognised no peace-platform of a Chicago Convention"? how ministers of the Federal Government expressed at public meeting their wish to "take old Mother England by the hair, and give her a good shaking"? and how George Francis Train was elected Delegate from Nebraska Territory to the Chicago Convention, set up there at the Sherman House as a kind of Warwick the King Maker, was nominated by a private convention of one Vice-President of the Republic, made a vast fortune (the tenth) by speculations in gold and "corners" in the Adirondack Railway, and threatened to return to England to cover the whole surface of the land with street railways, and once more accuse Lord Palmerston of having violated the doctrine of *uti possidetis*, poisoned Thamas Kouli Khan, murdered Eliza Grimwood, and set the Thames on fire? These are the things about which I had to prose, and prose, for twelve weary months. And when I looked forward, no Pisgah view of Palestine was mine. I saw only stern and angry faces—I see them now;—I hear only voices saying, "You give us so many bills of fare, so much egotism, so much tautology, and so much bosh, and you call this a 'Diary in America in the Midst of War.'"

I screwed my eyelids together one night very tightly, and I said, "I know that I have failed miserably in that which I

proposed to myself to do. There is no time, no opportunity to begin the task over again; but I can at least do something. Those with whom I come in contact at home will be sure to ask me, 'What do the Americans eat and drink? How do they dress? What are their children like? Of what nature are their marriage, funeral, convivial customs? Have you been in their churches? Have you seen the working of their schools? What kind of shops have they? What are their railways, their omnibuses, their steamboats, their hackney carriages, their private equipages like? Have you ever stayed in an American country-house? Do their villages resemble ours? Are they good horsemen? Are they great readers? Do they believe to any great extent in spiritual manifestations? Is Bloomerism on the wane, or gaining ground? Do they really hate us? Have they pretty theatres, and good actors and actresses? What are their evening parties like? Do the gentlemen smoke? do they bet? do they gamble? do they shoot? do they play cricket? do they yacht? do they hunt? Do the ladies flirt much? are they very pious, or charitable? are they fond of needlework? are they addicted to scandal? Do they wear much crinoline? How are their shoes, and their bonnets? Are they "fast?" Have the people any taste for art? Have they any picture galleries or museums? Are their medical men talented? Do they cut corns well? How about their dentists? Do you admire American photography?'" The number of books of travels in the United States is legion; yet no tourist returns from the States without being asked questions such as I have enu-

merated by the very people who have read his book, and the tourists who give the fullest information on these points are often those who never dream of writing a book at all. For it must be, I apprehend, conclusive that still life, however accurately it may be portrayed, is in every way inferior to the life which is quiet and breathing. The best word-pictures of American scenery and American architecture, the lengthiest disquisitions on American politics, literature, or theology, are but still life. They can be written at home, with the aid of cyclopedias, gazetteers, handbooks, and the experiences of former travellers; but the best picture of living American life you could possibly obtain would be, not from the bulky work of a picturesque and discursive, or sentimental or didactic traveller, but from the dinner-table conversation, say of a shrewd Manchester man, who, not quite satisfied with Brightism and Cobdenism, had determined to take a run through the States, and see things for himself; or an intelligent young Guardsman who had utilised a three months' leave from Montreal to see the North and the West and the East of the Union, if he had not indeed run the blockade by sea, and pierced the lines on land—as many Guardsmen have done—and taken a peep at Dixie. "I will imagine," I continued, "that I have been asked out to dinner, and that the company are asking me questions:—'Mr. Pen, have they any Nesselrode pudding in America?—are the ladies *very* brilliant pianoforte players?' and I will answer as many of the queries as I can squeeze into forty or fifty pages, as succinctly and with as few digressions as I can." This was my resolve. I screwed my eyes tighter

than ever. I turned my face to the wall of the ship. I tried to dismiss the grubby elf, the life-belt hanging on the bulkhead, the washstand, the pegs, the crimson settee, the lamp and looking-glass of my state-room, the heaving and crackling of the ship's sides; the noise of the men holystoning the deck above, the churning of the paddles, and the continual anguish of the sea. I strove to conjure up the real and living aspect of the country I had just quitted, and to detach, leaf by leaf, the pages of the Diary I had not ceased to keep, and in which I had noted down that which had stricken me as peculiar in the manners and customs of the strangest people among whom I ever dwelt. The result is here.

What impression does the first glimpse of America make on a stranger? Absolutely that of a large box full of German toys. I saw the State of Massachusetts, to begin with, from Boston harbour. The shows were wonderfully toy-like—everything spick and span, and shining and new-looking. Trim, châlet-looking wooden houses, painted in all kinds of gay colours, dotted about like ornaments on a twelfth-cake. Toy trees, slim in the stem, straight in the branches, light and feathery in foliage; toy roads, serpentine, dazzling, sparkling: the kind of roads you see in a valentine, with a lady and gentleman meandering towards the Temple of Hymen in the middle distance. Toy carriages: so crank and slender and brightly varnished are they—they all look as though they were made of painted tin; toy fences and palisades, and curious little toy churches, with bright-green jalousies to the windows and wooden steeples. Only give

me the run of Mr. Cremer's toy warehouse in Regent Street, and I would build you up a model of the environs of Boston in half an hour. As a background you must have a sky not *quite* Italian blue—*that* verges, in its intensity, on purple (although I have occasionally seen the deep cerulean), but a light diaphanous *bleu du roi:*—a Sèvres-porcelain sky, in fact. Let this sky be thoroughly clear from cloud or murk; let the air be as clear as a silver bell,—a wiry, high-toned, rarefied atmosphere, not bracing, however, but stimulating, lung-lifting, pulse-inclining, stringing your nerves to a degree of tension which is, perhaps, not very salutary, and of which the reaction may be languor, exhaustion, and *ennui*. Make the outlines of every object sharply defined; make the shadows cast by the sun clear and incisive, and in their texture luminous, instead of (as in our umbrageousness) heavy and woolly. Do this, *pictor ignotus*, and with your toy houses, toy gardens, toy fences, toy trees, and toy carriages, you may get up a suburban Boston to the very life. The pretty place! Of all the drives I know, those about Boston are the most charming. To Cambridge or Brighton, or to Jamaica Plains, along the long-drawn causeways and "necks," and the winding roads that seem laid with Queen Elinor's clue; the trim little villas *riants* and coquettish enough to be bowers for Fair Rosamond; the cheerful verandahs, the gay flower-beds; the sun glittering on the well-polished panes; the glittering electro-silvered bell-pulls and door-plates; the very key-holes in silver sheen; the transparent doors—panelled, I mean, with plate glass, and disclosing dainty lawn curtains within; the snowy flights

of steps: all has an aspect of neatness and prettiness and grace:—*but not of solidity.* It seems as though you could blow the whole array of dainty structures away with a puff of your breath; and everything looks as though it had been built the day before yesterday.

I remember one very delightful drive we took out of Boston upon the First of May. May Day is still a festival in New England: where so many good old English customs are still preserved by a studious and refined people curious in archæology and folk-lore. There are no Maypoles to be seen; and the Milkmaids' garland is not carried through the streets; but the school-children—from little tots of two and three to girls of twelve and fourteen—are dressed in white and decorated with wreaths and ribbons and posies till the prettiest effect imaginable is attained. I don't know how many school-children there are in Boston; I am no judge of numbers, but from the swarm of boys and girls one sees issuing from the common schoolhouses—to say nothing of the colleges, ladies' institutes, grammar schools, and private seminaries,—I should put the army of scholars down at from sixty to seventy thousand strong. There may be more; there may be less; but there certainly appears to be a most prodigious number. And please to remember this: that in Boston *every boy and girl under the period of adolescence goes to school, and to a good school too.* Here is no shirking, no perfunctory education, no wasting the hours in learning genealogies out of Genesis. What truants there are, the police look after, promptly catch up (as in New York), restore to their parents, or relegate to school. What

little vagrants there are, the police likewise collar and sweep away to the "Institutions" on Deeir Island, where there are Houses of Occupation, Industrial Schools, Reformatories, and Penitentiaries enough to make all Lilliput—ay, and all Brobdignag—learn how to behave with propriety.

On this May Day we drove out to Cambridge, and saw the buildings, chapels, common and lecture halls of Harvard University—quaint, red-brick edifices, the oldest I had yet seen in America, and putting one pleasantly in mind of Chelsea Hospital and the Inner Temple. Then we branched off into some more serpentine lanes among the villas and feathery trees, and came upon a long, long procession of school-children, bearing many banners, preceded by their pastors, escorted by their teachers and teacheresses and school-trustees, and village bigwigs innumerable. They were singing a hymn; but I could catch neither the air nor the words. What was it, I wonder? Was it "Old Hundred," or Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Coming of the Lord"?

Or was it haply, on this May Day, a Hymn of Peace, such as was penned, or ever this war began, by Mr. James Russell Lowell? You all know the Hymn, admirers of the "Biglow Papers":—

"*Ez fer War I call it murder—*
There you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment for that;
God hez sed so plump and fairly,
It's ez long as it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts and feathers
Make the thing a grain more right,
'Taint a follerin your bell-wethers
Will excuse you in His sight;
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.
* * * * * * *
Ef I'd MY *way I hed ruther*
We should go to work and part,—
They take one way, we take t'other,—
Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Men hed ough' to put asunder
Them that God has noways jined.
An' I shouldn't greatly wonder
Ef there's thousands of my mind."

Mr. James Russell Lowell, who wrote this hymn—or whatever you choose to call it—is professor of English literature at Harvard, and is one of the brightest scholars and keenest wits in the American Union. Mr. Charles Sumner, the great Republican Senator, in the forum and in the senate, was quite as earnest as Mr. Lowell in his denunciations of war *under any circumstances*. You see what Mr. Lowell says about the preferability of a disruption of the Union, to war. But the denouncers of war and the advocates of Secession are now the most rancorous of Black Republicans, and I suppose they would whip the school-children if they dared to chant stanzas from the "Biglow Papers."

Away from the school-children with their gay flags and streamers we went, and presently came to a roomy old mansion, with a verandah, of course, running round it, situated in beautiful grounds, and sheltered by tall old trees. The

place had an ancestral look—an English squire's look, a fox-hound and Quarter-Sessions look, if you will. I learnt from my conductor that General GEORGE WASHINGTON had made this house his residence when he visited Boston. A great man lived here too, now. Every hack-driver on the road knows the house, and speaks with admiration and affection of the occupant. I think the Bostonians would make him a king if they could, for has he not made them famous in England, and do they not covet the applause of Europe more than that of the whole world beside? We remained in our carriage a few moments while my kind conductor entered the house to ask if its master would receive us. He was good enough to say that he would. He has suffered a most cruel and awful bereavement, a bereavement the very bitterest that can afflict a tender and loving heart; and he lives now in almost entire seclusion—among his children, however, in peace, and comforting himself in the cultivation of good letters and the accomplishment of a great work. We entered a pretty-library-parlour, strewn with all the litter of a man of taste and culture. Anon he came in, simply dressed, his long white beard floating upon his breast, a beautiful and patriarchal man, but ah! so tired out and pensive-looking,—ah! and different from him whose cheery face and gallant port are so familiar in the portraits of twenty years since. He seemed to have let his beard grow, not in accordance with a vain fashion, but for the sake of sorrow, as the men of the East do. But when I heard how nobly he bore up under his great loss, and how steadfastly he went about his appointed tasks, I remembered how David the King,

under an affliction as cruel, gave over grieving, saying: "*While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*" And this man's loss had been greater than that of twenty children.

After a while he grew quite cheerful, and we chatted in, to me, the most delightful gossip I ever had in my life. He gave me a cigar, and he smoked one likewise. Some one in England had just sent him an album full of photographs of English men of letters, and I was proud and glad to find that mine was among the number, and that he recognised me by it:—prouder than though I had been bidden to stand before a king. I rose at last, loth to depart, and left him there, sorrowful but not desolate, *quia multum amavit.* I shall never see him again; but I shall never forget that I have been permitted to touch the hand and to listen to the discourse, full of calm and wise and gentle things, of a noble American man;—of him who wrote the "Village Blacksmith" and "Evangeline;"—of him whose life has been blameless, whose record is pure, whose name a sound of fame to all people—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I should have dearly liked to see Nathaniel Hawthorne, to whom I had a letter from Edward Dicey; but the necessities of my employment took me back to New York; and, ere I could get to Concord, where, in his old mossy manse, he was wont to nestle somewhat after the manner of a mole, I heard that he was dead. Not at his own home, how-

ever, but at an inn. He was travelling with his friend, Frank Pierce, sometime President of the United States, and was found one morning dead in his bed. In one of my earlier letters home I had animadverted somewhat strongly (but with a loving admiration of the man's genius and character) on the curious strictures he had passed on English women; but those animadversions I am glad to cancel now. He is very far from discussions as to the fleshiness of aldermen's wives and the superiority of his own "trim little damsels." All men who have known him can plead his apology: that he was the shyest and timidest of men, who lived in a world of his own, and scarcely understood the workings of the great brawling flesh-and-blood factory by which he was surrounded. His staunch friend, Franklin Pierce—for whose sake he plunged for the first and last time in his life into politics, and whose inaugural address he is said to have written—gave him the Liverpool Consulate, one of the richest places in the gift of the President, in order to put him into a fair way of making a competence within four years. But I cannot imagine anything more despairingly intolerable, wearisome, than those four years of fortune-making must have been to a man such as Hawthorne was. Liverpool! it means a Noise and a Struggle and a Fight. It means the Valley of the Shadow of Cotton bales and Sugar bales, and the outer darkness of brokers offices and bank vaults. A Liverpool Consulate! it means being bored, vexed, bullied, or toadied from morning to night by dense merchant captains, by conceited supercargoes, by greedy merchants, furious lest they should lose the pelf of a venture by the delay of a stamp or a

signature; by drunken sailors, by sallow men with inscrutable grievances, by mad wanderers with impracticable inventions, by every one who is in debt and every one who is discontented, and who think "Our Consul, Sir," can put a plaster to all their sores. Ask Mr. Archibald what the life of a British Consul is like at New York, what kind of importunate idiots or hungry impostors besiege him all day long; ask him what kind of letters he has upon his "eccentric file," and then, by analogy, you may imagine the existence of an American Consul at Liverpool. There is much meat on the berth, but it requires the jaws of the crocodile to tear it off, and the paw of a lion to crack the bone and get at the marrow. I dare say Hawthorne loathed his golden slavery, and was very glad to come back to Concord and obscurity. I say obscurity, for, curiously enough, his own countrymen seemed to know very little about him. He was never "ovated"—until he died—he never "orated"; he was never "on hand" when there was any bunkum going on; he took no part whatever in public affairs, and I fear that, as regards "our banner in the sky," he held an opinion similar to that which Mr. James Russell Lowell *once* had:—

> "Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
> Hope it ain't your Sunday best—
> Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
> To stuff out a soger's chest."

I am given to understand that for the whole of this bloody business—for this Slaughterhouse and Shoddy Crusade, not to emancipate the nigger, but to kill him off in a war-Christian manner,—Nathaniel Hawthorne professed, to his few intimates, his profound distaste and abhorrence. He

would have, emphatically, nothing to do with it. He was certainly a very eccentric person. Nobody ever saw him read; no one knew where he had studied his characters or gathered his incidents; yet he could scarcely have evolved the "Blythedale Romance" or the "House with the Seven Gables" from his own internal consciousness, as the German critics evolved the camel. A friend who knew him well told me that on his shelves Hawthorne had not twenty volumes, and that these even were of the most ordinary kind. Yet was he as great a writer of pure and sounding and nervous English as Dryden, and Swift, and Tillotson.

I had letters to almost every literary man of note in New England—to Oliver Wendell Holmes, to Emerson, to Whittier, to Whipple, *e tutti quanti;* but I refrained from delivering one of them. I should have very much liked to have met Dr. Holmes, whose poem of the "Wonderful one-hoss Shay" is certainly the drollest metrical composition ever penned since Tom Ingoldsby met that "vulgar little boy" at Margate, and I was very nearly coming across him at the house of Mr. James T. Fields, the well-known and as well-esteemed publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly;* but I am prejudiced enough to hold in utter horror the part which the literary men of Boston have taken in this strife—their apostasy from the doctrines of peace and goodwill among men which they once advocated (*vide* Sumner's orations on the Indefensibility of War, and J. R. Lowell on the Mexican campaign), and their complacent acquiescence in a vulgar "scallwagg" despotism. I think that if you went (with your prejudices) to Paris, with letters to Sainte-Beuve, to Philarète Chasles, to Villemain, to Alexandre Dumas, to Théophile

Gautier, to Gustave Flaugergues, to Edmond About, and found them recommending the dissemination of the Pope's Encyclical by means of fire and sword, extolling the Sicilian Vespers and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and proposing to convert the Belgians from their addictedness to faro beere by *dragonnades and missions bottées*, you would, with your prejudices, keep your letters by you, and give *ces messieurs* the go-by.

And pray, sir—I am at dinner again—what is Boston itself—like? Madam, it is the handsomest, sprightliest, cleanliest town you would wish to gaze upon in a summer's day. It is full of the most delightfully-crooked streets, in which you may actually lose yourself; it is full of street corners where roads converge; it is full of light and shade, and comfortable, homely-looking English life. It reminds you a little of Boston, in Lincolnshire (save that the environs are fairyland, not fen, and that has no stately Boston "stump")—it reminds you of Cheltenham, of Bath, of the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, of Exeter, of Southampton (albeit it has no "Bar," and Boston Common rather gives "fits" to the Marlands)—of anything you please to name that is comely, and clean, and eminently respectable-looking, but with a metropolitan aspect superadded to the provincial. Boston looks like a town that has been paid for; Boston has a balance at its bankers; the people of Boston are the best educated of all the Americans, and the society of Boston is the quietest, and most refined, and most intellectual to be found anywhere in the North. If you are "acquainted down at Bosting" you will pass delightful evenings, where the discourse will be all *Quarterly* and

Edinburgh, Hegel and Kant, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spenser, Christina Rossetti and Jean Ingelow. In Boston houses you will find old tapestry that once adorned the sleeping-rooms of our great-great-grandmothers; old silver tankards, and salvers, and goblets, that once garnished English corner-cupboards before ever King Charles the First lost his head. In the muniment-rooms of country mansions near Boston you shall find title deeds that date from the protectorate of Cromwell. Stored up in Boston wardrobes are old brocades and old point lace, old Chelsea ware and old snuffboxes, ebony canes with ivory crutches, and silk stockings as old as Sir John Cutler's. There has been a controversy in England lately as to whether some Methodist down in the West did or did not render fetish worship to John Wesley's wig. Now, Boston is just the place where you might expect to find preserved with religious veneration the Geneva bands of Cotton Mather, and Mr. Increase Mather his skull cap of black tiffany. I know that I have seen Governor Winthrop's easy-chair and punch-bowl—such a bowl: they drank deep—*ils buvaient sec*, those godly governors. I think I have mentioned that in the Museum of the Historical Society at Boston are preserved some of the original tea and one of the original stamps which brought about the War of Independence; and I am reminded, when I recur to these trophies, of an inscription I once saw on the whitewashed wall of another Museum—a trumpery curiosity shop on the Canadian side of the Niagara river. It ran thus: "This institution will be wiped out in consekens of the Allerbarmer." I could not bring myself to believe that this *graffito* was from an

American hand, for our cousins in the majority of cases spell with exemplary accuracy; but remembering that at the Lake of Saratoga I had seen a directing-post with "Thiss way to the Surainder Ground," meaning the place where the British surrendered, I concluded to admit that there were some Yankees who are not "death" on orthography. Perhaps the "Allerbarmer" threat emanated from some hasty patriot from Buffalo or Detroit, who had been raised out West when the schools were only open at night, and the candle went out, and the master didn't come.

The streets of Boston are said by the guide-books to "have grown up according to circumstances," and to be "very difficult and troublesome to unravel;" but in their being so lies, to me, their particular charm. They have distinguishing names too; and who would not have a Tremont Street, a Washington Street, and a State Street, a Beacon Street and a School Street, in preference to Avenue A., B., C., and D., and from One to One Hundred and Fiftieth Streets crossing the Avenues at right angles? Each street in Boston, too, has a certain local colour and type of its own, and spurns that dead level of general smartness or general dulness (*l'un et l'autre se dit*) which prevails in the generality of American cities.

Will you forgive a word about old Faneuil Hall, a building very much resembling very large assembly-rooms in an English county town? This famous palavering place, the grandmamma of all the Tammanies in Yankee land, is in Dock Square, with a market-house under it, and many of the most ancient houses in the Bay State round it. Faneuil has been called the "Cradle of American Liberty." It is a

hundred and two years old, a pitch of antiquity which few public buildings in Yankeedom have attained, and which, to the Yankee mind, is coëval with the Pyramids of Egypt. The Fathers of the Revolution met here to harangue the people on the monstrous crimes of George the Third and that most depraved nobleman, Lord North; and here, I dare say, the "hunky girls of '76" were complimented on their determination to abstain from British imported tea and British dry goods until the tail of the British lion had been twisted to the last joint, so as to bring hot tears of agony and shame into the bleared and bloodshot eyes of that recreant animal. Poor old British lion! He is still alive, and Sir Edwin Landseer and the Council of the Royal Geographical Society say that he is getting on very nicely, we thank you. Old Peter Faneuil built this hall, and Peter's portrait hangs within it. He looks an eminently respectable gentleman of the last century, who would have fallen into a fit had he been told that the day would come when tobacco would be openly smoked in Boston streets, and wicked play-actors and play-actresses suffered to labour in the cause of Babylon at the Tremont Theatre.

Mem. a curious one. In the years 1812-13 there were delivered at Faneuil Hall many impassioned orations setting forth the awful sinfulness of the war then raging with Great Britain, and the which war was denounced as purposeless, inhuman, and unchristian. And about this time there was held at Hartford, in Connecticut, a certain Convention, in which resolutions even stronger than the Faneuil orations were passed against the war policy of President Madison and his cabinet, and the expediency of immediate SECESSION,

unless negotiations for peace were set on foot, was recommended. Times (the observation is imputed to Commodore Wilkes) change, and we change with them.

Mem. two, a more curious one still. On the day that Washington died, in 1799, there was being performed at a lowly playhouse, in Boston, the drama of "Oronooko;" and between the acts, one of the performers, all unconscious of the loss the Republic had sustained, *sang in character a comic negro song*. This was the first instance on record of nigger minstrelsy as a public entertainment; and from this humble beginning sprang the Woods, the Pells, and the Christies, who have made the anthology and the lyricism of Ethiopia famous from Indus to the pole.

If I presume to mention Boston Common, don't for one moment imagine that it resembles one of the shabby expanses of verdure where cows browse, where geese waddle, where gipsies camp, and where little boys play cricket, in England. Boston Common is now Boston Park. It has been enclosed, ornamentally planted, clipped, curried, and trimmed, and is a noble and beautiful pleasaunce. "It is very justly the pride of the people, and the admiration of strangers," says the guide-book. So it is; and long may it continue to be so. There are fifty acres, and more, of verdant up hill and down dale, with inviting walks, and grand old trees, as grand and venerable as those which the lamented Mr. Dyce painted in his beautiful picture of "Holy Mr. Herbert." The guide-book mentions likewise a "delicious pond" in the centre. I beg the guide-book's pardon. It is not a pond, but a Lake; and in the midst is a fountain. Boston Common (Park) is a grand place for the reviews of

the State Militia. But to me it was especially delightful, as the playground of hundreds of merry children, and as the trysting-place of many score couple of sweethearts. You can't help hearing a little oral sweethearting as you saunter along in the gloaming.

I remember once catching just this unconnected fragment of a lovers' quarrel:—"*If you say that, Matilda, I'm satisfied —darned if I ain't; but I'll cave his head in.*" There succeeded to this a sweet sound, as of angels embracing.

There was a whole drama in this; but who was to find the clue to it. In what had Matilda offended? With what was (say) 'Zekiel satisfied? Why did he clinch his affirmation with an expletive? People shouldn't swear on Boston Common. And who was the mysterious Unknown, whose head, notwithstanding the reconciliation of the pair (sealed by the chastest of salutes) was to be "caved in"? I am glad I did not see the "Fite." Agamemnon should always be murdered behind the scenes. I tell you this was a drama, with the Unities strictly preserved, and quite Greek. I was Chorus.

The young ladies of Boston are exceedingly good-looking, and are fuller in flesh than their sisters in New York. The reason is obvious. For many years they have had their pleasant, healthy Common, and in the environs any number of admirable roads; whereas Manhattan, until, in a spasm of public spirit, it determined on laying out the Central Park, was destitute of a single promenade, apart from the badly paved streets. The Boston ladies have been brought up to take plenty of exercise. They are good walkers, and adventurous horsewomen. They dress more in the English

style than the New York belles, who think nothing belonging to the toilette becoming that does not come from Paris. The Boston ladies are very literary; some of them are really very learned, and a few may be blue; but their azure stockings are without holes in the heels, and they do not fasten their frocks behind with pins, as I have known some blue ladies at home to do. I confess that I have been rather staggered sometimes, when asked by a young lady what I thought of the "Testimony of the Rocks," or Professor Agassiz's last paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "the Glacial Period." But what are such queries to one which a young gentleman from Lancashire mentioned to me. His partner—and a very pretty partner too—asked him, at a ball at the Hanover-Square Rooms, and after the first quadrille:—"Pray, Mr. ——, "*do your manufacturers now consume their own smoke?*" The young gentleman from Lancashire did not faint; for the young lady had plenty of money; but he set to work reading up Blue Books, to be ready for the fair querist the next time he met her; and by the time he had reached Question 5003 in the Report of the Select Committee on Nuisances, the young lady married somebody else.

Some fiend in human form once circulated a report that all the young ladies in Boston wore spectacles. It is an atrocious calumny. It was first brought under my notice by (I will call her) Miss Panizzi, who was distributing books in the magnificent Public Library of Boston. "Do I wear spectacles, sir?" she asked me, in a tone of grave sorrow. I told her that she didn't. "Did you ever see a lady wearing spectacles in this city?" she continued. This was a

more embarrassing question; but I parried it, by pleading that for a pretty girl to wear spectacles often made her look prettier still; and that some men had a passion for seeing "gig-lamps" on the nasal bone of those they admire; just as some have a passion for moles, and others for freckles; and some for the hair that is dark and wavy, and others for the hair that is fuzzy and auburn—like a golden mop. But it is more than cruel—it is wicked to hint that all the fair Bostonians have four eyes.

Piety—ultra piety—used formerly to be a fashion, and a very uncomfortable fashion, in Boston and in New England generally. Bible and the birch were the fundamental bases of education; and the children grew up to dislike one as much as they did the other. The New England States are still the only part of the Union where little boys and girls are not permitted to do exactly as they like, and where they are subjected to some kind of discipline. Theology used to be mingled in an odd and not very seemly manner in all the occurrences of daily life. The language of the Scriptures was the language of the newspapers and of children's story books. When Sir Charles Lyell visited Boston for the second time, he was shown a curious little chapbook, a sort of versified catechism, called "The Day of Doom," dating from very old colonial days, and in which the horrible doctrine that little children who die without being baptised are destined to eternal perdition was insisted upon with much unction. There was a saving clause for the consolation of the devoted innocents in a couplet:

"Though babes can't 'scape the Day of Doom,
In Hell they have the easiest room."

Very nice and pretty, was it not? I remember a charming Boston lady repeating to me, as a rhymed admonition she used to learn in the nursery, the following:

"The Lord is great, I calculate,
He will the Godly bless;—
And if I tries to tell no lies,
I shall be saved, I guess."

For my part, I would sooner have little children taught—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lay on."

The "Lord is great" once may have been a squib devised by some departed "Prentice," or "Josh Billings," the two great wags of the American press; but it exemplifies very curiously the spirit of New England Theology in old times. I have heard that of late years sectarian sourness and intolerance have very much fallen off in Boston. There was a great re-action against Puritan Presbyterianism some years since in favour of Unitarianism; and now among the *élite* of society one hears of a new re-re-action towards Anglicanism, High Churchism, and even Puseyism and Tractarianism. Boston possesses a very splendid church dedicated to the last-named delusion, where histrionic rites are performed with a completeness of "mounting" and elaboration of *mise en scène* that would have roused the Rev. Bryan King and the Rev. Arthur Wagner to envy.

At any rate, the breaking down of the spiky sectarian

barriers which once hedged in the Bostonians as though they were so many sheep in Old Smithfield pens—thus affording ample purchase for the dogs or deacons to worry, and the drovers or doctors of divinity to progue them with sharp goads, has done much towards humanising and beautifying the character of New England. At once, my dear madam, and definitively, dismiss from your mind any idea that may be latent there of Boston being in any way a starched, rigid, gloomy kind of place. There were days when it was so; when the whipping-post was an institute *en permanence* for the correction of refractory apprentices and skittish maid-servants; when those who kissed their wives on Sundays sat in the stocks, and those who drank ale before going to meeting were heavily mulct, which accounted for their slinking out between exhortation and first hymn, and returning, wiping their mouths and redolent of rum; when magistrates could with great difficulty be persuaded to licence a single playhouse, and even then bound the manager down by the most galling restrictions; when actors were looked down upon as the scum of the earth, and the firmly indented servants of Satan; when, in the whole of Boston, there was but one billiard table, smuggled by long sea from New York, rooted out by magistrates as keen-scented as Hogarth's Sir Thomas de Veil, and, with its proprietor, drummed out of the town, so to speak, with infamy and disgrace; then smuggled back again, and set up in a garret secured with triple doors, locked and barred, and sheeted with iron, like the old gambling dens of St. James's; when concerts and rope-dancing and conjuring performances were

looked upon with suspicion, and by the "unco gude" with aversion; when preaching, and praying, and catechising, and "self-examination meetings," and "mutual experience meetings," and "exercises," went on from morning to night, and when young men and women were so scolded and scourged, and bullied and worried, into righteousness, that they not rarely availed themselves of any sharp turning in the righteous road which might lead them away from it, and to the deuce. This state of things has long ceased to exist. Expect to find in Boston no crop-eared curs, no acetous-looking Roundheads, no grim Geneva Ministers, no vinegar-faced straitlaced dames, who think dancing sinful and stage plays an abomination. Boston is as sprightly as the English Brighton. Its gaiety is not quite so riotous, nor so ostentatious as that of New York, but it is to the full as splendid. Say that Boston is like Belgravia, and that New York is like the Chaussée d'Antin; that Sardanapalus reigns in Gotham, and Marcus Antoninus in the city of the Puritans.

Boston is quite sensible of its intellectual superiority. It has been called (by Bostonians) the modern Athens, a title which I have heard claimed for Edinburgh. It has been called (by scholars who have read Milton) the "eye" of America; and Doctor Holmes, I think, christened it the "Hub of the Universe"—meaning, that all the spokes in the mighty American wheel revolved on Boston. The New Yorkers are very angry at this assumption of social and mental supremacy, and fling "codfish" in Boston's teeth. If Boston condescends to retort, it is by a calm and digni-

fied murmur of "shoddy;" whereat New York utters a yell of wrath, and screams that the Pilgrim Fathers were a set of litigious and quarrelsome old humbugs; that they made themselves so unpopular in Holland by their querulous bickerings, that the peace-loving Dutch burghers privately entreated the Captain of the "Mayflower" not to land them at New Amsterdam (New York), whither they purposed, but to cast them out on some barren spot down East; whereupon the discreet master mariner set them on shore at Plymouth Rock; that they had not been three days at sea before they quarrelled with their cook and cast him overboard; that they had no sooner landed than they set about enacting prototypes of the Blue Laws of Connecticut, and drawing up a penal code based on the ferocious statutes in Leviticus and Deuteronomy (texts from which are inserted in the margin of the code, to justify the cruelty of the clauses), by which people who failed so many times in their attendance at meeting were to be put to death, and everybody, male and female, young and old, was to suffer forty stripes, less one, for anything:—to say nothing of the witches they burnt and hanged, the erring women they branded with scarlet letters, and the Indian savages they harassed and harried out of their miserable lives. "Sir," to the subscriber said worthy Mr. P.——, editor of the oldest and most respectable paper in New York, "I would like you to read that which I have written against the people of New England. Sir, I have convicted them in eighteen essays, published bi-weekly in the press which I conduct, of Every Vice. Those essays shall be sent to you.

Sir, I have plainly convicted them of simony; of a hereditary tendency to passing Bogus notes; of having been the first to import negroes from Africa; of having habitually treated those unfortunate cusses with atrocious cruelty; of leprosy; of political corruption of the deepest dye; of total ignorance of Shakspeare; of unacquaintance with the first rudiments of art; of inability to play whist without trumping their partner's trick; of gluttony, drunkenness, and other shameful things; of censoriousness; of avarice; of insolvency; of bragging about their Bunker Hill monument (which is very small potatoes); of jealousy, hatred, meanness, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. Sir, I believe that were I to venture into the State of Massachusetts, the people would flay me alive." And this was a worthy kind soul, who wouldn't have stepped upon a tree-toad, and would have been glad to see seven Bostonians at his table every day.

I abhor Boston politics, and laugh at the assumptions of the New England to be pure, perfect, and infallible; but I think Boston one of the most amusing cities in the world, and the Boston people the most agreeable and cultivated of all Americans. The three great hotels at Boston—the Tremont, the Parter House, and the Revere House—are all sumptuous, well-appointed, and civilly conducted. The last I specially admired, and sojourned beneath its hospitable roof three several times. The last time I stayed there I positively made a friend. I had been in the house a week, and it was my custom every afternoon to descend to the bar (which was beneath the level of the street), and smoke a cigar at a certain marble table. There was no other smok-

ing-room in the establishment. I used to speak to nobody, and nobody spoke to me; and so I felt very much like the jolly miller who lived by the River Dee; and everything was very nice and comfortable. On the day I had settled to depart, I went down to the bar to lay in a stock of cigars for my journey North, for at the Revere they keep some very excellent pressed *brevas* at twenty-five cents each, which, as times go, is quite a moderate price. I happened to have slung over my shoulder, by a strap, a courier's bag. The barkeeper, who had been quite mute for seven days, and had never returned a reply, dog or cat, to my afternoon's salutation, looked at me, then at the bag, and then, up spoke he. "Goin' away?" "Yes." "*Sold much?*" This was a poser; but I happened to recollect that I had written an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and that a very handsome cheque for that same article happened at that precise moment of time to be ensconced within the recesses of the courier's bag. So I was enabled to say, with a clear conscience, that I had sold pretty well. "Ah," continued the barkeeper, "when's your next journey?" I hesitated again; but eventually said that I should be down again in about a month. On which the barkeeper, surveying me with a glance of approbation, shook hands with me cordially, remarked that if he heard of anything in my way he'd let me know, and dismissed me, virtually, with his blessing. I wonder what this friendly barkeeper thought that the subscriber sold? Dollar jewellery, Quackenbosh's lip-salve, London Dock gin, or the "Rebellion Record" in monthly parts. Perhaps he was a relative of Mr. Sol Davis, Junior's,

at Niagara, and augured that I had already taken his advice, and gone in for felt hats.

There was a very wondrous Irish waiter at the Revere: a red-headed waiter, with feet of the precise shape and dimensions of a pair of snow-shoes, with which he was wont to paddle about the pavement of the superb dining-hall in a distressingly grotesque manner. He was very clumsy, and horribly slovenly, but he had the heart that can feel for another, and took a violent fancy to the subscriber. He was so anxious to wait on me, indeed, that he had a fight one day with another waiter, who seemed inclined to appropriate me to himself. I remember his whispering to me, on the second day of my stay, "Don't you come to dinner at five. It's fading out then. Come at four, *and you'll find everything to ate in its full bloom.*" I secured quite as warm an ally, and from Ireland too, at the St. Nicholas, in New York, where I was one day dining with a friend. He told me in a whisper that boiled turkey and oysters was "the most iligant thing on hand," and persisted in bringing me dish after dish piled up with this succulent, but some what indigestible, viand, saying, "Ate, *agra.* It'll do ye good. It'll make ye sthrong." He had by some means or another gotten an inkling of my name, and confidentially informed me that it was himself that had "waited in Oireland on the good old Countess de Salis, the proudest of Oireland's aristocracy." Not wishing to obtain civility on false pretences I informed him that I was in no way connected with the noble family in question, and that my name was not De Salis, but something else. "*Shure, it's near*

enough, anyway," he replied, and immediately brought me more boiled turkey. I take this to be a genuine sample of Irish mother wit, as genuine as that which I once heard at Cork from a very ragged car driver, who, when I declined to hire his vehicle, having already engaged another, replied, "God bless yer honour! there's no harrm done. *Shall I run forward and announce ye?*"

I have striven to mention every instance of common courtesy on the part of the Irish I met in America, for the reason that I have elsewhere had occasion to refer to the surliness, the rudeness, and almost the ferocity, of the child of Erin one meets in the States. I offered this good fellow at the St. Nicholas a trifling gratuity when I went away, but he would not accept a cent, and insisted on presenting me with a copy of the bill of fare, which he crammed into an envelope, carefully licking the flap to gum it down. On the other hand an English friend told me that at a New York hotel, quite as magnificent as the St. Nicholas, he entered the dining-hall one broiling summer day, sick and almost fainting from the heat (he was in delicate health at the time), and entreated seven Irish waiters in succession to get him a glass of toast-and-water. Every one of them refused to have anything to do with him, saying it was none of their business. At length the eighth, who was a Christian, went in quest of the toast-and-water, and, bringing it back, got a dollar for his pains.

One tiny grunt of remonstrance may be allowed the subscriber, ere he quits Boston in general, and the Revere House in particular. It is plain that flesh is heir to a good many ills;

but we are not all unsound. We are not all podagrous, rachitic, phthisic, or dyspeptic. Why a' Goodness' name should the spirited proprietors of the Revere suffer mountebanks and quacksalvers to disfigure the sumptuous sitting-rooms of the Revere with puffs of their nastry nostrums? Now, I put it to you, is it genteel, is it proper, to deface the furniture of gorgeously-decorated and furnished saloons by scattering on every chair, every sofa, every table, every console, handbills headed, "Are you in agony? For all diseases of the digestive organs try Dr. Gumtickler's Extract of Buggleduggle (which is purely vegetable);" or this, "You can be ruptured and yet happy. Go to Glozey and Oldnose, the only Republican Store for trusses." I am *not* in agony. I have mended my broken heart; Doctor Zacharie has extracted my corns, and I have had my double tooth out. I will not patronise the Republican Store.

To the "aspect of the place and the manners of the people" belongs that wonderful advertising and puffing system, which is as much a part of American civilisation as the cocktail, the spittoon, the illusion waist, and the bay rum for the hair. Everybody advertises in the States, from the Government downwards. English official departments, it is well known, advertise in the public prints when they have a contract for mess beef or navy rum to offer for competition, or when they wish to sell a lot of old ordnance stores. But in America, if Mr. Fessenden wants to raise some more millions, he not only advertises, but puffs his five-twenty, or seven-thirty, or fifty-eighty loan (if it have come to that), in the most unblushing manner; expatiates

for full half a column on its merits, and winds up with a "highfalutin" appeal to the patriotic citizen to come forward and subscribe. And he advertises not only in two or three newspapers having the largest circulation, but in every little "one-horse" sheet (on his side of the political hedge, *bien entendu*) throughout the length and breadth of the North; from the *Bellows Falls Trumpeter* to the *Androscoggin Appeal*—from the *Dobbs Ferry Ægis* to the *Wapwollopin Tribune* and *Susquehanna Intelligencer*. These advertisements are, it is needless to say, retaining-fees to political adherents; that is to say, bribes, and form part of the "unclean drippings" of office.

I mean some of these days to write a very large book, entitled "On national manners, as illustrated by Advertisements;" and I will take for the groundwork of my book the two great daily newspapers of London (not forgetting that wonderful front page of the *Era*), the *Journal des Débats* and the *Petites Affiches* of Paris, the *Melbourne Argus* and the *New York Herald*. And I believe that book will not be the dullest I have written. The avowal of this project must serve for my excuse for not dwelling more in detail on the curiosities of advertising literature which crowd the columns of the *Herald*, a paper of questionable political morality, and of no principles at all, but conducted with surprising energy and ability—the ability of a "smart" fiend—and of which I once took the liberty of observing it to be a paper which the gentlemen in New York declare that none but blackguards read, and which all the New York gentlemen can no more abstain from reading every morning of

their lives, than from asking the price of gold or the latest quotations for cotton.

The first Sunday I spent in New York I took a very long walk, right up Broadway to the Central Park. Everything was new to me; but beyond all things I was struck with the fact, that where new streets had been cut through the rocky belt which girds New York, streets that are scarcely "graded" or levelled yet, much less built upon, but which within a few years will be lined with stately mansions and towering stores, the great cromlechs of living rock that had not yet been hurled or blasted out of sight, were stencilled thick with parti-coloured announcements of "Kimball's Ambolene," "Sterling's Ambrosia," "Blood! Blood! Blood!" (a sarsaparilla "ad." I take it), "Van Buskirk's stomach bitters," "Golden Bitters," (not a "rum drink"), "Sozodont," the "Night-Blooming Cereus," and the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." Go up the beautiful banks of the Hudson River, and from Spuyten Duyvil to West Point, and from West Point to Albany, you will find the "Testimony of the Rocks," in the shape of advertisements, plastered all over the Hudson's picturesque shore. The variety of the newspaper advertisements approaches the infinite. It is certainly indefinite. Ah! here is our friend the "Night-Blooming Cereus" again. "Ladies are requested to believe that no impertinent pun is intended when we recommend them to provide themselves with Phalon's N. B. C. before going on a train." What do you think of this? "A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency; the tonic and moderately dietetic action of

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needful." Or this? "No keepsake creates a warmer feeling in a lady's breast than a set of furs, and the choicest assortment will be found at Genin's, 513, Broadway, N.Y." Genin is Barnum's bosom friend, and is the enterprising hatter who gave I forget how many hundred dollars for the first ticket for Jenny Lind's performances in America. Theatre tickets, on great occasions, like railway stocks and chapel pews, are sold by auction.

The advertisements in the *Herald* are classified under distinct heads, which is an arrangement worthy of being now largely imported into English journalism. The Manchester and Liverpool papers classify their advertisements, but the great London journals are too proud or too lazy to patronise such an innovation. An attempt is sometimes made to keep one trade or profession separate from another, but the general result is higgledy-piggledy. For instance, what on earth have the dissolute initials got to do with Mr. Howard Glover's concert, and steam to Hong Kong; and why should the advertisements of the washerwomen come between those the governesses (poor things!) and the admirable Crichtons, who offer to teach Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish, conic sections, calisthenics, and the Jew's harp, at sixpence per hour? For instance, taking a number of the *Herald* at random, one finds under its proper heading "The Sales of Real Estate," "A first-class House for sale. All in splendid order; 20 × 65; four stories; brown stone; all improvements; possession now. Located between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets, and Fifth and Sixth Avenues."

This is short, sweet, and to the point. There is a cunning *arrière-pensée* in not mentioning the exact number of the street, which being between Fourteenth and Twenty-third, might be either in Fifteenth or in Twenty-second, and the object of this is, I apprehend, to take the wind out of the sails of an intending purchaser, who might, if he knew where the house was "located," call on the proprietor and make better terms with him than he could with the estate agent. After the "Real Estate" come "Drug Stores." A "splendid corner liquor store;" a "superb Saloon on Broadway," advertised as a "rare chance" (this is simply one of the oyster or drinking saloons, where young men who have a character to lose go nightly to consort with women who have lost it); an "Express Route, including a good covered wagon"—(a "route" is a kind of milk-walk on wheels; there may be a news express, an ice express, a furniture express, or a butter express). Next, the "For Sales" claim attention. For sale a "Fruit and Wine Store"—(this is a fruiterer's, with a liquor bar at the rear; sometimes the bar is at the side, screened off, and genteelly disguised under the name of "sample room." You enter ostensibly to purchase cherries, and immediately "put yourself outside" a "tot" of Bourbon). For sale a "Fancy Steam-engine;" a "Cast-iron Rendering Kettle;" a "Meat Market in a good corner location"—(a shop where articles of food, raw, are sold is called a market, and the contents of these "markets" are, as I have hinted in "Democracy and the Dustbin," of the most miscellaneous order). For sale, cheap, "A nice little Milk Dépôt." For sale, a Milk "Round." That is what

we call a "walk." Now come the "Houses and Rooms to let." "A Single Room, with fire, gas, and water, to let, without board, at three dollars a week." This is cheap, and the locale, Waverly Place, very aristocratic. For rent, a "Produce" store. "Produce" means greengrocery, just as "Feed" means corn-chandlery. Of Boarding and Lodging advertisements there are two whole columns, At the F—— House one block left of the C—— H—— you may have without board, a room from twenty-five to fifty cents a night. This sounds wonderfully moderate. The house is open all night; but its status is probably little better than that of the worst *garni* in the Rue du Mail, or the lowest of the old night coffee-houses about Covent Garden. "A few respectable single gentlemen can be accommodated with board in Franklin Street. *Mechanics preferred.*"

There you have an epitome of Democracy. Every man is a gentleman and every woman a lady, except when people forget their manners. "Are you the man that hired this gig?" asks the innkeeper. "No," replies the hackman; "I'm the gentleman that's going to drive him." I saw in a police report of a murder the boots at an hotel spoken of as "one of the gentlemanly hotel assistants."

"Boarding at Hygienic Institute, —— Street; good rooms, plain diet, vapor-baths, light gymnastics, and Swedish movement cure. Just the place to get your health. Terms six to twenty dollars a-week." A stiff price; but the "Swedish movement" is an exotic, and has doubtless paid import duty under the Morrill tariff, and the additional fifty per cent. I think this "Swedish movement" has been alluded to by

Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her "House and Home Papers," as the "Twigging Cure," and it would appear to be something between shampooing and the bastinado.

There are but two hotels advertised in this day's *Herald* —one in Chatham Square, corner of the New Bowery, "New house, a hundred rooms, Payn's patent new spring feather-beds." Now come the "Loan Offices." A loan office is genteel American for a pawnbroker's. Mine uncle is not very much to the fore in the States. The people are too proud and too prosperous to pledge their clothes. In the department of "Instruction" a young German lady, highly educated, desires to give private lessons in conversation in her own language, and at her own residence, to gentlemen in the evening. Ahem! I transcribe the advertisement *verbatim et literatim.* Plenty of Commercial Academies, and Probationary and Initiatory Counting-Houses for "Masters, Misses, and adults," are advertised, together with the "Babbitonian system of penmanship," which has been commended by both the Eastern and Western Press as "the most beautiful and scientific of all systems." In the "Musical" column we find that "an accomplished young professor would like to obtain a few more pupils for the piano." Would he! A modest man, this professor. Imagine him going down to the *Herald* office to pay for his advertisement, and the clerk looking at him over the top of the desk to see if he is young, and if he looks accomplished. The "Excelsior" music for violin, flute, or cornet is advertised, including those favourite airs, "The Dingle Schottisch," "The Darkey off the Track," &c. Two columns, three

columns, any number of columns, headed "Military and Naval." "Are you going to enlist? If so, read the following, gain experience, and avoid the bounty brokers."

The interrogative is a favourite form of American "ad." "Attention! Head-quarters for principals wanting substitutes." This has reference to a proximate draught. "Wanted veteran men for provost duty, and the glorious Hancock's new command." "A card. The United States Substitute Agency wish to form a connection with reliable brokers." This is an antidote to the bane quoted above. No wish to avoid the B. B.'s here, you see. "Any gentleman requiring a substitute can be furnished with one at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, by applying to Captain G——, Chambers Street." The Captain's offer reads like the English advertisements of "a suit of mourning at six hours' notice." An officer lately returned from the seat of war wishes—now whatever do you think the officer wishes to do?—why, *to sell his military overcoat, with large cape. "They have been only slightly used. Terms moderate."* This beats the piece of Sam Patch's pantaloons, which the Niagara touter wanted my French Canadian friend to buy. "Attention—one year Representative Recruits. Four hundred and fifty dollars down for a one year man." A Representative Recruit might be called the "Soldier of Sentiment." If a patriotic lady conceives that she is bound to contribute, not only in purse but in person, to the holy cause of subjugating the South, she can do so vicariously by buying a recruit and popping him into the Federal ranks. If a gentleman be exempted by age or incapacitated by phy-

sical causes from being draughted, he may still pay the debt of devotion to the Republic by purchasing a "Representative Recruit," and sending him to Riker's Island. This quarrel has been to many a war of mere interest and self-aggrandisement,—a "big thing" whereby to make greenbacks; but to many thousands more it has been, and is still, a war of vanity, of passion, and, in numerous cases, of sincere self-sacrifice. I should be the meanest of "scallwaggs" to deny, or to seek to blink the fact, that in every grade of society throughout the North there is a proportion of sincere and conscientious persons, who desire the suppression of the Rebellion as earnestly and devoutly as the Christians of the thirteenth century desired the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. And more crimes, more outrage, more violence, more profligacy, and more fraud have not, perchance, marked the conduct of the Great American Civil War than, historians tell us, were prevalent during the Crusades.

Return we to the Advertisements. Here, among the "Special Notices," is a "Card" to the "Whiteboys," or "United Brethren," who, by order of the "Chief Grand Councillor," are ordered to change their regular communications from Friday to Saturday evening. What manner of folk are the Whiteboys? Have they any connection with the Fenian Brotherhood? Then Mr. Lewis Lazarus advertises from Kilburn, England, that he has changed his name to Lawrence. His announcement of the fact in a New York paper—unless, indeed, it be for purely commercial purposes—strikes one as being somewhat supererogatory. You may call yourself anything in the States, and there is no one to gainsay you. If

your name be Schönberg, you can idealise it into Belmont, and if you have been christened John, you may dub yourself Peter. And yet, with entire liberty with regard to nomenclature, a "full-blooded Yankee" is less addicted to changing his name than any other national in the world. Peabody, Dodge, Hodge, Mudge, Grimes, Hoggins, Tompkins, Muggins, Giles, Wiggins, Ramsbottom, Towzer, Bowley, Cummins, are rather proud of their names than desirous to veil them, as with us, under flimsy aliases.

The Shipping advertisements need no comment; nor do the Railway Notices call for any special attention; but among the "Personal" ads. one finds some curious waifs and strays of manners. Adoption makes a great figure. "To be adopted: a fine boy, four days old. N.B. This is a lady's child." "Four beautiful fat infants to be adopted out to good homes. Also, wanted, one black-eyed girl, from one to three years old. Call at No. —, Greenwich Street." This place in Greenwich Street seems to be a regular mart for babies, where you may buy or sell "fat infants" as though they were sucking pigs. "A gentleman would like to adopt a bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, about four years old." There are many gentlemen and many ladies in America who, alas! stand frequently in need of such "bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girls" or boys. They seek to adopt them for the very tenderest of motives. The Americans love their children with a passionate fondness; they are the kindest parents (to young children) in the world; they spoil, they idolise them. They cram them with goodies, and overwhelm them with toys. They are the

sprightliest, cleverest, most intractable little elves in creation; but, alas! "*Ils vivent ce que vivent les roses.*" They are deplorably fragile. The cold winds of Spring sweep them off till the wayside of American home-life is littered with tiny white blossoms. The fierce summer-heat scorches them up, till the parent stem is left withered and desolate in the midst of an arid desert. I have often thought that had Heaven given me a child of my own I should be in a perpetual nervous tremor and anxiety lest the child should die and leave me miserable. With American mothers this nervous tremor and anxiety *must* be perpetual. They may well call bringing up a child "raising" it. American children are the most delicate and difficult of plants to rear; and they are not properly grown: they are forced. I wish to indorse no absurd generality as to their being fed exclusively on beef steak and pickles; but I know that they are permitted to eat a great many things which are not good for them—notably meat, melted butter, and spices, and condiments; that they are allowed to keep unhealthily late hours; that they are suffered to have entirely their own way; and that they do not get a sufficiency of bracing exercise. Their cleverness is natural. Their precocity is due, not to any very severe schooling they receive, but to their being constantly in the society of their elders, and permitted unchecked to mingle in the conversation of persons five or ten times their age. In repartee they are wonderful. I remember a lady telling me of a little girl, the child of very grand people, who had a French nurse, and who, at the age of four, had picked up a very fair smattering of colloquial Parisian. Now this little girl's papa, who had

been much in Europe, had acquired some notions as to domestic discipline differing very widely from those ordinarily entertained by American parents. He was not harsh; but he would be obeyed. One day when the little thing had been outrageously naughty, he went so far as to administer a moderate amount of personal correction to her. He took her on his knee subsequently, and strove to explain to her how sorry he had been to be obliged to punish her, and that the chastisement had not been inflicted for his own pleasure. "*Pour le plaisir de qui, alors?*" asked little Miss, still sobbing, in her nursery French.

I remember, at Saratoga, seeing two little girls sitting very gravely under the shadow of a cottage wall in an hotel "park," with a little board on tressels made of stones before them, and tastefully laid out with a cigar stump, a sherry-cobbler straw, a broken fan, an old slipper, and a fragment of a tea-cup. One of these children might have been about three, the other certainly was not more than four. "Man," cried the youngest to the subscriber, "tum an' buy thumfin." I approached the pair, and very gravely laying a silver dime I had brought from Canada on the board, asked what they had to sell. "We's payin' at Tannitary Fair," these bantlings replied in a breath. They had seen their mammas and sisters behind the stalls of the Sanitary Fairs at New York and Philadelphia, and thought they might as well get up a little bazaar practice. I noticed that they did not seem very grateful for my silver dime; and happening to mention this to my esteemed friend, Mr. H. H., he observed:—"Therein you showed your lamentable indifference to the philosophical

working of the times. Those children took your silver dime for a button, or a spangle, and so, valueless. They wanted money. That, to them, was not money. This is the fourth year of the war. Those little babes have probably never before set eyes on a golden or a silver coin. They were accustomed only to see and to hear of greenbacks, and of fractional currency. You should have given them a paper 'spondoulick' for ten cents, or else a few nickel cents. Those they know, for two sticks of lollipops are to be had for two "nicks."

I have had great fun with American children; and although they are not quite childish enough for me, cannot help loving them. I have had several sweethearts aged six, and seven, and one rising eight; but that was a *grande passion*, and I must resort to the intermediary of a friend to get my letters back. Still the American child is sometimes a nuisance, sometimes a pest, sometimes a scourge to one's peace of mind. When I first went to live at the Brevoort, they put me in a room on the fourth floor. Next door to me there was a thin lady, who, being flaxen-haired, naturally elected to dress in a maize-coloured moiré; and, with her long ringlets, looked not unlike a stalk of Indian corn. This lady had a child, a boy—a wolf boy, a demon boy, a child fiend, a gnome in a crimson velvet tunic, a horrible little varlet with a face like a suet pudding with but two currants in it—those were his eyes. His resemblance to pudding was enhanced by his lips and cheeks being generally smeared with jam. This hideous little monster used to devise pitfalls for me on the stairs—used to run at my

shins in a catapultine manner, when he met me; used to drag my coat-tails half off, in the attempt to enlist me in games of romps, which I would as soon have played with the imp Flibbertygibbet as with him; used to call me "Old Crossy," because I declined to be put in harness with strands of twine, and driven by him up and down the corridor, after the manner of a trotting horse. Then he would come thundering at my bed-room door (which I carefully kept locked), striving to kick in the panels, and yelping "Man, come out, come play." I tried to appal him, by favouring him with a few curious grimaces taught me by my late lamented friend, Flexmore, the clown; but the faces he made in return frightened *me*, and I abandoned the attempt. One day, irritated almost to frenzy by his knocking at the door, a thought struck me. I went out into the corridor. I took him gently by the ear, and, leading him to the bannisters allowed him to peep through them down the well-staircase, four stories deep, of the Brevoort. "My young friend," I said, in tones as tragic as I could assume, "if I hear any more of your infernal row, *I'll throw you over that staircase, and dash your brains out on the marble pavement.*" I had taken care, before I spoke, to ascertain that the door of his mamma's apartment was ajar. I heard a shudder—a prolonged "A-a-a-a-h!" I knew the lady in maize-colour was listening. The elf crept away with a subdued whine; *but he never troubled me again.* The trick was done. Whenever I passed him and his mamma on the stairs, or in the dining-room, she used to gather up her skirts, or avert her head; and I dare say she thought—"There goes the mon-

ster who wanted to dash out my dear, dear, darling child's brains against the marble pavement." I have reason to believe that my absurd threat sank deeply into the mind of Flibbertygibbet in the crimson velvet tunic, and had a most salutary effect upon him.

Did you ever—loving little children as the apple of your eye, and deriving infinite pleasure from their presence and conversation—experience (being at sea) a burning desire to fling a little boy aged nine, overboard? I did once; and the thing occurred in this wise. The story is by no means a genteel one; but this is not a genteel book, and I must tell it. I was going to Havana in the "Columbia." It was February. The Southern Atlantic (we were off Wilmington) was frightfully rough; and we had never swallowed a meal without the "fiddles" or gratings on the table. I wasn't sea-sick; but I would have given (did I possess them) five thousand dollars in gold to *be* sick. There was on board a lank Yankee boy, in a suit of grey, and with a closely-cropped head. He was underhung, and had a mouth almost like that of a shark. His hands were flappers, and his feet fins. He was all buttons in the wrong places, and pockets where no pockets should be. His pocket-handkerchief was not big enough for a doll. He rolled it into a ball and played with it, and never put it to its proper use when occasion demanded. He was a morose and sullen boy—a disgusting child. He came up to me one afternoon when I had just flung a half-smoked cigar over the taffrail, and was contemplating (I am sure) the ocean with looks of abject misery in my countenance. I had never seen him smile be-

fore; but now there was a hideous leer on his sallow face. He addressed himself to speech thus: "*Say, Mister, hev ye puked any?*" I could have leapt at that demoniacal boy's throat, caught him round the middle, and pitched him to the porpoises. I was happily restrained by thoughts of the consequences accruing from the commission of Murder on the High Seas.

With infantile and juvenile mortality at a very high rate, and with this addition, *that among the wealthier classes large families of children are rare*—the middle and working classes have their troops of young ones, just as we have in Europe—it is easy to understand how the spirit of adoption has come to obtain very largely in American society; and (as everything American must sooner or later become a matter of business) the "adopting out" of children, or the procuring of them for persons desirous of filling their empty cradles, has become a regular trade, subject to the law of supply and demand, and to the fluctuations of the market. I should like to see the ledgers and day-books of an Adoption Establishment. Everybody in America keeps books. Mother Cole (I learn from the police report of the "busting up" of a disorderly house) posts up her accounts, and Phryne is quite familiar with the mysteries of cash, debtor, contrà, creditor. I can tell you, in all discretion, something more curious about Phryne. Her life is one of shame, but it does not, in the majority of cases, end in misery. Phryne veils her state of life under the convenient screen of a "war-widow," and often "hooks" a living warrior. Phryne sails for California, makes a large, sometimes an immense, for-

tune; marries a gambler; goes to Europe, and has been known sometimes to wriggle into some kind of continental society, and die in the odour of respectability. But there is Hope for Every One in America itself. The country is too vast for the most unfortunate to be wholly ruined. It is too vast to be ruined, itself. The fallen and disgraced girl has but to "clear out" and go to another quarter, where her antecedents are not known. The Magdalen may marry a German emigrant and go West, and become the happy mother of many children. For the irreclaimably vicious there are penitentiaries, for the incurably diseased there are infirmaries; but the surface of the land is not spotted, as with us, with that crowd of Female Refuges, Reformatories, Asylums, and Homes, whose very abundance argues the existence of something essentially wrong and rotten in the state of society. These places in England are supported by good and pious people, who strive by preachments and parsonising to persuade the unlucky inmates that they have been guilty of some enormous and atrocious sin; the truth being that the major part of the poor things have gotten themselves into this scrape because a wicked and selfish social polity deters young men from marrying unless they are well to do in the world; and the unhealthy state of a market in which the labour of woman is a drug has quite put it out of their power to earn a decent livelihood. Of the "soiled doves" over the loss of whose virtue gentlemen in white neck-cloths sigh so piteously, full two-thirds are in the sight of Heaven, I hope, quite as virtuous as the Marchioness of Carabas; only they haven't been able

to get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and so, there being no other way, they have gone on the town. And but for the favour of fortune, or rather the infinite mercy of Providence, the Marchioness (to paraphrase that which Richard Oastler said to Sir Robert Peel) might have gone on the town, too.

No doubt the humbler class of American girls suffer much in early life from that absurd feeling of pride and vanity which forbids them to accept domestic service; among the "Lises," the underpaid overworked factory hands, flower and cigar hands, there are the usual proportion with unusual beauty—*la beauté du diable*—and who are naturally perverse, and so become shameless and successful courtesans. And there are others—a very very few, not one in ten thousand—who take to drinking and go to the bad. And in the great Northern cities there is the usual average of indigent seamstresses and waterside wantons. But before the poorest as before the lowest sunken woman in America, there always lie the two grand chances—of going farther a-field and of being married. I think it is Leonardo da Vinci who, in the odd apophthegms appended to his drawing-book, remarks that every woman who is not a monster has at least two suitors in the course of her life. An ugly woman may be loved in England, but there are a thousand impediments to her getting married. In America there are none. Character is none (who will know what you did in Boston, when you are comfortably settled in Kansas?). Poverty is none. Almost everybody you meet has known poverty at some time or another, for everybody has had a Beginning. That millionnaire was a boot-black: that banker sold pea-nuts and pop-

corn: that shipowner once scraped the sides of the ships which are now his own.

English unhappiness wants an outlet. We have our colonies and emigration thereto; but the first are part of England, socially, and the next is, comparatively speaking, infinitesimal. A fallen girl emigrating to Canada or Australia runs the risk of meeting her respectable married sister, or the mistress from whose service she was dismissed with disgrace. We want the distant, but the *perfectly new and strange land*, where the very first seeds of society have to be sown, and the primeval wilderness has to be cleared before the seed can be put in the ground. The Americans have this, in the enormous background to their settlements. They can always "go up the country" and start afresh, without crossing any oceans or submitting to any exile. The vastness of the land absorbs nearly all the vice and immorality of America. The vicious and immoral fade away so, and very probably become virtuous and moral fifteen hundred miles off. In England the trouble is that we don't know what to do with our cast-aways after, in the benevolence of our nature, we have reclaimed them. Say we convert that Phryne (the hackneyed affectation), and, getting her to shed tears of remorse over tea and buttered toast, drive her off in a cab to the Refuge or the Home. What do we do with her when we have got her there? What have we to offer her when she leaves? She may become a washerwoman; but she has slaved at the washtub before. Some kind lady may give her a place as housemaid. She had been a housemaid before she fell (or was

the rather knocked over by "no character" and hunger). Needlework may be procured for her. Why, man, it was for the reason that she couldn't get seven meals of bread a week by needle and thread that she became Phryne at all. The benevolent ladies would stare if it were hinted that the creatures they succour might some day (if they behave themselves) have a chance of riding in their carriages, keeping their town and country houses, and their box at the opera. Analyse the feelings of the most gushing philanthropist, and you will probably find that he or she has a lurking notion that the object of sympathy should, to the end of time, continue a humble, moderately depressed, penitent kind of party, profoundly grateful to the "institution for being put into the way of doing her duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call her." The philanthropist certainly never imagines that the tatterdemalion boy or girl may become a Crœsus, or a queen of society. Now in America, with industry and conduct, anybody may emphatically become anything he resolves to be; and even when you stumble on the threshold you may go "further up," and gather yourself together. And this is why America is pre-eminently the country of Hope. The people who talk about the United States being "ruined" are, I take it, simply donkeys. I may have said so before, but the remark cannot be too often repeated.

The existing Government of the United States is doubtless a gigantic blunder. The framers of the country devised an admirable scheme; but that scheme was devised for four or five millions of people, not for thirty, who in the course of another generation will become sixty. Politically, America

is just now in the position of the Colossus of Rhodes striving to put his arms and legs into the coat and breeches of General Thomas Thumb. The General's clothes suited him very well when he was a baby Colossus; but now that with puissant legs he can straggle across the biggest haven in the world, he finds that he has burst his seams, that his pantaloons have shrunk most dismally. The American Union has been a failure—the most splendid on record—and the pure Democratic attempt has fallen through for a very few and simple reasons. The Fathers of the Republic never dreamt that in the year 1865, North and South together would have a population of thirty-two millions, and over, of souls. They never dreamt, in days when everybody owned slaves, that a day would come when twenty-two millions would fall foul of eight millions on the question of whether it was humane and Christian to hold four millions of bond-servants. They never dreamt that their beautiful plan of giving the chief Magistrate only a four years' tenure of power, would lead to the agitation for the next Presidential election, beginning so soon as that for the last one had ceased; so that, on the principle in the old story of the yellow-fever-stricken West Indian Island, of which there was always a governor going out alive, and another governor coming home dead, there would always be one conspicuous American man burning to turn another conspicuous American man out of his house, his berth, and his salary; and that this lofty ambition would permeate through the very lowest grades of official life, so that not a clerk in the Custom House, nor a lighthouse-keeper drew his pay without being contemplated by some candidate for office, muttering: "Next year, or the

year after next, I shall trouser the dollars of that cuss, I guess."

They never dreamt that what they fondly deemed would be the strongest safeguard of the purity and integrity of their system, namely, the ridiculously small allowance of five thousand pounds a-year to their President, the unjustly inadequate salaries of their public servants, and the mobility both of those servants, high and low, and of their judges and magistrates, would lead to and develop a system of venality, corruption, and fraud, the like of which has never been seen since the Prætorian Guards sold the Roman Empire to the highest bidder, and then proceeded to "bust up" the imprudent old gentleman who bought it. They never dreamt that judges, magistrates, and clerks would intrigue for office for the sake of the salary, and while they were in office take bribes unblushingly, or steal right and left because they knew that at the end of four years they would be turned out of office without one penny pension or superannuation. God forbid that I should assert that there are no upright and incorruptible judges, no honest and clean-handed government clerks in the United States. I have met with scores and scores on the bench and in the bureau whom it was a pleasure and an honour to know. But I do assert, that partisan judges, and judges who can be influenced by money—that government clerks who play ducks and drakes with the public money, and come out of office iniquitously wealthy, are not rarities in America; whereas in England a century passes without one corrupt judge being denounced, and that in the immense body of our bureaucracy not two per

cent. in ten years have laid themselves open to accusations of fraud and peculation. There is much delay, but there is no robbery in our Circumlocution Office. The Americans do their work more quickly; but they "trouser the dollars" with shameless speed. Finally, the founders of the Republic never dreamt that an enormous and continuous emigration to the shores of their country would in the space of eighty years all but entirely change the character and the habits, and very seriously alter the physiognomy and the language of the people. The Federal Union was framed for independent Englishmen, and the sons of Englishmen. Those who partake of its blessings are now the descendants of Englishmen, not mingled with, but standing side by side with Irishmen and Germans. The emigration from the remaining nations of Europe is comparatively insignificant. They never dreamt that there would be at every election an Irish party to be conciliated or coerced, a German vote to be courted or outwitted. They never dreamt that the universal suffrage which they granted to the respectable gentlemen, farmers, and mechanics of a whilome British colony, would come in eighty years time to be enjoyed by bogtrotters from Connemara and boors from Westphalia; by hod-carriers, and omnibus cads, and scavengers:—not but that the bogtrotters, the boors, the hod-men, the cads, and the scavengers *have a perfect right to the suffrage if they are educated and intelligent:* only these unexpected suffragans are for the most part ignorant ruffians, only one degree removed from savagery. "Sir," said a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Federal army, "my forefathers have been in this country since the

year sixteen hundred and fifty; and the last time I went to cast my vote for President my vote was challenged by an Irish bricklayer, who six months before had landed at Castle Garden without a shoe to his foot, and with scarcely a rag to his back, *and who can neither read nor write, now.*" Universal Suffrage is a grand and beautiful country. Vote by Ballot is a charming institution. Shall we try them in England? The mad mules among the Radical party strongly recommend us to do so. Are you at all acquainted with the aspect which the Ballot, or "Secret voting," has assumed in the States? Just this. Just the complexion which Lord Monteagle, when he was Mr. Spring Rice, prophesied, just two and thirty years ago, that it would assume. Will you hear the quondam Mr. Rice?

"Secresy is the whole recommendation of the Ballot. May it not be doubted whether secresy would be maintained? Suppose the elections over, and the electors met at the 'Crown,' or at the 'Smoky,' or the 'Sociable,' would they not discuss the merits of the respective candidates, and the conduct of the electors; and would not the secrets of the Ballot-Box necessarily transpire? Or, if this temptation could be withstood, would there not be still more difficult trials to be undergone? Imagine a good Whig voter returning from the hustings to a good Whig wife. 'How comes it, my dear,' the matron would ask, 'that you marched up to Parker's Piece with the purple flags? You cannot have been voting with the Tories?' 'Oh no, mistress,' would be the answer, 'I would burn off my hand first. I stand true to my colours. Though I

marched with the Purples, I voted with the old Blues and Buffs.' Thus would the secret be revealed; the wife's arms would be cast round her husband's neck in an affectionate embrace. The voter would prove both his affection and his patriotism, but forfeit all claim to discretion, and destroy the secret of the Ballot."

Possibly this state of things, predicted by Mr. Spring Rice, has come to pass in America. Vote by Ballot there is the merest of shams. Everybody knows how his neighbour votes. Voters buy their tickets at the booths kept by the agents of their favourite candidates, stick the tickets in their button-holes, or in their hats, and march into the polling places to vote "secretly." They place their tickets on the top of the urn. The polling-clerk *opens them* before he deposits them in the receptive aperture. There is an agent, or inspector, of each great political party on either side, and they know perfectly well to what political "stripe" the voter affects; and if there be any reasonable cause, or even shadow of a cause, the Republican challenges the Democrat's vote, and *vice versâ*. You may tell in America which way a man is going to vote as easily as when he takes off his hat you can tell whether the hair on his head is black or red or brown. But the Ballot, "secret voting," it is argued, is a protection to the poor voter—he cannot, under the beneficent ægis of the Ballot, be coerced or intimidated by the rich man. Indeed! I knew an hotel in New York where the landlord and his clerks were Black Republicans. They voted for Mr. Lincoln in November. But the head-waiter was a Democrat and an Irishman. The Irish Roman

Catholics had been ordered by their priests on the preceding Sunday, from the altar, to vote for George B. M'Clellan. The head waiter I speak of had the engaging of his subordinates, and they were entirely under his control. So soon as breakfast was over *they were marched down in a body to vote on the Democratic ticket.* Had any one of these men dared to vote for Lincoln he would have been at once discharged.

Still is America the country of Hope. Hope that her future may prove bright and prosperous; hope that the enormities of the present age will be scouted and deplored in the next; hope that the disease will in course of time work its own cure; that the vastness, the newness, and the inexhaustible fertility of this wonderful land will, ere many years are over, plant smiling crops and flowers of peace and plenty and happiness, over the bloody graves and the charred-up wastes which have been made by the vanity, and violence, and ambition of wicked men, but which, all lamentably numerous as they are, yet, when the extent of the area over which they are disseminated is considered, are but as foam flakes upon the ocean, and as spots upon the sun.

CHAPTER II.

WASHINGTON.

I HAVE been endeavouring for a long time and at many different intervals, but with indifferent success, to determine in my mind what Washington is like. That it resembles in any way the metropolis of a great, powerful, and wealthy commonwealth can at once, without much fear of contradiction, be denied. It contains, certainly, some noble public buildings, but they are scattered far and wide, with all kinds of incongruous environments, producing upon the stranger a perplexed impression that the British Museum has suddenly migrated to the centre of an exhausted brickfield, where rubbish may be shot; or that St. Paul's Cathedral, washed quite white, and stuck upon stone stilts, has been transferred to the centre of the Libyan Desert, and called a Capitol. There is a perpetual solution of continuity at Washington. There is no cohesion about Pennsylvania Avenue; its houses are as Hudibras's story of the bear and the fiddle—begun and broke off in the middle. It is an architectural conundrum which nobody can guess, and in which I candidly believe there is no meaning. The Vitruviuses and Palladios of America have perpetrated a vast practical joke, and called it Washington. There is no

beginning, no centre, and no end to Washington. It is the most "bogus" of towns—a shin-plaster in bricks and mortar, and with a delusive frontispiece of marble. The inhabitants seem to be very fond of building houses; but when they have run up three or four stories which threaten to attain the altitude of the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues sets in; the builders abandon their work; but, nothing disheartened, erect three or four stories of fresh houses elsewhere. It is said of those patrons of the drama who habitually avail themselves of half price that they have seen nothing but *dénouements*. Washington, on the contrary, is a collection of first acts without any catastrophes. It presents a converse to Mercutio's description of his wound. Its avenues are as deep as wells, and its blocks as wide as church-doors; but they do not serve any purpose that I am aware of. Washington will be, when completed, the most magnificent city on this side the Atlantic; and some of its edifices, as for instance the Post-Office, the Patent-Office, and the Treasury Buildings, are really magnificent in proportions and design; but it is not quite begun yet. We are still at the soup and fish, and have not got to the first *entrée*. Never was there so interminable an overture. "Two piastres more," cries the Arab funambulist unworthily parodied by the London street mountebank, "and the ass shall ascend the ladder." But those piastres are never forthcoming, and the donkey never goes up. Only two hundred millions of dollars more, and two hundred thousand inhabitants, or thereabouts, and Washington would be able to rival the Empire City and the Crescent City, and

all the other cities to which the Americans have given, to use the diction of Mr. Artemus Ward, "magnolious and spanglorious" appellatives. *Chose durante*, Washington doesn't precisely languish, but it wallows in the dust like an eel in a sand-basket, delicious when fried or stewed, but slightly repulsive to the sight before it is skinned and cooked. Washington will be, I have no doubt, some day uproariously splendid; but at present it isn't anything. It is in the District of Columbia and the State of the Future.

And yet I must, for the sake of those who will never, probably, visit this rambling mass of streets without houses, and houses without streets, liken it to something. Well, it is like a jumbled-up collection of models out of an architectural museum, or a toy shop, seen through the opera-glass of the giant Polyphemus. Again, it is not unlike the Old Kent Road, grown out of all patience. Stay, it is like Brentford run mad, with a dash of Highgate out of its wits, and a spice of Barnet at the fair time—for ragged horseflesh is here abundant—the whole mingled with Holborn Hill, and set in the midst of Salisbury Plain. After this imagine a *tohobohu* of Canterbury Halls and dancing saloons, Government offices and old clothes' shops, Bath and Cheltenham-like private mansions and log cabins, oysters, negroes, lager-beer, mules, oxen, waggons, dragoons, ladies in crinolines, and loafers in "sit on 'em" hats, and the very faintest notion of Washington may begin to dawn upon you.

Willard's Hotel, notwithstanding, is a wonderful place. Opinions may differ as to the amount of personal comfort

to be obtained there, and it is by no means rare to hear Americans assert the preferability of private lodgings over the huge, noisy, hospital for incurables of Congressopolis. There is a drawback, however, to your giving practical effect to such a preference, inasmuch as private apartments are all but impossible to procure. Our cousins are not a lodging-letting people. Mrs. Lirriper would not be at home here. The omnivorous lodging-house cat is an animal happily unknown to the Buffons and Cuviers of the States. To keep an hotel, indeed—or A Hotel, as grammatical precisians on this side persist on the word being pronounced—is accounted a grand, wise, and beautiful thing; and next to the President of the United States, the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, the conductor of a railway car, and the editor of the *New York Knuckleduster*, I have very little doubt that an hotel-keeper is about as remarkable and important a personage as can be met with in a country where nine out of every ten individuals you meet are presumedly remarkable and confessedly important. You may keep a boarding-house, too, without derogating to any great extent from your dignity; although, as a rule, a lady who takes boarders commands more respect than a male engaged in the same vocation would do; but you musn't let lodgings—it is "dreadful mean;" and, above all human frailties, the Americans, to their honour, abhor meanness.

Thus, failing furnished lodgings and a "man of the house," or, worse still, a Megæra who lives on her lodgers, Willard's becomes in most cases Hobson's choice. "I have stayed at Willard's for twenty years," an acquaintance re-

cently remarked, "and for twenty years I have declared that I would never go to Willard's again." There are two or three more ostensibly first-class hotels (the "National" is the best of them); but virtually there is but one step from Willard's to the most comfortless and the groggiest taverns. So you go to Willard's and grumble, or else grin, shrug your shoulders, and bear the heat, the noise, the dust, the smoke, the expectoration, the scramble for eatables, and the struggle for drinkables, precisely as you happen to be a philosopher or otherwise. After all, it is something to be continually jostling senators in the hall and members of the House of Representatives on the staircases. You can scarcely fail either to gain some salutary insight into the practical equality which in many instances marks American society; for neither senator nor representative, governor of a State nor general in the army, millionnaire, merchant, nor roving English dandy, is a bit better off or treated with one whit more deference at Willard's, than the roughest specimen of a bagman in the dry goods line, or the poorest suitor for Government employment, who has come up to Washington with a hope of getting a consulate, and would be glad to get a lighthouse.

I arrived in Washington about noon on a Sunday, after a weary journey from New York, which I had left on the previous midnight. A giant ferry-boat, crowded with people who didn't say a word, but sat solemnly side by side from stem to stern of this Noah's ark, chewing the cud of sweet "big lick" or bitter "pigtail," and spitting in mournful unison, all so sadly and so silently that they might have been

departed souls whom Charon was ferrying across the Styx—this mournful craft took me to Jersey City. Thence, by a place called New Brunswick, I was jostled in the most uncomfortable cars in the Union to Philadelphia. My ears had been amused at New York with tales of a direct railway communication, without break or intervening hitch, between that city and Washington; but these turned out to be but sprightly fancies; or, at least, if such a communication does exist, it is not kept up for the 12 P.M. train. There were sleeping cars also on this line, I was informed, but no locomotive beds were provided at midnight, when they were most wanted. Shortly after four o'clock in the morning I was turned out into the streets of the City of Brotherly Love, where it was freezing considerably, and packed into one of the monstrous horse-railway omnibuses, which rumbled us along it might have been for three miles, but it seemed for twelve, through the distressingly rectangular thoroughfares of the chequer-board metropolis of Pennsylvania. There was another tedious railway journey to Baltimore, and there we changed cars again, and, covered with dust, toiled into Washington while the good folks of that city were all at church—praying, let us hope, for their misguided brethren down South. Twice since my arrival have I heard those misguided brethren prayed for by ministers of religion. Was there not a Constable de Bourbon who had prayers said for the Pope every morning in his private chapel, and bombarded his Holiness's Castle of St. Angelo with equal zeal and regularity?

It was at Baltimore that the first outward and visible sign

of there being a civil war in the land came upon me. I had seen in the cars plenty of soldiers returning from furlough; but such sights are common enough on every Continental line of railway. At Baltimore it was, however, that an infantry soldier of the United States army, clad in the eternal bluish-grey gaberdine, and *kepi* slouched over his nose, and duly armed with musket and fixed bayonet, made his appearance on the small iron platform outside our car, and kept guard there until our departure for Washington. I involuntarily felt my wideawake to ascertain if it had any copper buckle to its band. I gazed at my companions, but failed to discern that they looked in any way Secesh. Many were asleep, more were chewing, and two bold spirits, who had just joined us, were—albeit nine o'clock had hardly struck—unmistakeably drunk. Still, none of them had a rebellious appearance. The bold spirits who were drunk so early in the morning exhibited, indeed, quite a frantic access of loyalty, and yelped patriotic ditties in emulation of the screech of the engine. There, all the while, was the soldier, grim, stalwart, and glum—a Palpable Entity, as Mr. Carlyle would say—a personage not lovely to look upon, not very trimly shaven, and not very clean, but not to be trifled with—a man stern, strong, and ready, a formidable piece of man-mechanism, for all that; something that could hit, and hit hard, too; something that could lodge a bullet neatly between your third and fourth dorsal vertebræ, or insert a bayonet with much acumen just beneath your fifth rib. I misliked this very rough and ready warrior; for in our peaceful country, when we see a soldier on guard, we

can scarcely recognise the feasibility of his gun going off. I have entertained, for many years—since a Dragoon in the streets of Paris, when Louis Napoleon was arranging matters with the National Assembly, took a pistol from his holster, and, pressing the barrel against my forehead, proposed to blow my brains out—a profound respect for the Palpable Entity that can shoot and stab; and so I held the *fantassin* with the bluish-grey gaberdine in much mental deference till I reached the depôt at Washington, and was battling with seven negro porters, all ragged, perspiring, and friendly, and all anxious to carry one small portmanteau to one hackney coach, eight sizes too large for it, and me.

Sunday at Washington, so far as the city is concerned, is a Puritan Sunday, a Scotch Sunday, and a very disagreeable one. There is all the dulness of the sectarian Sabbath, as we chafe under it or pretend to observe it in Europe, *plus* the clouds of biting, pungent, choking dust which, when it does not rain or snow, is said to be peculiar to the District of Columbia. Not a shop is open, and but very few people, and fewer carriages are about. Only at every fifty yards or so, in Pennsylvania Avenue, a solitary cavalry vidette, always in the bluish-grey gaberdine and kepi, and sitting in a saddle of the kind known to us as "demi-pique," the foot in a stirrup like a "leather bottelle," with a hole in one side which may be Moorish or Mexican—but is not pretty—kept watch and ward over the dust and a few vagabond dogs. Beyond this all was boredom. At Willard's only there was to be heard the hum of men, the cries of news-boys, the ringing of bells, the chattering of negro waiters, the sharp

voice of the hotel clerk, and the clinking of glasses, as curious drinks—"morning glories" and "Tom and Jerrys," "brandy smashes," and "tangle-legs," two of which last-named are warranted to inebriate the Colossus of Rhodes—are mingled at the bar. And this noise and bustle, drinking and smoking, go on from soon after sunrise to many hours after sunset, and not a few of the destinies of a mighty country are settled at the bar and on the staircases of this strange hotel.

I was obliged to come back to Washington when smallpox was very rife in the Federal capital—there were said to be over eighteen thousand cases at one time of that terrible disease under medical treatment in the city—but a newspaper correspondent must be deterred by neither plague, pestilence, nor famine. Indeed, such disasters may fill his scrip and furnish "additional particulars." I see that the *New York Blood Tub*, whenever one of its correspondents at the seat of war falls into the hands of the rebels, is in the habit almost of congratulating its readers on the casualty, and prints in leaded type "Interesting from Brandy Station. Another of the *Blood Tub's* correspondents captured." Shall I be less adventurous than the *Blood Tub?* New York is the Capua of the tourist in America. He can procure something like quiet and comfort, he can enjoy something approaching luxury and refinement, in that cosmopolitan capital. But his hair is apt to grow soft and curly, and the Dalilah of the *far niente* comes noiselessly stealing, with opened scissors, upon him. Let him come to Washington, and bid a temporary adieu to comfort and to peace.

Let him come to Washington and rough it. Let him come to the city where a pocket-full of dollars will fail to obtain a room much better than a dog-kennel to live in. Let him come to Washington; for it is, at this moment, the great, throbbing, blood-pumping heart of the republic.

Will intelligent Americans be very angry with me for stating that the railway communication between New York and Washington is entirely destitute of comfort, and, on the whole, abominably conducted? If they must be angry, let them rage. I heard during four-and-twenty hours at least a hundred Americans speaking of the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington line, in terms of condemnation much stronger than any I have used. Want of punctuality is the least of the evils to be met with on this engaging railroad. Our train, for instance, yesterday, which left New York at half-past seven in the evening, and was due in Washington at half-past five on Sunday morning, did not arrive until twelve o'clock. That it should have been six hours and a half late was nothing. A freight train had run off the track, and we were kept waiting, twenty miles above Baltimore, until it could be got on again. There were no refreshment rooms open; and on reaching Washington there was no breakfast to be got at the hotel until half-past one; but that again was nothing. You come to Washington to rough it, and the best thing you can do *is* to rough it, and grin and bear it. I should be very sorry to swear upon a Sunday. Then one of the bridges across the Susquehanna was burnt the other day, and, pending its reconstruction, not the slightest provision was made for the conveyance of

passengers, who, at Philadelphia, are often compelled to walk for a mile and a half through a ploughed field, now ankle-deep in mud, and now slipping on the glazed ice, from one depôt to another. Then a luggage-van was pitched into the river, and the toilettes of half the ladies coming to pass the winter season in Washington hopelessly submerged. A favourite actress of one of the theatres here lost her entire wardrobe; but the president of the railroad had the grace to send her a cheque, amply compensating for the damage she had sustained. The Americans are very prompt and very generous in applying plasters to the heads they have broken, but I cannot see what need there is to break the heads at all. With commonly prudent and sensible management the New York and Washington Railroad, which is under two hundred and fifty miles in length, might be worked as smoothly as the London and North-Western line. False economy here, and reckless extravagance there—spoiling the ship for a cent's worth of tar, and then scuttling it altogether—have rendered it, however, a nuisance and a scandal to the community. This the Americans themselves acknowledge. They admit that this, the most important artery of communication between the north and the south of the Union, is disgracefully neglected. A few nights since the passengers in a belated train, maddened by long captivity, held an "indignation meeting" in the cars. Violent speeches were made, inflammatory resolutions were moved, seconded, and passed; but no signs of improvement in the *morale* of the line are visible. A bill is before Congress to legalise the construction of a new and direct line between the head

and heart of America, and has been referred to a committee. The bill will in all probability be thrown out. "I'd take stock ter that line, or ter any other line, to break up this —— —— monopoly," I heard an indignant gentleman observe in the cars on Sunday morning; "but it's sure to be financeered out of the —— —— House." The possessors of a profitable monopoly are quite *au fait* in the art of "financeering" a hostile project out of the Legislature.

The six contractors who were canvassing the demerits of the railway, and who blocked up the aisle of the sleeping car, had been wiser in their generation than I. Most of them were provided with portable fold-up chairs, and lounged comfortably, while to me there was only the alternative of the horizontal or the perpendicular position; and one sage had brought a bottle of whisky with him, the contents of which he most liberally dispensed among all around. It came to my turn to have a pull at the black bottle offered me, and if I declined, I am none the less grateful to that hospitable contractor. Nothing is more common in the cars than for soldiers to pass a can of spirits to a stranger, and ask him to take a "suck at the monkey;" and you are allowed to plead indisposition or inability to drink without running the risk of a quarrel. In the West, I believe, when a stranger invites you to liquor, you must either drink or fight. But such punctilious insistance on the *leges conviviales* is not confined to the occidental regions of the American continent. I remember once that on the platform at Woolwich Arsenal, in England, a lady attached to the Royal Artillery in the capacity of baggage-waggon woman ten-

dered me a glass of neat gin, accompanying it with the significant monition, "Inside or out," meaning that if I did not swallow the contents she would throw them in my face. I prudently put myself outside the beverage, for Moll Flaggon irate is terrible.

As I have said the "sleeping car," you may perhaps infer that, although starved, I was comfortable. Unfortunately, I was unaware that in the sleeping cars of this line there are three tiers of berths. I had paid a dollar and a-half for a lower one, thinking that it would be at least breast-high, but it turned out to be on a level with the floor of the car. Nearly dislocating my limbs in the attempt to get into it I did not mind; but the six contractors had necessarily twelve legs. Half a dozen of these supports blocked up the open side of my berth, and through the interstices I could see six more legs belonging to three more contractors, who, not wishing to soil their friends' pants, spat consistently between them. There was a spittoon screwed into the floor at my pillow-head; but nobody paid any attention to it. Above me a stout gentleman was couchant. I think he was troubled in mind, and whenever during my seventeen hours' purgatory he suffered a twinge of conscience, he woke up, hawked, and spat. I knew when it was coming. I curled myself up, and stopped my ears, and lay shuddering till the thing was over. In Heaven's name, what is the matter with the lungs and throats of the American people? Will nobody look to the national thorax, or flush the republican bronchial tube? Is it "shamefully" to "misrepresent their institutions," to say that, from the highest to the

lowest — from the great politician, who, on my first interview with him at Washington, made me welcome by spitting into the fire with the precision of an Armstrong and the velocity of Swamp Angel, to the little newsboy in the Bowery, who hawks and blasphemes, and blasphemes and hawks — the whole of the population in the States are given to a habit—and it is nothing but a habit—inconceivably sickening, beastly, and disgusting. The very noise is sufficient to induce nausea for a month. Don't think me prejudiced; *but it isn't the climate.* The American ladies don't expectorate; whereas French women do. The Irish and the German denizens are not such inveterate or offensive hawkers; but the pure Yankee seems to me to take a delight in rendering himself as intolerable as ever he possibly can to his next neighbour. I suppose it is part of the scheme of pure democracy—of liberty, equality, and fraternity—and of doing as he "dam pleases." This mania for doing as they "dam please" is at the root and bottom of all that can make the United States distasteful to a foreigner. For the reason that every man has a vote, and that Jack is as good as his master—or his "boss," as the saying is—and that the President of the United States, when his tenure of office has expired, is of no more social account than a Cherry-street rowdy, the American thinks it beneath his dignity to be commonly civil or courteous to strangers, or respectful to his elders, or submissive to any one in authority. If you lift your hat on entering a shop, the tradesman stares at you as though you were out of your mind. If you ask a question, you receive a ruffianly reply. If you purchase an article, no

one dreams of saying "Thank you." If any one wishes to pass you, he shoves you on one side. If a door is closed, it is slammed. Instead of asking you to look at a newspaper when you have done with it, your neighbour reads it over your shoulder. American gentlemen don't do this; but American gentlemen are in a woful minority; whereas in England it is by no means necessary that a man to be civil should belong to the patrician class. But the common American citizen seems to be in a perpetual nervous agony lest the slightest concession to the laws of good manners should endanger his political freedom. Be courteous, and a Stamp Act will be re-enacted. Be cheerful instead of sulky, and a fresh cargo of tea will come into Boston harbour. Lift your hat, and taxation without representation is imminent. Decency begets despotism; bowing and bondage go together. This seems to be his theory. "We are a grave people," the Americans are accustomed to say, when gently taxed with their churlish and overbearing rudeness—"we are a business-like people, and have no time for bowing and scraping, and idle forms and ceremonies. If you want those mummeries and mockeries, you must go to the worn-out oligarchies of Europe." I humbly beg the pardon of the American people, but I think that in no country I have yet visited—and I have seen a few—have I witnessed in the upper strata of society so much bowing and scraping, so many forms and ceremonies, contrasted with so much crass boorishness and uncouthness in the lower ones. And yet the man who spits on your clothes, who treats you like a hog, *who uses his fingers in lieu of a pocket-handkerchief*, is, when you get him into a

quiet corner, and especially if you drink with him, a shrewd, well-read, and intelligent fellow. He has read every one of Dickens's novels, and very probably Macaulay's History; and he has certainly at least *heard* of Tennyson and Browning.

The few hackney-coaches which usually wait at the dépôt at Washington had dribbled away in despair, until only two remained, and these were engaged for a funeral. We had brought the *pièce de résistance* for that sad pageant down with us. "Do you know what I'd do with you, fair youth, if you were my sonny?" said Artemus Ward to the dandy who offended him. "I'd order your funeral for two o'clock to-morrow, and the corpse should be ready." To my horror, a long deal chest in the luggage van on which my portmanteau had been resting, and on which a name and address were rudely scrawled in red chalk, turned out to be a coffin. A gaily caparisoned hearse was driven up to the dépôt, the deal chest was thrust on to its open bier, and away it rattled, with the two hackney-coaches after it. The whole affair seemed to me much quicker than railway locomotion. *Les morts vont vite;* the dead ride fast in America. I thought a Turkish funeral was about the rapidest act of undertaking extant; but the Occidentals beat the Ottomans.

I had the honour, towards the end of January in Washington, of being a guest in the same hotel with the heroine of the hour. The heroine in question breakfasted at the very next table to mine, at Willard's. It strikes me that this is not the first time the English public have heard about the said heroine. The *Daily Morning Chronicle* of Washington was in ecstacies on the heroine. Hear the *Chronicle:* "Co-

rinne of Republican politics, pushing back with passionate gesture the thick tresses that heated your temples, and with face of beauty upturned in a gush of irrepressible adoration, how thou shottest (!) electric fires through thy thrice ten hundred auditors with the sublime words, 'I never meet a private soldier without being filled with a feeling of profound respect.'". Pray disabuse yourself of the idea that the heroine who entertains such sentiments is a nurserymaid, with a constitutional admiration for Life Guardsmen. She is Miss Anna E. Dickinson, who, one Saturday night in this same January, delivered a "Union-Abolitionist oration" in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The use of that hall had been granted by acclamation. She was conducted to the Speaker's chair by the Vice President of the United States, followed there by the Speaker, Mr. Schuyler Colfax, and introduced by the Honourable Hannibal Hamlin to an audience that crowded all sitting and standing room in the great hall, and among whom was Mr. Lincoln himself. Miss Anna E. Dickinson is barely twenty-one years of age, and was dismissed about eighteen months since from her employment in the Philadelphia Mint—to be a clerk in a mint where there is nothing minted must be about as much a sinecure as to be riding-master to the Doge of Venice—for criticising, in a woman's literary club, the soldiership and policy of General M'Clellan. The *Chronicle* said she was "modest and beautiful; powerful in her inspirations, yet child-like as a cotter's child; queen-like at times in her poses and her passions, yet garbed like a Quakeress at a casement; positive, yet modest; passionately radical, yet

girl-like; scornful in just hates—the escape of the electric fervour against wrong of which God makes a child his medium; bitter in sarcasms, which flash off from her young soul without harm to it, as lightnings flash off from conducting points of gold." But enough of this. Have we not all read the epitaph on the Welsh lady, who was "bland, passionate, and unfeignedly pious; first cousin to Lady Jones; and of Such is the kingdom of Heaven." The pretty girl in a red Garibaldi jacket, and with her hair cut close, whom I saw at breakfast doing considerable execution upon the buckwheat cakes and molasses, was doubtless all that the *Chronicle* describes her to be. But only imagine the British House of Commons granting the use of their hall and the honours of the Speaker's chair to Madame Jessie White Mario, and Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, M.P.'s, shop-boys, and common soldiers listening to that gifted lady while she thundered forth a philippic against the French in Rome, and the Austrians in Venice.

I confess that when I beheld the pretty young lady, with the scarlet Garibaldi jacket and the closely cropped poll, taking her breakfast, and plenty of it, and punishing the buckwheat cakes and molasses in the most exemplary manner, I felt somewhat inclined to rub my eyes and ask myself whether I were dreaming. "A young, red-lipped, slim-waisted girl, with curls cut short as if for school, with eyes black, with the mirthfulness of a child"—when I was a child, and I had black eyes, fighting had usually more to do with their sable hue than mirthfulness—"save when they blaze with the passions of a prophetess, holding spell-bound in the capital of the nation, for one hour and ten minutes"

—the seconds are not specified—"three thousand politicians, statesmen, and soldiers, while she talked to them of politics, statesmanship, and war." "Joan of Arc," screams the enraptured *Chronicle*, "never was grander, and could not have been better in her mail of battle, than was this Philadelphia maid in her statesmanlike demand that this war do not cease until slavery lie dead and buried under the feet of the North, and its epitaph traced with the point of a bayonet dipped in the young blood of the nation." There are other little items for which Miss Anna E. Dickinson is understood to have made a "statesmanlike. demand." She requires that the "territory wrenched back from the rebellion be used to 'underlay' the development of the blacks in America into full citizenship, with the ownership in fee of agricultural land." Finally, Miss Dickinson is said to "have shoved to with her lily-white hand the doors of the Supreme Court of the United States, as at present constituted, and to have forbidden the adjudication therein of the proclamation of freedom to the slaves of rebels."

Yes; this is the burden of Miss Dickinson's chant, and of the faction of which she is the mouthpiece. She does not advocate nor ask for anything more preposterous than they do. Blood, blood, blood! dominion, spoliation, and confiscation! She will be content with nothing less. It is one of the stalest and sorriest devices of the Americans when a foreigner is astounded at their many madnesses, and makes their frenzy public in Europe, to tell him that what he has seen or heard is held as of no account by sensible persons in America—is ephemeral, and is valueless. If this crazy

Jane in a red jacket had uttered her nonsense in some Dissenting chapel, or lecture-hall, or mechanics' institute, this plea might hold good. But she comes accredited by persons in authority; the council-chamber of the country is placed at her disposal; she speaks *ex cathedrâ;* she is handed to her rostrum by the Second Personage in the Republic; and the Speaker of the House is her gentleman usher. The Chief of the State and his Ministers swell the number of her auditors. Either all this means something or nothing. If the Legislative Assembly of the United States is to be considered in the eyes of the world a mere mountebank's booth, and the senators and representatives only so many mimes and mummers supplied by Mr. Nelson Lee to tumble during fair time, let the Americans have the honesty at least to admit that their legislation is horse-play and their debates a farce. But if the American Congress be really composed of wise and able and patriotic men, alive to a sense of their vast responsibilities, and intent on the solution of a tremendous problem, how grotesque, how unworthy does it appear to grace such an exhibition as took place on this Saturday night with the stamp of official sanction and official applause. At least the Jacobins did not suffer the *tricoteuses* to mount the tribune. They kept them in the galleries. At least the Hall of the National Convention was never "loaned" to Théroigne de Méricourt.

I hope pretty Miss Dickinson will have a happier fate than the poor, explosive, hair-brained Belle Liégeoise, who, after her mishap on the Terrasse des Feuillants, went altogether mad, and died in a *cabanon*, at Charenton. I hope

she will live to be married, and have plenty of children, and forget that she ever screamed forth vehement tirades to set her countrymen together by the ears. I have been assured by those who have heard the young lady, and have enjoyed her conversation, that she really possesses great natural gifts, and has a marvellous fecundity of speech. At present she is the lioness of Washington society, and rivals M. Gottschalk the acrobatic pianist, and Mademoiselle Vestvali the singer and actress, in popularity. The self-possession with which she is enabled to stand up before a large audience and discourse *de omnibus rebus* may be at once accounted for when it is known that she formerly belonged to the Society of Friends. She is, in fact, the Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," who has thrown herself into politics instead of theology. The pretty Quakeress is said to belong to a highly respectable Pennsylvanian family, left destitute by the bankruptcy and death of its head. There are—and Heaven be praised!—in the United States hundreds of ways in which a well-educated young woman in poor circumstances may earn her own living without going out governessing or taking in needlework. Miss Dickinson obtained a situation in the Mint at Philadelphia—whether as a coiner or a clerk I do not know, but her earnings at least sufficed to support not only herself but her brothers and sisters. In an evil moment the "spirit moved her," in a ladies' lyceum, verbally to demolish General M'Clellan. The authorities of the Mint were at this period staunch Democrats. They determined to cashier the outspoken young Quakeress, but how to do it with decency was the difficulty. At last they

hit upon the expedient of discharging, at one fell swoop, every one of the young ladies employed in the establishment; and the next day they re-engaged them all, with the exception of Miss Dickinson and another young female, who had not been seditious, but had given even greater scandal by having been seduced. The procedure was effectual, but scarcely graceful. Nothing daunted, Miss Dickinson took to the stump. She fell into the hands of the Freedman's Aid Association, who pay her a salary, and are making rather a good thing out of her oratory. The net proceeds of Saturday night's performance exceeded a thousand dollars; and the whole-hearted, half-demented, simple-minded girl will go on, I have no doubt, talking herself hoarse for the Association, until she breaks down, or the wire-pullers fix upon somebody more profitable than the negro to make discourses upon. The exhibition is to be deplored, but the zeal and enthusiasm of the young Friend are to be honoured. A very remarkable race are these young Quakeresses—meek and modest, yet full of indomitable courage and energy, often well directed, but as often, alas! diverted into the strangest channels. I call to mind an old folio volume on "The Sufferings of the People called Quakers," in which there is a marginal reference to "a peculiar concern of Barbara Stanwood," or some such name. Barbara Stanwood was so "peculiarly concerned" for her people, and for the truth, as to walk about the streets of Boston without any clothes on; for which she, and many of her co-religionists, suffered at the cart's tail. Yet the Stanwood and Dickinson types are but the grotesque and dis-

hevelled side of that lofty and soulful determination which led the wealthy and refined Elizabeth Fry to go and preach to the drabs and wantons confined in the wards of Newgate.

I was looking with much admiration and much pity on the Philadelphia maid, and with much amazement at the state of things in which her public antics could be possible, when a voice very familiar to me struck upon my ear, and I found myself in close proximity to the irrepressible George Francis Train. As unabashed, as voluble, as incoherent as ever, the speculator who thought that by means of champagne and lobster salad he could force horse-railroads upon the London public, has turned up at Willard's. The other day he was in Nebraska, "stumping" that territory in the interest of the Pacific Railroad. They say that he has been "operating" largely in gold, and winning as largely, and that he intends returning to England with many hundreds of thousands of dollars, to recommence his campaign in tramways. He had better let them alone. He must have had enough of England, and England has surely had enough of George Francis Train. He spoke of his escapade at Boston with much nonchalance and self-possession. He spoke of having been mobbed in several places, shot at in half-a-dozen, and expelled by the military authorities from at least fifty, all because he spoke up for the Union. It was certain, however, that he is still unhanged; but I could not obtain from him the admission that he had been tarred and feathered, and he yet cherishes the hope of becoming one day President of the United States. A remarkable man is George Francis Train; perhaps "one of the most remark-

able men in this country." He will go farther, I think, and fare worse. Yet he seems to have his clique here, his set, his coterie, his "crowd," and is a personage. But the clerk at Willard's—and an American hotel clerk is about the most trustworthy critic of human character whom you can well consult—when he told me that Mr. Train was considered a "dreadfully smart man" significantly tapped his forehead as he spoke. *Cela n'empêche pas.* Lunacy in an American politician does not seem to count, and we may be approaching the dark millennium foreshadowed by the poet of the "roughs," Walt Whitman—the time when there is to be nothing but "money, business, railroads, exports, imports, custom, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, and unbelief;" when judges and criminals shall be transposed, and the prison-keepers be put in prison, and insanity have the charge of sanity. You will excuse me for quoting a bard who is considered by many of his brethren to be himself as mad as a March hare; but there is much method and not a little wisdom in the madness of "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos, disorderly, fleshy, and sensual," who lounges and loafes at his ease, and sounds his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

That I should meet two such specimens of the "remarkable" genus as the Pythoness and the horse railway speculator, the Charlotte Corday of abolition and the Anacharsis Clootz of finance, at Willard's, need excite no surprise. Everybody is to be met with there; and from eight o'clock to eleven there is a constant flow of celebrities to the breakfast-table. And, ye genius of indigestion, what

breakfasts they do eat! *Déjeûner à la fourchette*, forsooth! In its vast volume, the breakfast at Willard's should be eaten with a fork having as many prongs as a comb has teeth. Gargantua would be at home here; the Welsh giant, who was so great a hand at hasty pudding, would find himself outdone in the way of hominy and mush, and Daniel Lambert would discover that a huge appetite excites no surprise. Now and then, in our country newspapers, you light upon a paragraph headed "Disgusting feat." A voracious bumpkin has undertaken for a wager, and within a given time, to devour a leg of mutton, a chunk of raw bacon, a peck loaf, two pork pies, and a pound of candles. Let that bumpkin come and breakfast at Willard's, and his voracity would excite not the slightest astonishment. You begin at last to think that you are in the company of a select body of pikes, alligators, cormorants, and bottle-nosed sharks, and that the pensive young ladies opposite you, who are continually ordering fresh relays of bodily sustenance, are the daughters of the horseleech.*

* In a capital woman's book by "Jenny June," there is a whole chapter, and a most sarcastic one, on "Young Lady Gourmands." Jenny June is an American. The voracity of young American ladies has been commented upon, and very bitterly, by Miss Frederica Bremer: but Miss Bremer is a Swede. It was an American lady, at Washington, who first drew my attention to the unhealthy appetite of her countrywomen; but I am an Englishman, and was bespattered with the filthiest blackguardism by the New York press for presuming to advert to the habit among American ladies of over-eating, and the little physical benefit they appeared to derive from their gluttony. As it is, I have cancelled in this book that which I wrote on the spur of the moment in a newspaper, not because I retract one word of what I said, but because my remarks implied censure on a man who is dead, and whose memory I revere:—Nathaniel Hawthorne. If you think the words "filthiest blackguardism" too strong, just read the following paragraph from the pious, patriotic, and respectable *New York Tribune*

As for the appetite of the men folks, there is little to be wondered at in it. They have always in view at meal times a high moral purpose. They have a duty to perform. They pay three dollars a day for their board at Willard's, and they are determined to have their money's worth for their money. Thus, there is breakfast from half-past seven to eleven, dining from half-past one to three, dinner again at five, tea at half-past seven, and supper at nine. You may be always eating, and there do seem to be guests at Willard's who never miss a meal, but are continually gorging. Some art is requisite, some finesse has to be exercised, however, to obtain a meal to your liking. There is nothing on the table itself save the knives, forks, and glasses, the castors and the condiments, such as celery, anchovies, dried smelts, cod's sounds, olives, salted cucumber, beetroot and cold slaugh. No dishes are handed to you, and unless you are loud of voice, and authoritative in gesture, you will not find the waiters very attentive to you. But a prodigious bill of

of November last:—"The number of the *Atlantic* for January begins the fifteenth volume, for which a liberal programme is presented in the announcement of the publishers. One black streak, however, is given to the rainbow, by inserting the name of the infamous English hireling, Sala, among the respectable men who are engaged as contributors. The presence of that indecent and mendacious buffoon, who is known chiefly in this country as the foul-mouthed correspondent of some English newspaper, will be as disgusting in the pages of the *Atlantic* as was the company of Satan among the sons of the Lord."

This ribaldry was inserted in the *Tribune after I had left* the country, and when Mr. Horace Greely knew he was safe from any unpleasant consequences. A democratic paper, the *Leader*, whose editor is quite unknown to me, took up the cudgels on my behalf; but I will not insert his reply to the *Tribune*, for the reason that such reply was personally complimentary to me. I could fill a volume with the abuse lavished upon me during the year I spent in America: but this will serve as a sufficient sample.

fare lies before you, and from it you mentally select such dishes as you think will suit your palate. Then you beckon a black waiter, and in a deliberate and determined tone tell him what you want. He grins from ear to ear, rolls his eyes, and glides away. If you have feed him, or you look good-natured and he thinks you will fee him, or he has taken a fancy to you, he speedily returns with a tray full of oval white dishes, containing the viands you have ordered. If he does not care much about you, or is engrossed in attending to a regular boarder who has bribed him to be attentive all through the winter months, you have to wait many minutes—perhaps half an hour—before you obtain anything at all; and then very probably the waiter has been oblivious, and brings you the wrong things. There is, in all cases, one peril against which the stranger should be warned. Order but a few dishes and you are lost. The negro will put you down as a "mean cuss," a "one-horse" sort of a person, and systematically neglect you. But order half the dishes set down in the bill of fare, and he will at once entertain an exaggerated notion of your importance, and almost fly to execute your commands.

The first time I breakfasted at Willard's I said, modestly, that I should like a cup of tea, some dry toast, an egg, and a little toasted bacon. It struck me that the waiter regarded me with a very contemptuous look, and that he retired from my presence in a very slow and supercilious manner. I waited, and waited, and waited, but no tea, no toast, no egg, no bacon came. There was sitting opposite to me a dapper little man with a large beard, an embroi-

dered shirt-front with diamond studs, a cut velvet vest, and a pea jacket. "Here, you," he cried to the nearest Ethiop, "bring me some fried oysters, some stewed oysters, some tender loin steak and onions, some scrambled eggs, some pork cutlets, some fish balls, some dipped toast, some Graham bread, some mashed turnips, some cold ham, some buckwheat cakes, some hot coffee, and some blancmange. I've paid my money, and by —— *I mean to see the show.*" The only way to get on in America is, having once paid your money, to insist on seeing the Show. If you don't, the people will think you are mean-spirited, and trample on you. See it. See the Show. Have the animals stirred up with a long pole. Pinch the spotted girl, to see if it is real flesh, or only tights she has on her bones. Pick the kangaroo's pouch. Make the pelican bleed again for your gratification. You have paid your money. Don't be imposed upon. Take all. Halloa with strident voice. Curse and swear in a land where execrations are rife. Brag louder than any Bombastes Furioso in the world. If need be, lie —lie with face of brass and lungs of leather. "Crack up" your own country to the detriment of all others. Vow that we won the battle of Fontenoy. Swear that Peter Morrison was the greatest philanthropist of the age. Declare that Mr. Roebuck is ninety feet high. If a man spits on your boot, spit on his waistcoat, and then "guess that you didn't aim low enough." If you find his letters lying about, read them; if he tells you anything in confidence, publish it in a newspaper; if you don't know anything detrimental to his character, invent something, or say at least that his mother sold

tripe at Cow Cross, and that his father was hanged for sheep-stealing. Keep on moving; go a-head; go into business; smash; recuperate; settle your furniture on your wife; rook your creditors; drink with everybody; talk dollars from sunrise to midnight; and be sure you go to church service every Sunday; sitting quietly in a pew is a capital way of getting the whiskey out of your hair. *I solemnly declare that I knew a young gentleman in Washington who was foolish enough one Saturday night to go to a faro bank, and being compelled (sick and sorry as he was) to attend divine service next morning with his Chief, found sitting in the very next pew, and singing out of a very big hymn book, the gambling-house croupier.* Now, the young gentleman was obliged to go to church, and the croupier wasn't, or I should not have told the story. See the Show in this spirit, and the Americans will admire you, and you may admire them. They will say you are a "smart man," and at the last you will be spoken of as a "remarkable" man. But if you pay your money, and don't walk up to the booth; if you are nervous and abashed; if rudeness pains and bestial manners disgust you; if you strive to substitute temperate argument for frothy declamation, and rational proof for impudent assertion; if you tell the truth, and are modest and a gentleman—you can never hope for success in this young, adventurous, and astonishing country. You had better "clear out" before you are "run out." You had better go home by the next Cunard steamer, for you are clearly not fitted for the institutions and governing class among the people of the United States.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

On Monday, the 7th of December, 1863, was opened the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States. I had been very eager the whole of the preceding Sunday to know when and how the Legislative Chambers of the Great Republic would be opened, and who would open them. The ceremonies observed and the pageantries displayed on such inaugural occasions in the Old World I did not expect to see. I was prepared for all that democratic simplicity and a disdain for symbolic splendour—more simulated among the American people, I infer, than real—could do towards disabusing my mind of the impressions which long habitude to the pomps and vanities of Europe had left there—and left, I hope, indelibly. It takes a very long time to wean an Englishman from the almost inherent conviction that a judge ought to wear a wig; that a bishop looks best in lawn sleeves, and would be heterodox out of an apron and shovel hat; that a peer in his robes is a grand and imposing spectacle; that the bright cuirasses, plumed helms, and long-tailed chargers of the Life Guards are indispensable adjuncts to every state ceremonial; that the scarlet trunk-hose, rosetted shoes, plaited ruffs, and tasseled halberds of the beefeaters are, in

some manner, connected with the glories of the British constitution, and are bound up with the Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, and other palladia of our liberties: and that Parliament opened without Gold Sticks and Silver Sticks, Masters of the Horse and Mistresses of the Robes, Marshalmen, State footmen, and her Majesty in a gingerbread coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, is opened in but a lame, bungling, and imperfect manner. I dare say I am a Snob; I am probably an Idiot; but I am certainly Human. I like a show—when the show means something. To me a noble British man clad in the robes of the Garter, and sweeping towards his stall in St. George's Chapel, is as a fantasia of silver clarions. It stirs one's blood, somehow. It is, doubtless, highly absurd, in the abstract, to entertain any such conviction; but practically the absurdity is not much greater, I apprehend, than that of dancing a quadrille, or drinking healths at a public dinner, or bedizening a person whose business it is to cut the throats of his neighbours in blue or scarlet, with gold or silver lace, and making him march to the work of slaughter to the rolling of drums, the blasting of trumpets, and the waving of flags. If we weeded all the absurdities out of our social system, we should leave a fair field and a quickening soil wherein to grow common sense; but we have been, in all ages, short of several million sacks of seed of the strictly sensible order, and must be content to let the wheat and the tares grow up together—doing our best, however, to prevent the unprofitable gaiety of weediness from choking the wholesome grain. To us, moreover, the judge's

wig and the beefeater's trunk-hose, the gingerbread coach, and the cream-coloured horses, all *do* mean something: they have a definite bearing and signification to Englishmen, which foreigners can never comprehend; they are fraught with historical associations; they remind us of good things done in the old time, and should incite us in the new to do better.

I was not, on this momentous Monday, albeit but eight days in America, such a novice as to be unaware that I had come to a country where judicial functionaries, with the single exception of those of the Supreme Court, wear no forensic costume—where nobody but a negro or an Irishman will consent to don a livery—where even railway guards and porters decline, as a rule, to assume any distinguishing dress—where Ministers of State are much more accessible than newspaper editors are in England—and where the Supreme Magistrate is simply the foremost citizen in the community, but has not half so much outward deference paid to him as is rendered among us to a London alderman. Yet, knowing all this, I could not help expecting some degree of solemnity, some amount of formality, when so important a transaction as the first sitting of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America was to take place. I came, I saw, and I perpended. There was no pomp, no pageantry, no splendour. Not a drum was heard, not a plume waved, not a spangle glistened; but there was much that was impressive, much that, to me at least, was edifying, much that was solemn.

The manner of it was thus: I had begun by asking

whether any special introduction or any official card was necessary to obtain admission to Congress. A faint smile stole over the countenance of the clerk at Willard's as I put this question. "You just take the stage, or walk up Pennsylvania Avenue, till you come to a tall building with a handsome dome," said he; "that's the Capitol—the new one; the old one's a gaol. You just walk up the steps till you're tired, and enter the edifice, and you'll find the Senate on your right hand and the House of Representatives on your left—and that's Congress; and at twelve o'clock it'll be in full blast." To this budget of information a newly-found friend added a practical index by presenting me with a card of admission for the "Senate Private Lunch Room" at the Capitol; "where," he observed, "you'll find our legislators liquoring up considerable."

I might have waited on the Areopagus in an omnibus; but, having plenty of time before me, I preferred visiting the Fathers of the Country on foot. Several gentlemen belonging to that paternal profession passed me. Some of the conscript fathers, whom I knew personally, or by sight, were smoking; others trudged along with umbrellas outspread to shield them from the sun; most of them wore wide-awake hats. The stovepipe hat seems to be dying out in America; I wish the abominable stove, and its pipe, and its carbonic acid gas, and all that belongs to it, would follow. The fathers of their country are the most unpretending-looking individuals you can imagine. Rough and ready is their attire. They rub shoulders with their constituents, or drink with them, in a perfectly frank and unaffected manner.

A senator does not derogate from his dignity by not wearing gloves. A member of the Lower House is content to dine at the public *table d'hôte* at Willard's, and waits his turn to be shaved at the adjoining barber's shop with commendable patience and modesty. I very much doubt if the fact of being in Congress would help an American gentleman much in obtaining credit at a store. Yet have I known several of my countrymen whom, for years after their notorious insolvency, fatuous London tradesmen were eager to trust, on the bare strength of their once having been M.P.'s.

I did not meet one private equipage on my way from Willard's, which is hard by the Treasury, to the Capitol, which is distant therefrom a good mile and a half. I met the usual busy throng of bearded men and French-bonneted ladies and screaming children—they are the noisiest, the shrillest, the most precocious, and the most insubordinate children in the world—the usual gaberdined soldiers and drowsy negroes and decrepit negresses and shouting newsboys in the side walk. I met the usual endless trains of artillery waggons, baggage waggons, forage carts, tumbrils, and drays. I met the usual cyclones of dust, and, looming indistinctly through the pulverous haze, I saw a few cavalry vedettes. But they were there, I presume, to aid the civil force in the ordinary preservation of the peace; for Washington has become a vast camp, and now and then arrogates to itself a little of the camp's licence. The dragoons had nothing to do with the opening of Congress; nor, indeed, had such been their mission, would they have

60484

materially contributed to the splendour of a public spectacle. The warriors of the Republic whom I have hitherto seen are stalwart, but not comely. They have not yet received the revelation of a Koran of cleanliness. As regards soap and water, they are still sceptics. They have answered the question "Why shave?" with an indignant negative. It is quite fashionable to wear dusty boots, by way of a change from muddy ones, in Washington, so I will say nothing about the dustiness of the military; but I humbly venture to think that, if they washed themselves a little more, and slept in their clothes when in garrison a little less, they would fight their country's battles none the worse for these trifling sacrifices to the Graces. I am quite willing to believe that, individually and collectively, the proletaries—the word, in a military sense, is not mine, but Burton's, of the "Anatomy"—whom Columbia has summoned or forced beneath her star-spangled standard are as brave as Ajax, Telamon's son; but their appearance is uncouth, and their attire of the "raggedy, O!" description. After all, are pipeclay, shiny leather, and stiff stocks, essential to heroism? To kill a man, is it imperative that the killer should have a clean face and hands? The Roman Capitol was once saved by geese; but it is certain that the Capitol of Washington will never owe its salvation to the goose of the tailor. The American soldiers, both regulars and volunteers, have approved themselves, in a score of desperately-fought fields, the hardiest and most undaunted of fighting men. The practical development of their martial instincts has made them a wonder and an astonishment to the world, and has

extorted admiration from professional military men from one end of Europe to the other. I wish that, exteriorly, these Braves were not quite so much like scarecrows.

So I reached the Capitol, which stands on the brow of the eastern plateau of the city, ninety feet above low-tide level on the Potomac, and dominating Washington as the Acropolis dominates Athens. The bright sun, indeed, the rambling streets, the glaring white of the public buildings, and the omnipresent dust are all highly Grecian; and at Willard's the noontide loafers are, like the Athenians of old, always demanding "what is new." It is certainly, in a dearth of fame and a practical age, a pleasant thing to be able to recognise even the slightest approach to the classical type. There are a good many Greeks about the Federal Capitol; and, in the mind's eye, it is not difficult to picture Diogenes, lantern in hand, walking up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, now dropping in at the Patent Office, now peeping into the Treasury, now peering in the faces of the throng at Willard's, now looking into the white of Shoddyism's eye, now staring Log-rollers and Wire-pullers full in the face, in the hope of finding an honest man. May the modern Diogenes have better luck! The White House may stand the full glare of his bullseye; for with all the slanders about crockery ware, boot-and-shoe contracts, and white cows sent to Springfield, Abraham Lincoln is admitted even by his bitterest foes to be Honest.

A stream of gaily-attired ladies was meandering along the gravelled walks of the Capitol grounds towards a certain door in the western wing; and, calling to mind the response

of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher when a postulant desirous of sitting at the feet of that Gamaliel asked him in what part of Brooklyn his church was situate, "Take the ferry and follow the crowd," I took the path and followed the ladies. Can a man err in following those sweet mentors —save only when they talk Copperheadism, or downright rebellion, as a large proportion of the nicest American ladies, in defiance of their loyal husbands and brothers, persist in doing? I did not err. Floating down that pleasant river, I drifted into the Capitol, and through corridors, and across halls and vestibules, till at length I found myself in the central hall, beneath the great dome. This is not the place in which to give a description of the architecture of a certainly vast and beautiful edifice. The Capitol is not yet entirely finished. The lantern of the dome is still surrounded by scaffolding, and much remains to be done towards the artistic decoration of the interior. I may just hint, however, for the benefit of my Masonic readers, that the first stone of this imposing structure was laid by George Washington, himself a distinguished Brother, in the year of Masonry 5793—known to meaner mortals as A.D. 1793—in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, the several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge 22—George Washington's own—from Alexandria, Virginia. Nor, I apprehend, need I remind the historical student that at the door of the British nation lies the Vandalic reproach of having destroyed the interior of both wings of the Capitol by fire, on the 24th of August, 1814. It was worthy of the blundering Administration with which England was then

afflicted to send an army of Peninsular veterans to burn the senate-house of a sucking Republic. The most accredited of English historians have admitted the wanton barbarism exhibited by the commanders of the British expeditionary force after the rout of the raw American militia, known as the "Races of Bladensburg;" so the Tories, I trust, will not accuse me of "falsifying history," in stigmatising the destruction of the public buildings at Washington in 1814 as a stupid, brutal, and useless act. At the same time the stories told by the Americans as to the behaviour of our troops while in possession of Washington must be taken with a very large grain of salt. That a riotous soldiery should have broken into the White House, sacked it, smashed the furniture, eaten up President Madison's dinner, and got drunk upon his wine, is easy enough to understand. We did some pretty things in the way of plunder and devastation at Kertch and up the Gulf of Bothnia between '55 and '56; but it is assuredly incredible to be told that a gallant and high-minded officer and gentleman such as Admiral Cockburn undoubtedly was—a distinguished naval commander—a man to whom was afterwards entrusted the difficult and delicate task of conveying Napoleon to St. Helena—should have gratuitously insulted the inhabitants of a captured town by "riding a switch-tail mare, accompanied by her foal," down Pennsylvania Avenue, by joining General Ross in taking forcible possession of a lodging-house opposite the Treasury, "extinguishing the lights and eating his supper by the light of the blazing buildings!" Yet all this the Americans gravely tell a

stranger, and have put upon printed record. In the fashionable guide-book to Washington and its vicinity you may read that, when the Capitol was seized, Admiral Cockburn entered the Senate, mounted the Speaker's chair, and put the question, "Shall this harbour of Yankee democracy be burned? All for it will say 'Ay,'"—truly a likely mode of speech for a British seaman to make; and that, after reversing the question, he pronounced the motion carried unanimously, and ordered combustibles to be applied to the hall. In another page of the same book it is coolly asserted that "Admiral Cockburn, with a few of his dissolute companions, spent the night in a brothel, rivalling the elements in rendering the night hideous with their disgusting orgies." War is generally looked upon as chiefly productive of bloodshed, misery, and pauperism; but there is another item in which it is most fecund—to wit, Lies. It is nevertheless, I fear, beyond dispute that Admiral Cockburn did take a very mean personal revenge on the editor of a newspaper, the *National Intelligencer*, for some remarks published concerning him, by destroying the presses in the office and throwing the types out of the window; enjoining upon his marines to "be sure that all the C's were destroyed, that the rascals should have no further means of abusing his name." The *National Itelligencer* lives still, and, what is more, the editor is living too. I had the pleasure of seeing him one night—a hale old gentleman of eighty, very much resembling Lord Brougham in appearance, in full possession of his faculties, editing his *Intelligencer* under the sway of Abraham Lincoln as fearlessly as he was wont to do under that of James

Madison—revered for his blameless character, and, as the Nestor of American journalism of the higher class, universally esteemed, not only by those high in office among his countrymen, but by all the members of the diplomatic corps in Washington. But there is no doubt about our having thrown his types out of window.

I had ample time to cogitate over these memorabilia of the Washington of the past as I paced round the enormous rotunda beneath the dome of the Capitol. This rotunda is decorated with pilasters, and between them are eight prodigious paintings on canvas. Four of them are from the hand of Colonel John Trumbull, the intimate friend of Lafayette, Condorcet, the Abbé Raynal, Benjamin Franklin, and Tom Paine, an odd salad of acquaintances. These pictures illustrate the Declaration of Independence—on which notable occasion it will be remembered one of the signatories enthusiastically declared that "they must now all hang together;" whereat a colleague, with grim facetiousness, replied, that if they did not there was every likelihood of their "hanging separately"—the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the resignation by the virtuous and heroic Washington of his commission as commander-in-chief of the army. From the inscription on the frame of the Yorktown picture the spectator is led to infer that the central figure, who, in a scarlet uniform and with downcast looks, appears to be supplicating clemency at the hands of a mounted American general, is Lord Cornwallis himself. I may state, however—on the, I suppose incontestable, authority of Mr. Washington Irving—that Lord

Cornwallis was not present at the actual surrender, at all. He was sick; and the British troops, as they filed out to pile arms, were led by General O'Hara—the same who subsequently made such a neat thing of it at Toulon—who *rode up* first to General Washington, and next to Major-General Lincoln, to apologise for the absence of his chief. But I make little doubt that ninety-nine out of every hundred American patriots who gaze upon the Trumbullian canvas firmly believe the downcast man in scarlet is Lord Cornwallis. Your patriot is not particular about trifles. "Whar," asked the renowned stump orator who was running for the office of constable, "Whar, my enlightened friends of the Hundred and Sixty-sixth Militia district, was Dan'l Webster in the battle of Noo Orleenes? He wur nowhar. He wur a livin' down to Bosting in a brown stone house with a marble façade, out of the Quincy quarries, a drawin' of cheques on Nicholas Biddle's Bank, and nary dam cent of 'em paid when they com' doo. That's whar he wur. And Henry Clay, my enlightened friends of the Hundred and Sixty-sixth Militia district? Wur he ter the battle of Noo Orleenes? He wurnt. He wur a woggulatin' from Paris to Vienna a playin' of draw poker with all the princes and potentates of Europe and nary an ace in the pack. That's whar he wur. *But my enlightened friends, whar wur Andrew Jackson? Wur he ter the battle of Noo Orleenes? He wur. He wur a ridin' up and down on a bobtail Arabian out of Eclipse, a wavin' of a crooked sabre, up to his armpits in blood and mud, and a givin' of the British thunder; the Genius of his Country a holdin' of her ægis over his head,*

cotton bales pavancering in front to pertect him from every danger, and the Great American eagle, with the stars and stripes in her beak, a soarin' aloft in the blue empyrean, cryin' 'Hail Columbia!' He wur thar, and I wur with him." The candidate was at once elected.

The remaining pictures represent the landing of Columbus, the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, the baptism of Pocahontas, and the embarkation, on board the "Speedwell," at Delft, in Holland, of those Pilgrim Fathers about whom and Plymouth Rock, their Blarney-stone, the youth of America have been told so much, that to learn something concerning the Pilgrim Mothers might be a relief to their overburdened minds. Every one of these performances is gigantic, and each has cost the government of the United States from ten to twenty thousand dollars. The names of the respective artists, John Vanderlyn, William H. Powell, Robert W. Weir, and John Gadsby Chapman, are unfamiliar to English art critics. "All these paintings," it is conceded by an American authority, "have their faults, either in respect of design, perspective, or colour, yet they all have their individual merits, and are worthy of the study of the artist and connoisseur." The artist and connoisseur do not gain much that I know of by studying any historical paper-hangings in the vestibules of any legislative chamber, American or European, with which I am acquainted. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the corridors in the new Palace at Westminster are so dark, the obscurity prevents our observing how cracked and mildewed are the frescoes upon which we have spent so many thousands of pounds sterling,

how violent and distorted is their drawing, how crude their colour, how tame their conception. And, as nature has also mercifully forbidden, under the penalty of vertigo or a stiff neck, a long-continued upward gaze at the painted ceilings in the Louvre, so most Frenchmen are spared the entire and painful revelation of how exaggerated in form, and how violent in hue, are the allegorical personages who sprawl there.

In the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol towers an unsightly scaffolding—a temporary one, I trust—round which are hung, divested of frames, a number of big portraits representing illustrious American generals and statesmen. I do not pretend to determine who all these eminent individuals, either in gaudy military uniforms, or in the unpretending turn-down collars, pants and black satin vests of private life, may be; but among them, and many sizes larger than life, I thought I recognised the hero whose act of waving a crooked sabre I mentioned anon, and whose name must ever be inseparably connected with bales of cotton. Is it not time to have done with the battle of New Orleans—or New Orleenes, as the Americans call it? Is it not virtually, as stale a story as that of the battle of Oudenarde or the siege of Ticonderoga? It is a curious and not a very promising feature in American character, that, much as the people affect to laud and highly to estimate civil virtue, their warmest admiration and their most earnest sympathies have ever been reserved for military achievements. Lord Bacon once wittily and wisely said that soldiers in peace were like chimneys in summer; but, all

temporarily useless as they were, society would be mad to pull them down, as though winter, or war, were never to return. But to Americans there is quite as much capital to be made out of the martial hero in time of peace as in war. A little more, perhaps. He is always on "hand." When he is not fighting, he "stumps" his native State. On the strength of his having won, or not having won, a battle, his countrymen "run" him for governor, or put him in nomination for President. I have seen it stated that the paltry Indian fight of Tippecanoe carried General Harrison to the White House; that the moderately brilliant battle of Buena Vista made General Taylor president over the head of Henry Clay; and that the supposed killing of an Indian chief earned the post of vice-president for the celebrated Mr. Dick Johnson of Kentucky. However this may be, it is certain that there are two names at the present moment which, even whispered in the United States, are sufficient to raise a tremendous storm of popular enthusiasm—two names before which every other political, legal, or literary reputation dwindles into insignificance. Once mention Grant or M'Clellan, and the Americans will forget that they have a Longfellow, a Bancroft, an Emerson, or a Motley. It may be conceded, however, that, egregiously proud as this peculiar people are of their victories, they are amusingly reluctant to speak of their defeats. When an American and an Englishman who had passed many pleasant days together on board a steamboat were about to separate, the Briton asked the Yankee for his name. "I bear a name, sir," replied the latter, folding his arms and knitting his brow,

"whose bare mention must strike shame and terror to your heart. I am sorry to utter it; but I have no other alternative. *My name, sir, is Bunker.*" After "New Orleenes," "Bunker" is the infallible key to the floodgates of American eloquence. "We beat ye ter Bunker Hill, and we beat ye ter Trenton," a Transatlantic patriot was boasting to an Englishman. "We beat ye ter Yorktown, and we beat ye ter Sarytogey Springs." "How about White Plains?" asked the Englishman. "Well," replied the Yankee, in no wise abashed, "I guess at White Plains *our folks kinder didn't get interested.*" I question, however, whether many Englishmen know or care anything about the fact that they thrashed the Americans at White Plains, or that, in at least three out of every four stand-up contests in the open field during the War of Independence, the British arms were successful. It is quite enough for us to know that we lost the fight in the long run, that it was a bad fight and a stupid fight, that a Tory Government began it, that a Tory Government carried it through, and that Lord North lost at last for a Tory monarch the brightest jewel that ever sparkled in the crown of a King.

I failed to meet the member of Congress who had kindly offered to introduce me to the "floor" of the House of Representatives. Perhaps I missed him, being unused to the ways of the place, in the throng; and perhaps, as it was his first campaign in his country's legislative service, he was not much more used to those same ways than I was, and so missed me. Still, I got on pretty well without him. A very civil doorkeeper told me that so soon as "the machine

was running," and the roll of the members called, he would send in my card to the gentleman of whom I was in quest; yes, a civil doorkeeper! I suppose that most Englishmen of the middle class have had, at some time of their lives, to ask for an order for the strangers' gallery in the British House of Commons, or have been anxious to confer for a moment with a member of Parliament while the House was sitting. I suppose we have most of us gone through those humiliating and repulsive ordeals, and have been ordered out of the way and bidden to "stand back" by policemen, and snubbed generally. The state of the case is very different here. For such a nation of office-seekers as they are, a Jack-in-office in the United States is extremely rare. There were perhaps a score of functionaries posted at the points of ingress to the two houses; but they were all courteous and obliging. More than one of them had very probably been senators or members of Congress in their time; you bow to dignity by doing *anything* for an honest living in America. Down to-day and up to-morrow, and down again the next, and up once more perhaps the next after that;—thus turns the whirligig of social and political life in the States. I missed, again, the double lane of cringing clients, thrust back by constables of the A division. I missed the men with projects, the men with companies, the men with grievances, and who have gone half mad thereupon; the doleful creatures with mouldy newspapers, piles of prospectuses, and reams of dog's-eared correspondence, following the M.P.'s about, hanging on their buttons, glozing in their ears, and making their lives a torment to them. I

missed even the pert, consequential, and fussy demeanour of the legislators themselves, as they passed to and from the House. A British M.P., once within the great door of Westminster Hall, seldom fails to let you know that he is one of the collective wisdom of the nation. Outside he has been squabbling in Old Palace Yard with a cabman over a sixpenny fare; but get him into the lobby, and he is superb. The police defer to him; the subordinate officials arch their backs and hinge their knees if he deign to speak to them. Although he may say never a word from session to session, and has been a silent member ever since he sat in the unreformed Parliament for Old Sarum, he contrives, somehow, to persuade you that he is a very great personage; that the tesselated tiles, the frescoes, the statues, the Gothic carving and gilding, all belong to him; that he is one who has stationery and a smoking-room found him by a grateful country, and who gets any number of blue-books for nothing. I will not say a word in respect of his power to obtain tide-waiterships, letter-carriers' situations, or nominations in the Inland Revenue for his friends, relatives, or dependents. Such a power may be among the attributes of the American legislators. But they fail to show it at the immediate entrance to the hall of debate. Wherever the "log-rolling," the "engineering," the "wire-pulling," and the "pipeclaying" are done, a stranger sees nothing of those processes in the lobby; whereas, in England, you cannot be five minutes in the Parliamentary corridor without being aware that you are in the presence of a mob of suitors and hangers-on and genteel beggars. The begging is done somewhere, I pre-

sume, at Washington, over the bar at Willard's perhaps, or in the barber's shop in the hall, where the white-jerkined negroes shave so deftly.

I passed, in an antechamber, a stall where purses and moccasins, prettily decorated with beads, of Indian manufacture, were sold for the benefit of the funds of the Sanitary Commission, and a bar where fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, together with lemonade and the never-failing iced water, were dispensed. Then I followed the stream of ladies up a double staircase of pure white marble and noble dimensions. On the landing the stream bifurcated. The ladies sailed away to the galleries appropriated to their use, and the eliminated male element wended its way to its own particular tribune. The accommodation for the general public, in both houses of the American Legislature, is magnificent. No interest, no influence, no fees to doorkeepers, no favouritism, bar the portals, or unloose their latches. The sovereign people who pay the taxes are free to enter the Council Chamber of their nation at all seasonable hours, and hear the why and the wherefore of their being taxed. The ladies, instead of being, by an absurd and barbarous tradition ignored, admitted only on sufferance, and then cooped up in a wretched little corner to peep at the members through Gothic trellis-work like an ornamental meat-screen—just as though they were oriental odalisques, assisting by stealth at the performance of an opera—have capacious and luxuriously carpeted galleries for their use. There they sit and listen, and, so far as I could judge, do *not* gossip. I had heard that they brought their cambric or crochet needles

with them, as the *tricoteuses* did in the tribunes of the French Convention; but on the first day of Congress there was decidedly no needlework done. The ladies were too keenly interested in the proceedings, simple as they were. The gentlemen had room as ample and seats as comfortable. They were of all grades: dandies—and an American dandy is to Lord Dundreary, in point of personal splendour and hairy luxuriance, what Count D'Orsay might have been to "stunning" Joe Banks—officers, many with the shoulder-straps of generals; common soldiers, common sailors, clerks, shopmen, boys of twelve, farmers, and labourers. The humblest—if any can be humble where all are proud, and the omnibus-driver tells you that his cad is the "gentleman" who takes the money—were all decently and warmly clad; for in America no one, save a negro or a dram-drinker, is ever seen in rags. These were the sovereign people. Sometimes, I have been told, the sovereign people misbehaves itself in the galleries provided by a wise and liberal policy for its use. From time to time the sovereign people claps its hands, shouts, whistles, addresses some favourite representative as "old hoss," or screams "Bully for you" when a patriotic "point" is made by an orator in the amphitheatre beneath. But such instances of misconduct are, I hope and believe, very rare. They are as rare as the brawls and squabbles which have been, at times few and far between, known to disturb the equanimity of the Senate and to scandalise the dignity of the House of Representatives. Before we jump at the conclusion that the American Congress is a species of bear-garden, where rowdies yell and

stamp, and foul language is bandied about, we should remember the trifling escapades of a personal nature which have occurred in our own Houses of Parliament. We should remember that it is not five hundred sessions since one of the leaders of party halted, in the midst of an oration, and in the midst of a din in which hootings and groanings were mingled with imitations of the cries of animals, and put this question, "Is the House of Commons drunk?" The honourable member's words were not taken down, but they were spoken in a full House, nevertheless. The galleries of both Chambers at Washington were well filled, but that of Representatives was crowded. Thither, when noon was imminent, I went. There was just standing-room at the back of the gallery; but the proportions of the hall are excellent, and I could see well, and far down into the house. It is a hundred and thirty-nine feet long, by some ninety wide, and thirty in height. The public gallery runs round the entire area, and has seats for twelve hundred persons. There are sections railed off for the accommodation of the diplomatic corps and of the reporters for the newspapers. The Government shorthand-writers have a desk directly under the chair of the Speaker. The hall is lighted from the top, and the ceiling is panelled in stained glass, decorated with the arms of the respective States. The Speaker sits in a lofty marble rostrum, like

> Jove in his chair,
> Of the skies Lord Mayor,

dominating the desk full of stenographers, and the lower rostra occupied by clerks and secretaries. The representatives sit

in semicircular ranges, level with the carpeted floor. Each member has his separate desk, his blotting pad, his pens and ink, and his paper-knife. It is an old jest that each member has likewise his spittoon; but from shortness of sight I am not qualified to speak as to this point; and it is my business, I apprehend, to describe that which I have seen, and not to copy the descriptions of those who have gone before me.

I have watched, in my time, a great many deliberative assemblies in session—from British Parliaments to Imperial Senates—from joint-stock companies' board meetings to parish vestries. The sight I witnessed on the 7th of December reminded me very strangely and forcibly of an entirely different conclave. It was as though I saw beneath me a spacious, noble, and well-governed school. Many of the scholars, indeed, were old, and a few were bald, and some were reading newspapers; but the desks, the books, the writing implements, the high-perched president, all had a scholastic aspect. Nor is there aught in such an aspect, I infer, mean or paltry or vulgar. It was a Free School, and the scholars had come, not to idle away their time in gabbling lessons learnt by rote, like parrots, but to discuss and to decide some of the sternest and awfullest issues that in this English tongue were ever mooted. There was a great stillness, both in the galleries and the hall, when the clock struck twelve.

Precisely at noon the clerk of the House, who occupied the presidential chair until such time as a Speaker had been elected, rose, and said that, this being the time fixed by the

constitution of the United States for the opening of Congress, the business before them would now be proceeded with—or words to that effect. Then a reverend gentleman, to me invisible, recited a short prayer. I hope he prayed for his benighted brethren in the South, but I am afraid he did not. Then the clerk proceeded to read the names of the members from a roll, making some technical objections to the credentials and qualifications of a few—objections which at first threatened hostilities between parties, but which happily came to nothing. Subsequently, the House proceeded to "organise" itself by electing a Speaker, a fresh set of clerks, and a door-keeper; and on the following day (Tuesday) they were enabled to send the customary deputation of three to the White House to inform the President that they were in readiness to receive his Message. This was all. The school was at work; the "machine was running." There was no blasting of trumpets, no bowing and scraping of Court-creatures, stuck all over with gold lace; no dangling of ribbons, no glittering of stars; nor was there any unseemly helter-skelter rush of members from one House to the other to hear a speech read. To me the spectacle was not tame. When the rowdyism is to begin—if to begin it is destined—when the members are to set-to abusing or cow-hiding one another, or exchanging imputations of cowardice, mendacity, fraud, and drunkenness, I do not know. Everything which I beheld appeared to me thoroughly modest, simple, and noble—the free citizens of a great commonwealth setting about the task of governing themselves, and doing it sensibly and well.

There are lovers of forms and sticklers for ceremony to be found even in America—people who believe, as the subscriber does, in the virtues of wigs and gowns. They speak with regret of the days when Washington opened the Congress at Philadelphia in person, and when his secretary, Mr. Lear, had a "rich and elegant state carriage" fitted up for the Cincinnatus of the West. It is true that the good old man rebuked the courtly secretary. "I had rather have heard," quoth George the Great and Good, "that my repaired coach was plain and elegant than rich and elegant." Washington had, however, himself a decent reverence for the stately and ceremonious, and was wont to ride in full uniform, and with an imposing staff around him, to the hall of Congress, there to meet the Estates of the realm like a king, and to read a much better speech than the ordinary run of kings are in the habit of delivering. Jefferson, the democrat—not as democrats are understood now—Jefferson, the stern stoic and universal philanthropist, ruthlessly swept away the few remains of official splendour saved from the wreck of British associations. It is reported of the ultra-democratic President that he rode down, alone, one opening day, to Congress, tied the bridle of his horse to the gate, walked in with muddy boots, pulled his Message out of his pocket, and read it there and then. The President in our times is only expected in the course of his four years of office to deliver one speech—his inaugural—at the Capitol. He sends his Message down in a big envelope to the Senate, and the clerk reads it as though it were a very long and a very dull leading article. The days of pomp and display

have fled from the parliamentary life of America. Only in South Carolina, I am told, the Speakers of the Legislature are clad in flowing robes of purple silk; and the Governor, in full uniform, opens the State Session. I stayed for a moment in the gallery of the Senate, which is of somewhat smaller size, and where the audience was sparser. There the Vice-President, the Honourable Hannibal Hamlin—a personage who, like the rich old uncle in a comedy, is often talked about, but seldom seen—presides. The same quiet, business-like scene was visible here. A venerable gentleman was placidly objecting to the admission of a Senator from East Virginia, and asking in dulcet accents whether, if this great country was to be cut up into segments, each segment could retain, like a polypus, its separate vitality.

I did not wait to hear this trenchant question solved; but I went out into the corridors again, and stood beneath the great marble dome, and watched the ever-flowing streams of self-contained, taciturn, well-clad men and women. But for the throng of officers in shoulder-straps, and soldiers in blue-drab gaberdines—and but that I heard that neither officers nor privates were allowed to wear side-arms in Washington for fear of misusing their weapons when they got "tight"—I should have come away much in love with purely democratic institutions. As it was, I came out into the open, and stood on the great marble staircase of the Capitol. I looked down upon more ladies and children, upon more silent, sallow, well-clad men, filing to and fro. I looked down upon the frosty rime glittering on the grey grass, the tawny-pebbled paths, the shrinking and leafless trees. I saw all

around the great scrambling, slack-baked embryo of a city basking in the December sun like an alligator on the mud bank of a bayou in July. I saw far off dust-clouds, and those accursed trains of tumbrils and artillery waggons. I could see the naked sabres of the dragoon vedettes glancing afar off. I had left a place dedicated to man's noblest work —to freedom of speech, to rectitude of purpose, to honesty of deed, to the eternal cause of justice and liberty and right. But I had left it, and I saw stretching around in an intolerable vista the signs and tokens of a cruel despotism and a bloody war. And then, despairing—in a wilderness of doubt, of inconsistency, of contradiction, of anomaly, and folly, my thoughts began to wander, and I dreamed in the day. I thought I could see the dusky English redcoats tramping, shoulder to shoulder, up Pennsylvania Avenue—the famous soldiers of Salamanca and Vittoria—their faces browned by Spanish suns, their garments worn, their gear dusty, but erect and steady and trim, as it is the wont of British soldiers to be. I fancied I could hear the strains of "God save the King," and see the plumes of the staff officers waving and the regimental colours flaunting, as the drama was played in the year fourteen; and then the whole scene changed, and as I turned and looked upon the gleaming dome and stately columns of the Capitol, I remembered how, in the month of May in this very year, I had stood upon the Giant's Staircase four thousand miles away, and, between the towering figures of Sansovino—with my back to a Palace more splendid, and my face towards a City more renowned—had mused over a freedom that was departed, and over a Republic that was dead.

CHAPTER IV.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS MINISTERS AT HOME.

A FEW days before leaving Washington in February, 1863, I had the high honour to be presented to the President of the United States. I had never ceased to bear in mind the anxiety which my friends at home must naturally have felt to know whether I had availed myself of the earliest opportunity to see Mr. Lincoln,—how he had treated me, what stories, if any, he had related to me, what he was like, and what I thought about him. Well, I saw "the Elephant." I can say, *Vidi tantùm.* The chief actor on this enormous stage and in this momentous drama has been made manifest to me. I am duly sensible of the advantage I have enjoyed. I have been duly impressed with my interview; and I will proceed to narrate the particulars thereof to all who care to hear.

On my first arrival in the Federal capital I brought with me letters of introduction to Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State; to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War; and to Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. These credentials—apart from those with which I had been favoured by our own Ambassador, Lord Lyons, whose great and unvarying kindness and courtesy to me I very gratefully acknowledge—were,

on their face, sufficient to effect the chief purpose I had in view: a personal conversation with the President. For the rest, there are, as you know, certain levée nights at the White House open to the public at large, and on these public evenings every citizen—or, for the matter of that, every foreigner—may walk straight into the Presidential mansion, saunter through the rooms which are empty, or squeeze through those which are full, and shake hands with the Chief Magistrate. It is not high treason to stare him hard in the face; and you run no risk of the penalties attached to *præmunire* by treading on his toes. Abraham Lincoln is, like the house he lives in, the furniture he uses, the messages he sends, the proclamations he issues, and the jocose apologues he relates, public property. Now, I had my choice between seeking an official introduction at the hands of the diplomatic representative of her Britannic Majesty, or one through the intermediary of a Cabinet Minister. But there arose around me sundry wise men to counsel me as to the way I should go. They said: "If your ambassador presents you, there is little for you to expect from Mr. Lincoln beyond a bow, a grip of the hand, and a grin. Mr. Lincoln sees so many persons in his official capacity, that he can spare but little time to talk to them. Were you even a British nobleman, you would probably be gratified but with a bare recognition, and a trite or a trivial remark. Do you know what the President said to that estimable and accomplished young aristocrat who got into a "difficulty" in this country through wearing a Secesh badge at a ball, and who has lately been prophesying to an English auditory to the imminent and irre-

trievable ruin of the American Union? 'Permit me,' said the introducer of the English patrician, 'to present to you the Marquis of Hartington.' 'Hartington—Hartington!' echoed the President; '*why, that rhymes with Partington.*' This was all he said; and this is historical. Let your ambassador alone. Be thankful if he asks you to dinner, and forbear from worrying him to indulge you with the Barmecide feast of a formal presentation." This advice having sunk into my mind, my thoughts naturally reverted to Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton. "There you are wrong again," quoth my counsellors; "as a rule, don't ask a Cabinet Minister for anything; expect nothing from them, and you will not be disappointed. In the present temper of American statesmen towards correspondents of the English press, you would be pretty sure to get a refusal. Mr. Seward would be very glad to see you at his house in the evening, and, at any time, to deliver a didactic lecture to you on the beauties of the American constitution, and its infinite superiority to any other scheme of national polity, ancient or modern; but he would dexterously evade acceding to any request you make him. As for Mr. Chase"—I speak of two months since—"he is up to his eyes in business, drawing up his report on the finances, and would not care to be disturbed about anything, save perhaps a plan for manufacturing tangible and realisable public securities out of pumpkin squash. Finally, there is Mr. Stanton. Don't go near *him*. Englishmen in general, and English newspaper men in particular, are not popular at the War Department. These are as red rags indiscreetly flapped before the eyes of a bull, and Mr.

Stanton in his rages can be ultra-bovine. Leave him to his tempers, and give him a wide berth. Besides, to see and have a talk with the President is one of the easiest things in the world."

My letter to Mr. ex-Secretary Chase lies, with many score others, still undelivered in my desk. Mr. Seward, I saw. I waited on him at the Department of State, close to the White House; sent in my letter of introduction (which was from Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the United States Minister in London), and had to cool my heels but for a very brief period in the ante-chamber. This ante-chamber was a comfortably-carpeted corridor, rendered so hot by the stove as to be almost stifling. The messenger in attendance was attired as a private gentleman, and for aught I know may have been president of a bank or a member of Congress at some time or another of his career. The doors of a dozen offices of the Department opened into this corridor, and now and then a bell would make its presence audible and visible on an indicator. Then the messenger would leisurely withdraw to see what the office wanted, or perhaps one of the officials would come forth and have a leisurely chat with the messenger. At the tinkle of a shriller bell than the rest the messenger went away, and was gone a longer time than usual. It was the Hon. W. H. Seward's tintinnabulum which he had answered. Was it the twin-brother, I wondered, to that other and terrible "little bell," a finger laid on which consigned hapless wretches to Lafayette? The messenger came back and affably bade me "hold on"—*i.e.*, remain where I was, and the Secretary would see "me right away." In five minutes or so the

little bell tinkled again, and when the messenger returned from answering this summons, he asked me if I minded "holding on" for five minutes longer, as the Secretary was still "hard at it." I replied that I would very cheerfully wait two hours; and at the invitation of the messenger I strolled up and down the corridor, at the further extremity of which hung against the wall a monstrous map of the island of Cuba. It had been graven by a Spanish chalcographer, had a huge flourishing title, "*La siempre fidelisma Isla de Cuba*," and was dedicated, if I remember aright, to the Captain General O'Donnell, Conde de Bisbal. There was a good deal of meditation to be got out of this map, in connection with the Hundred Million Bill and the burning desire of the South previous to the disruption of the Union to acquire Cuba and a new slave territory. Might it not have been better for all parties if Isabella Segunda had been persuaded to sell, if not the brightest jewel in her crown, at least the sweetest sugarplum in her *bonbonnière*? I wonder whether Mr. Seward mused over that big map before he decreed the kidnapping of Don José de Arguelles.

The extra five minutes passed away rapidly enough, and then I strolled into a waiting-room, also comfortably carpeted and furnished, half as a drawing-room, half as an office. There was a portrait here, I think, of General Jackson, or of some other president of the U.S., and on the mantelshelf, unframed, was a large photograph representing the Prince of Wales and President Buchanan, and the Duke of Newcastle and a host of dignitaries and celebrities at Niagara. It was a cheerful picture, and yet to me a kind of cemetery. "The

graves of a household!" how sweetly sad Mrs. Hemans sings of them:—

> "They grew in beauty, side by side,
> They filled our house with glee;
> Their graves are severed, far and wide,
> By mount, and stream, and sea."

In this unframed photograph I beheld the grave of the brightest of political dreams. How fond our Queen was of Mr. President Buchanan when she addressed him as "her good friend." What pretty things Mr. Buchanan had to say in reply. What a lasting bond of peace and amity between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations was to be knit together by the visit of the Royal Boy. How they lionised him! How they hugged him to their hearts! They have since lionised and hugged Japanese envoys and Calmuck sailors. How sage statesmen chuckled and rubbed their hands at the thought that ill-feeling between the United States and Great Britain was henceforth to be an impossibility. Where are those dreamers now? Dead or scattered or estranged; and the dream itself is dispelled and has left but a wrack of cursing and evil blood behind.

The little bell tinkled again, and the messenger good-naturedly told me that if I followed my nose through a couple of rooms and then opened the last door to the right I should come on Mr. Seward. I followed his directions, and in a room full of books and papers I found the Secretary of State, a slight elderly man with a bright eye and a countenance expressing much more mirthfulness than solemnity. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, and would have

passed muster very well as a highly reputable member of the College of Preceptors. So soon as we had shaken hands and he had motioned me to a chair, the Secretary threw himself back in his seat, crossed his legs, put his thumbs and his fore-fingers together on a level with his chin, and began to talk. I suppose he talked for twenty-five minutes and all but uninterruptedly; for I felt that I had come to America to listen and not to discourse on my own account; and beyond an occasional "Indeed," "Precisely so," and "I perfectly understand," thrown in to give the Secretary "goss," he had it all his own way. The Hon. W. H. Seward talks like a book, and like a very clever book, too. He is not very strong upon logic; but he is great at assumption, fertile in illustration, happy in anecdote, and "death" on words. The main object of his discourse was to impress on me the fact that Washington was a "rural" metropolis, not an urban one, and that the people of Great Britain had not the remotest conception of the real scope and signification of the scheme which made Washington the Federal capital and the District of Columbia wholly independent of all other States. I retired from the Secretary's presence much edified by his eloquence, his affability, and his indomitable cheerfulness. I never saw him again, although he asked me to come and see him. In private life I am told he is a most charming and versatile companion. He was formerly a very eminent lawyer, has been Governor of the State of New York, and indeed is generally addressed as "Governor" by his friends (so have I heard Mr. Fernando Wood familiarly addressed as "Mayor," although some years have

elapsed since he presided over the Corporation of New York). There is a strong impression afloat that Mr. Seward hates England, and would like to bring about a war between his country and ours. I believe that he has—in an irrepressible *cacoethes scribendi* and mania for saying smart things—written a great deal that is irritating and insulting to Great Britain, but I also believe that when things have come to a crisis, *William H. Seward has always done his utmost to dissuade the President and the rest of the Cabinet from coming to an open rupture with the British Government.* For W. H. is a very shrewd practitioner; he has been in England, and knows a thing or two. He is the most cheerful despatch writer in the world, and Hope in the restoration of the Union springs eternal in his breast. He is a great smoker, but so were Brunel and Stephenson. His enemies among his own countrymen declare that he drinks like a fish. I have heard a trustworthy American solemnly avow that during an audience with him the Secretary got up no less than five times, opened a cupboard and refreshed himself from a private whisky bottle; and I have seen it publicly stated in a respectable newspaper that at the opening of the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair the honourable William H. Seward was "tight." He certainly did not liquor-up when I saw him, and I no more believe the malignant gossip circulated about him than I do that President Lincoln defrauded the Republic out of sundry white cows, or that any one else belonging to the White House took a leaf out of the book of the Unjust Steward in regard to a service of crockery. I simply touch on a theme so paltry to show the kind of accusations which

the Americans are in the habit of making against their most eminent public men. They seem to act on the principle enunciated by a well-known English controversialist, "Never accuse your adversary of ignorance or error. Declare boldly *that he murdered his grandmother and stole clocks.*" Of such is the basis of personal abuse in America. I have heard public men charged with forgery, with embezzling the property of orphans, with appropriating charitable collections, with losing the public money at the gaming-table, with entertaining women of the town in government offices, and with being "sneak thieves" to the extent of purloining coats and umbrellas; and yet what a rage they fly into with a foreigner if he hints that fleas are not lobsters, and that a horse-chesnut is not a chesnut horse!

Let me conclude these notes of my interview with the American Premier by again acknowledging the perfect accessibility of all those high in office in America, and the complete absence of fuss or ceremony in their *entourage*. They are willing to see everybody who is properly introduced. They will even give ear to a stranger if he makes out a decent case for his being heard; they don't keep their suitors cooling their heels too long, and they receive them with frank and unaffected courtesy. Those who have ever had (to their sorrow) any business in Downing Street or Whitehall will readily understand the nature of the contrast I here discreetly hint at. Provided only that you don't come down on Mr. Seward with a request for the liberation of a trepanned Don. Then the cheerful statesman becomes discourteous and ferocious.

There was another little difficulty in the way of my obtaining the grand audience I coveted during my first week's stay in Washington. The President had hardly recovered from a sharp attack of variola, or, as some say, of small-pox. It was at this time, you will remember, that he made, or that there was imputed to him, the grimly-humorous and characteristic remark, that *now he should be able to give something to everybody who sought a favour at his hands.* The most inveterate place-hunters were not very solicitous about catching the variola, and Mr. Lincoln's hand had a long holiday. I went back to New York unavoidably unpresented. I went to Boston. I came back to Gotham. I journeyed to Canada, saw Myers, and returned to the island of Manhattan by the way of Niagara Falls. Again I proceeded to Washington; abode there for a time; visited New York again; once more made tracks for the District of Columbia; and finally, and in this wise, attained my object.

The last time but one that I was at Washington, the most eminent and the most eloquent member of the Radical Republican and Abolitionist party—that party which is now all-powerful in the Government and among the masses—a Senator from the State of Massachusetts who has a European as well as a transatlantic reputation for eloquence and scholarship, was good enough to promise that on my return, and on the complete convalescence of the President, he would take me to him. I departed; was away some time; and on my return ventured to remind the Senator of his promise. The eminent Senator was not quite so anxious to keep his promise as he had formerly been. You see that the

earliest of my letters published in the London press had by this time come back to America. The *New York Tribune* had begun to accuse me of "shamefully misrepresenting" the institutions of the United States. In the humblest of ways, I had become unpopular. That unlucky foot of mine had trodden on one of the numerous soft corns with which the sovereign people are afflicted. Why was I born with eyes that see obliquely, with perceptions unequal to the comprehension of great subjects, with a digestion incapable of the task of swallowing the nigger whole? When I expressed my earnest desire to have speech with the President, the Senator, in the civilest manner, "hummed and ha'd." He pleaded that Mr. Lincoln was almost incessantly occupied; that his own labours at the Senate were onerous and fatiguing; that the time I gave him—for I had mentioned that I should be compelled to leave Washington in a few days—was very short; and that, finally, he would "see about it," but that he could not hold out to me any definite pledge to do that which I asked. I said to him, frankly, "Mr. Senator, for myself, I am nobody, and less than nobody. What little reputation I may possess in my own country, or in this, as a man of letters, is entirely subsidiary to, and over-shadowed by, the employment I hold. Personally, I don't care two cents about seeing the President of the United States or any other States. I have had, usually, my fill of emperors, kings, queens, chief magistrates, and high priests; I am on the free list at Barnum's Museum in New York, and I can go to Madame Tussaud's in London whenever I like; and, on the whole, I prefer the

waxwork show to the genuine article. It would suit the bent of my mind much better to comment upon that negro boot-black on the street corner, or that loafer at Willard's, than to describe the *faits et gestes* of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, or any other potentate crowned or uncrowned,—from the Rajah of Bhootan to Theodorus King of Abyssinia,—from the Queen of Madagascar to the Queen of the Gipsies. But you see I have a duty to perform. Although, individually, a Nobody, I am officially the representative of a journal which has the largest circulation in the world, and among whose readers there must be a great many thousand who are not donkeys. Rightly or wrongly, this enormous constituency will think that I am under a bond to see the President of the United States, to listen to his utterances, and faithfully and impartially to recount that which he chooses to say on the vital questions of the day." The Senator listened to me with commendable patience and courtesy; but when I hinted at the President's possible "utterances," I fancied that a faint smile stole over his countenance. "Were you even to see him," he remarked, "it is probable that he might make only some very trivial observation to you." "That would be his business, not mine," I replied; "but I should at least have performed my duty."

For a day or two subsequent to this conversation I heard nothing more of the Senator; but, on a certain Saturday morning, he wrote me a hurried line to say that if I felt inclined to attend Mrs. Lincoln's reception, to be held at the White House that afternoon, he would be very happy to present me to that lady. I was overjoyed. I inquired of

some friends what costume was most sanctioned by etiquette at the receptions of the President's wife. I was told that all costumes were admissible; that a morning *négligé* was perhaps the most appropriate; but that, on the part of a foreigner going "to court" for the first time, the assumption of a *demie-toilette* of evening garb would not be taken amiss. So I compromised between the evening and the morning by dressing in black, but in a frock in lieu of a swallow-tail, and a silk cravat instead of the snowy and starched choker. Costume in America is a continual subject of anxiety; but there is one particular in which you cannot go wrong. A pair of white kid gloves will prove handy on almost every occasion. If you drop in quietly on people during the evening, you may wear white kids; if you speechify at a public meeting, you may wear them; if you attend the theatre, you may don them; if you are asked out to a six o'clock dinner, you *must* wear them. White kid gloves are pretty generally worn at church; no marriage, of course, is complete without them; not unfrequently they are donned at funerals, and in political processions; out West it is customary to be hanged in these festive gauntlets; and at Washington they cost two dollars a pair. Next to the Russians, whom they resemble in five hundred respects, the Americans are the most white-kid-gloved people in the world.

Thus arrayed, I waited between one and two in the afternoon on the Senator, at his lodgings. He was busily engaged, as usual, but received me with much affability. The life of a Senator of the United States is certainly no sinecure.

The country awards him an honorarium of a few dollars a day, but he is expected to work night and day for his country, and especially for his countrymen, and his country-women too. I question whether any slave in Georgia, Alabama, or South Carolina, was ever worked harder, corporeally, than the American legislator I speak of is worked, and has been worked any time these twenty years, mentally. In fact, I rather think that I should prefer being the slave, to the statesman who for so long a period has battled so valorously and so earnestly in the black man's interest. But how about the lash? you will ask. The slave is cow-hided; but the Senator——alas! senatorial rank does not secure immunity from castigation; and a wicked Southerner deceased, Mr. Preston Brooks, has left his mark on at least one Senator of the United States. There are people who say that this frightful war sprang from that beating, and that a savage blow was the *fons et origo mali* which has been productive of so many horrors.

To have to read a hundred newspapers every morning before breakfast; to be compelled to wade through reports, pamphlets, and returns innumerable; to glance through a score of leading articles, containing, perhaps, as many columns of personal abuse of the most virulent kind directed against oneself; to meditate over the oration of the coming morning, afternoon, or evening session, and to correct the proofs of one's last speech for republication in a separate form—these are among the lightest labours of an American Senator. Admit that he contrives to swallow a hasty breakfast. Then—happy is he if they do not rush upon him

while he is chipping his first egg, and fight over his tea and toast—sets in the tide of suitors. They all want something. Molière's "Facheux" were nothing to them. If there are no more places to give, they clamour for promises of the reversions of appointments that may not be vacant for two years and a half. Widowed mothers of soldiers, long since slain in battle or stricken down in the hospital of disease, come to him with vain entreaties for the dead to be restored to life. He is a Senator; he is powerful; he has the ear of the Ministry; cannot he give them a word of comfort?—cannot he shed upon them a ray of hope that Jake or Ike still lives? Alas! Jake lies stiff and stark in a bloody trench at Chattanooga, and Secesh guerillas are careering about in his boots and pantaloons; while the Sanitary Commission have done all that was possible to make Ike's last hours in the hospital comfortable. Widows come to the Senator importuate for news about lost husbands—to know if they have acted quite correctly in marrying again. Captains who want colonels' commissions, colonels who are anxious to be turned into brigadier-generals, pester the Senator with requisitions for promotion. Will he spur Mr. Stanton on? will he move the President? Drunken or dishonest subalterns who have been "mustered out"—*i.e.*, expelled the army for misconduct—are sure that, if the Senator will only whisper a word in their behalf at the War Department, their cases will be reconsidered, and the sentences pronounced upon them reversed. Then arrive the multitude who hunger and thirst after contracts. Shoddy comes down, like an armed man or a hundred of bricks, upon

the Senator. Government *must* have more beef, blankets, biscuit, saddles, bridles, ambulances, gunpowder, and chloroform for medical stores. There is a contractor mad upon commissariat whisky. There is one wishful to supply five hundred balloons, gas and all, under cost price. Listen to the speculator who has ten thousand pairs of boots all ready for governmental consumption. Incline your ear to him whose talk is of myriads of great coats. And the projectors! —the people who will undertake to finish the war and crush the rebellion in a fortnight; the patentees of rifled cannon warranted to kill five thousand souls at every discharge, of catamarans and infernal machines and torpedoes that shall blow up Charleston before you can say Jack Robinson, of stinkpots that shall eclipse Gilmore's Greek fire, and smother a whole *corps d'armée* at the first puff! And the poets, who insist on reading lengthy scrolls full of Alexandrines, bearing on Liberty, the Constitution, Bunker-hill, the Senator, and Themselves! And the photographers, the portrait-painters, and the sculptors, who urge the Senator to sit! And the bookmakers, sternly demanding particulars of the Senator's early life, with a view to forthcoming biographies! And the newspaper correspondents, both native and foreign!—but I had best be silent on that score. And finally, after the pure idlers, loungers, bores, private friends, and brother senators—the women! The dear, good-hearted, impulsive, indefatigable, irrational women, bless their hearts! shrilly political, passionately patriotic, dramatically dictatorial, not to be wearied, not to be daunted, not to be put down. The Senator must needs defer to them, for

they are indomitable, and would beard even the President in his private bureau. The other day a lady burst in upon Abraham Lincoln, just as a cabinet council was about to sit. "Mr. President," she exclaimed, "you *must* hear me. You must give me a colonel's commission for my son. Sir, I demand it not as a favour, but as a right. Sir, my grandfather fought at Lexington.* Sir, my uncle was the only man who didn't run away at Bladensburg. Sir, my father fought at New Orleans, and my husband was killed at Monterey." "I guess, madam," Mr. Lincoln is reported to have replied to this impassioned appeal, "*your family has done enough for the country; and I'd rather not have any more of 'em.*"

I dare say the life of an English peer of Parliament, or of a member of the Lower House who represents a large constituency, may be made as laborious as that of an United States senator. The British legislator has also the ordeal of newspapers, leading articles, letters, pamphlets, blue-books, statistical returns, proof-correcting, and speech-correcting, to go through as well as his Transatlantic col-

* Talking of the revolutionary struggles, I am reminded that we may expect to see some day in England a gentleman who is the grandest exponent living of Yankee character, and in his rendering of Yankee intonation unapproachable. You know that the Americans are given to denying that they have any peculiar intonation at all; but I have heard Yankee audiences in New York laughing themselves hoarse with delight at the delineation of the character of *Solon Shingle* by Mr. John Owens. "My grandfather," observes Mr. Owens, "fit in the Revolution: that is to say, he druv a baggidge-waggon. And he was wownded: that is to say, he was kickit by a myoule." In another scene, representing a court of justice, in which Mr. Owens apostrophises a figure of Justice, blindfolded as usual, as "yon gal with the sore eye," the audience went literally into ecstasies.

league. But at least he escapes the women. Our dear English ladies don't meddle with politics. The clergy have their fair constituents; but the legislators are free from the onslaughts of strong-minded females. Mournfully different is the case on this side. Woman has her rights here, and plenty of them. The delicate and taper finger of woman is plunged up to its topmost phalange into every political pie. As I sat amidst a mountain of books and papers strewn about the Senator's room, waiting till he should be at liberty to conduct me to the White House, I could not help listening with admiration, not devoid of terror, to a lady who, metaphorically, had gotten the Senator by every button-hole in his dressing-gown, and who was pouring politics into his ears. Whether this lady was young or old or middle-aged, plain or pretty, stout or thin, gaily or simply dressed, it would be grossly impertinent in me to record. It is no violation, however, of decorum to say that I never, in my whole life, had the privilege of listening to so determined and so voluble a politician. She was an abolitionist—a subjugating abolitionist—an exterminating abolitionist—one of the "clear grit," "*Delenda est Carthago*" sort. She had just returned from a philanthropic raid in one of the semi-loyal States, where she had been busily employed freeing the slaves of semi-loyal owners. She told a story of some petty planter, owning half a dozen negroes, who, having taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, had been confirmed in the possession of those chattels; "but," the lady added, in a triumphant tone, and with unctuous gusto, "*I ran them off that very night.*" So you see that

naughty slave-holding farmer did not take much by his motion in swearing allegiance to the United States Government. He swore, but he lost his chattels for all that. There is no getting chattels back now. The fugitive-slave law is a dead letter; and the legal rendition of refugees from bondage will soon, under the auspices of the Senator, be formally abrogated. I wonder whether the unchatteled farmer will keep his oath, or turn guerilla, or what? I wonder to what state we should have reduced our West India colonies if, instead of granting compensation to the owners of the negroes whom we had determined to emancipate, we had encouraged the lady members of the Anti-Slavery and Religious Tract Societies in "running" negroes off, and shipping them for England. Is the commission of wrong justifiable to assert a right? Yes; slavery is an evil, a scandal, a black and shameful curse. The slave-holder has no rights—I don't hold any slaves myself, and can so denounce slave-holding with sincerity—yet, for all that, I cannot help thinking that this good woman, perfectly sincere, and believing that she was accomplishing a humane and Christian act, as I grant her to have been, was doing more to aggravate and to envenom this wretched strife than a dozen of the bitterest male politicians on either side could do.

The patience of the courteous Senator was inexhaustible, and although I am inclined to think that the voluble lady bored him somewhat, he listened to her for three good quarters of an hour, dismissed her urbanely, and informed me that she was "one of the most remarkable women in the country." It was very nearly three o'clock before we turned

in to Pennsylvania Avenue, and, passing by the Treasury buildings and the Department of State, neared the plain and not very handsome mansion known as the White House; and even then, in the course of a ten minutes' walk, my companion had to run the gauntlet of countless suitors, clients, and quidnuncs, who swooped down upon him like hawks upon their quarry, and who must have shaken his hand and talked his ears nearly off.

The Executive Mansion, commonly called the White House, at Washington, is, as you know, neither an imposing edifice without, nor a splendid building within. A few of the apartments are of considerable size, handsomely carpeted, richly curtained, and decorated with garish French wall-paper, and large mirrors in tasteless frames. About all the public saloons—the State apartments, I suppose, I may call them, without offending the dignity of Republican simplicity—there is a bare and uncomfortable look, something between that of the waiting-room at a railway terminus, the drawing-room at an hotel, and the *foyer* of an opera-house. You can tell, at a glance, that nobody lives here; that people are only passing through, and wandering up and down like the restless multitudes in the Hall of Eblis. The pervading desolation is as handsome as upholstery can make it, but it lacks solemnity, it lacks associations of historical interest. Well, you must go to the palaces of despots—to the homes of a bloated, a corrupt, and an effete oligarchy—to find such solemnity and such associations. *À d'autres*, for others the gewgaw paraphernalia of the old world. Elsewhere seek for tapestry and stained glass—for ceilings by Lebrun, and full-

lengths by Vandyke — for marbles and malachites — for Sèvres vases and golden candelabra. Such trifles would accord but ill with the stern grandeur of unadorned Republicanism. This—I mean America—is a free country. Precisely so; only, in the White House, Republicanism, so far as the furniture is concerned, doesn't wear a stern or grand or unadorned appearance. The decorations are half shabby and half tastelessly meretricious. Carpets of loud patterns, paperhangings of spasmodic design, curtains of violent hue, looking-glasses loaded with carving, and over-simplicity, make up the staple of ornamentation. Some shoddy upholsterer has here evidently had a *carte blanche*, and the result is, not Quaker simplicity, but gaudy ugliness.

It was in the Blue Parlour, I think, that the Senator told me we should find Mrs. Lincoln. We walked into the Blue Parlour, as we had walked into the White House, quite unmolested and unannounced. Two mounted patrols with drawn swords were on duty at the entrance to the carriage-drive before the house; but they were there merely to prevent a block among the carriages, and had nothing to do with pomp or state. Their attire was as ragged, their boots as muddy, their horses as ungroomed, and their hair as unkempt as usual. There is a porter who stands in the vestibule of the White House and cracks nuts in a familiar manner. He is an old Irishman, and has seen many generations of Presidents. His office, I fancy, must be one of the few which are not elective, or he would have been ousted or intrigued out of office some years ago. He asked us no questions as we passed on, and it was quite a matter of

choice as to whether I should leave my hat and overcoat on a table in the hall or not. It was suggested, indeed, that I should take these articles of apparel with me, "all kinds of people" being about. "All kinds of people" were rambling from room to room, just as I had seen them rambling from corridor to corridor of the Capitol the day when Congress was opened. The sovereign people was here, and had not taken the trouble to have its boots cleaned. Why should it? The eager, anxious, sallow faces, now closely shaven, now heavily bearded, that pass before you in such interminable succession that their remembrance haunts you, and makes your nights sleepless, were here as in every other public place in America. Faces full of meaning, full of purpose; energetic faces, determined faces, shrewd faces, cunning faces, but not pleasant faces to look upon. So pallid, so cadaverous are they, that you almost fancy you are witnessing the resurrection of those that lay in the Valley of Dry Bones. It is certain that the males among our curious cousins are fearfully unhealthy in appearance. Why don't they paint?

The ladies at the White House—and there were a good many fair ones strolling hither and thither—formed a brilliant exception to the prevailing slatternliness of attire. Showy morning toilettes, French bonnets, and ermine pelerines and muffs were plentiful. The Washington ladies, I have already ventured to observe, have little to do save to eat, to dance, to dress, and to flirt. When they are tired of the hotel corridors and the hotel drawing-rooms, they dress themselves within an inch of their lives, and go out. Not

for a walk. Walking for ladies is almost impossible in the metropolis of mud and dust. Not to shop. The principal articles sold in Washington are cigars, whisky, newspapers, knapsacks, and seven-leagued boots for army use. The ladies pop into a passing stage, and are conveyed to the Capitol. There, if they are ladies of no fashion, they sit in the galleries, or roam about the passages; but there, if they are ladies of any fashion, they send in their cards to any senator or representative with whom they happen to be acquainted, and make a morning of it. When the senator or the representative receives a lady's card, he sallies out more or less blithefully. At once he knows what it means. He knows that he is in for it. For the five hundredth time, he has to exhibit the lions of the Capitol to the ladies, to take them on to the floor of the House, to take them to the ladies' lunch-room, to talk nonsense to them, and, if need be, to flirt with them. I am afraid that in England there are a good many savage and sulky M.P.'s who would resent these visits, and object to be "bored by a pack of women." An Englishman considers it to be an act of high condescension on his part if he permits even his wife to call for him at his club. Here the case is different. America is the paradise of women.

The Blue Parlour—if blue, and a parlour it was—was somewhat, but not inconveniently, crowded. Ladies and gentlemen were filing in, smoothly and silently. I stood on tiptoe to see if I could catch a glimpse of the Lady to whom I was to be presented; but in lieu thereof I became suddenly aware of a Gentleman, who had no need, so tall

was he, to stand on tiptoe in order to look down upon me, and on the entire assemblage. And yet that assemblage, in its male portion, could number some very tall men. The Senator edged me between a couple of groups; took me into a corner where the Tallest Man of All was, said a few polite words; and the next moment my hand was in the cast-iron grip of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I shall never recall that memorable interview, and that more memorable hand-shaking, without the tears coming into my eyes. On this particular Saturday I felt inclined to cry like a child. What brought the aqueous humour into these callous orbs? It wasn't awe, it wasn't reverence, it wasn't sympathy for the oppressed African, it wasn't whisky, it wasn't even the fact that I was an orphan and a wanderer on the face of the earth. The tears came into my eyes simply for the reason that the President's hand-shaking was so hard and so earnest as to have reduced my own hand nearly to the consistence of pulp. We talk sometimes of a leg-of-mutton fist, of an adamantine hand. Abraham Lincoln has both. Napoleon the elder, it was said, had a hand of iron with a velvet glove; only sometimes he forgot to put his gloves on. Uncle Abe has assuredly the iron hand, the cast-steel hand, but no one could say he was gloveless. He wore on this occasion a pair of white kids, which the tallest of Barnum's four giants might have envied. As to his grip—talk to me of packing cotton bales or screwing ocean steamers off the stocks by hydraulic pressure; amuse me with tales of the Big Bear of Arkansas' hardest hugs; feed me with stories of boa constrictors

crushing all the bones of a goat in a single convolution; tell me about Professor Harrison, the strong man who crushes pewter pots between his fingers; and the Russian Count Orloff, who crumples up silver salvers just as Mr. Cobden said he would crumple up Russia—like a sheet of paper. Narrate to me all these facts and all these fables, but they are nought in comparison; they are zephyr breaths, fairy footsteps, butterfly persiflage, when named in company with Abraham Lincoln's *grip*. He doesn't smile when he takes your hand; he does not ring it like a bell, nor wave it like a flag. He merely takes it, and quietly and silently squeezes it into dough. Great results are said to follow the "putting down his foot" by the President on any public matter. If he were to "put down" his hand on me, I thought, utter and irretrievable collapse must at once follow.

The general cast of Mr. Lincoln's features must be familiar to most English people through the photographic portraits in the London shop-windows. His actual appearance is even nearer approached by the admirable cartoon sketches by Mr. John Tenniel in *Punch*. With a curiously intuitive fidelity of appreciation, Mr. Tenniel has seized upon that lengthy face, those bushy locks, that shovel beard, that ungainly form, those long, muscular, attenuated limbs, those bony and wide-spread extremities. Mr. Lincoln is so tall that, looking up in his face, you might, did not respect forbid you, ask, "How cold the weather was up there." He is so tall, that a friend who had an interview with him in his private office made use of the expression, that when he rose there did not seem the slightest likelihood of his getting up

ever coming to an end. He seemed to be drawing himself out like a telescope. There are two particulars, however, in which you must needs have seen Mr. Lincoln to gain an accurate idea of his appearance. He is exceedingly dark—not so dark as Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President, who is of so very subdued a complexion, that some spiteful Southerners have declared him to be a mulatto, or at least to have a "a dash of the tar-brush," or negro element, in his blood—but swarthily sallow. *Il a le teint basané*, and the darkness seems due to half a hundred causes—to long exposure to rough weather; to residence in a hot climate; to natural biliousness; to anxiety, if not distress, of mind. Again, this dark face, strongly marked, tanned and crows-footed, and fringed with coarse and tangled hair, is so uncouth and so rugged that it narrowly escapes being either terrible or grotesque. A touch of the chisel one way or the other, and you would have either a Quasimodo or a Mirabeau. But the possible grotesque is obviated, the imminent terrible smoothed away, by a peculiar soft, almost feminine, expression of melancholy, which, to me at least, seemed to pervade the countenance of this remarkable man. The melancholy look struck me most forcibly when I remembered that I was in the presence of the great joker of jokes—the Sancho Panza made governor of this Transatlantic Barataria; but there the look was—the regard of a thoughtful, weary, saddened, overworked being; of one who was desperately striving to do his best, but who woke up every morning to find the wheat that he had sown growing up as tares; of one who was continually regretting that he did not know more,

that he *could* not know more—that he had begun his work too late, and must lay down his sceptre too early.

Mr. Lincoln does not stand straight on his feet, but sways about with an odd sidelong motion, as though he were continually pumping something from the ground—say Truth from the bottom of her well—or hauling up some invisible kedge anchor. It gave me the notion of a mariner who had found his sea-legs, and could toe a line well, but who had to admit that there was a rough sea running. First he pulled at one gigantic glove, and then at the other; first inclined his puissant head to one side, and then to the other; but he never drew himself up to his full height. Perhaps he thought of the ceiling, and was reluctant to bring it down on the heads of us Philistines. My interview with him was of very brief duration, and was mainly made up of commonplaces. Of course he said that he was very glad to see me, that he hoped I liked my stay, that I had come at a critical period, and that the country presented a very different aspect to that which it once had. The Senator informed him that I had purposed "illustrating" in public what I had seen in America. "Ah," said the President, "indeed! with the pencil or the pen? There is a good deal to illustrate just now." I hinted that the pen was my vocation. Then he made the usual remarks concerning the unfavourable impressions which foreigners were apt to carry away from a country when they only saw it in a state of war. I ventured gently to demur to this, and observed that in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia there was little to remind any traveller that the country was at war at all. At

which he smiled. Then he hoped that my sojourn might be a pleasant one. I hoped so too. It *has* been pleasant, the "bloated miscreant" paragraphs notwithstanding. Neither more nor less took place. I saw that Mr. Lincoln had no wish to tell me any stories, or to talk politics; and after another tremendous squeeze of the hand from him, I retired from his presence.

I had not yet, however, set eyes upon the Lady whom I had specially come to see. The room was becoming exceedingly crowded; backing out was impossible, and moving on to the next apartment in the suite became imperative. I could see, however, that some gentlemen were endeavouring to keep a space clear round a group of ladies in an opposite corner of the saloon to that occupied by Mr. Lincoln, and I divined that in the centre of that group must be the Presidentess of the United States. I was right. The Senator led me towards the ladies, and I was formally presented to Mrs. Lincoln. What she was like and how she was dressed, what she said to me and what I said to her, are matters which (I am told) I cannot divulge without disgracefully violating the rules of decorum and good-breeding. I am sure I don't know why. The cast of the features, the colour of the hair, the very plaits in the petticoat of the Empress Eugénie have been described, over and over again, any time these ten years, in every language in Europe; and since we are permitted to purchase the photographs of our own Royal Family at a shilling apiece—to see them in Balmoral skirts, and pork-pie hats, and shooting-jackets,—to see them nursing their babies and strolling idly along the garden-paths

with a volume of Tennyson in their hands,—I am at a loss to discover how the sacred cause of decorum would suffer by my inditing half-a-dozen lines about an amiable and unaffected lady who happens to be the wife of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. But I bow to the decrees of the code of decorum,—whoever may have the drawing up of those wonderful enactments,—and my parley with the First Lady in America shall consequently remain an "unreported debate." I may add, that had I seen Mr. Lincoln himself for the first time in private, and that had my brief interview with him been under the seal of social intercourse, I should have considered that any printed description, by me, of his personal appearance, or any narrative of his conversation and demeanour, would have been most impertinent and most unmannerly. As it is, I trust that I have broken no law of etiquette, that I have laid myself open to no charge of requiting hospitality with gross ingratitude, in setting down that which occurred on a purely public occasion. It may chance, some day, that I shall journey to Japan and see the Tycoon, or travel to Thibet and have an audience of the Grand Lama; and I conceive that I shall be quite as fully justified in recording the manner of my reception by these, or any other rulers of men, as of imparting to my readers the result of my long-expected but not very copious conversation with the President of the United States.

I presume, however; there is nothing positively indecorous in mentioning that, after we were clear of the reception-rooms, the obliging Senator took me up stairs and showed me a few of the penetralia of the White House. There was

not much to see; but what there was possessed considerable interest. I saw the chamber where the cabinet councils are held, and where, at a plain green-baize-covered table, sit the advisers of him who has to decide such momentous issues. The deliberations of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet did not, at the time I speak of, occur very frequently. The censorious declared that the Ministers were all at loggerheads, and that the debates at the council-table sometimes attained a degree of acrimony approaching overt warfare. I don't know how much truth there may be in this rumour; or in the anecdote that when the President visited the studio of the artist who had been commissioned to execute a painting representing the Chief of the States surrounded by his Ministers, Mr. Lincoln asked why he did not call the work "The Showman and the Happy Family"? but it was certainly notorious that, for a considerable period, harmony had ceased to reign in the cabinet—that Mr. Seward was scarcely on speaking terms with Mr. Stanton, and that, if there was one person in the world to whom Mr. Blair owed a grudge, that person was Mr. Salmon P. Chase.

CHAPTER V.

A "HOP" AT THE NATIONAL.

I VENTURED, a few evenings after my arrival at Washington, to tell a lady next whom I sat at dinner, that I had been the previous night to a Ball. "Indeed," she echoed, in a tone of lofty surprise, not entirely devoid of scornful incredulity, "What balls, may I ask, are taking place in Washington just now?" Abashed, and conscious that he had in some way or another blundered, the subscriber suggested that the ball in question had taken place at the National Hotel. There was a dead silence, very painful to the subscriber's feelings. "O—o—h," the lady at last, in dry disparagement, remarked, "At the National? We don't call such things as those 'balls.' We call them 'hotel hops.'" I saw at once that I had fallen fifty per cent. in her estimation, and was covered with shame as with a garment; nor, remembering the story of the servant girl who strove to extenuate her ill-timed baby by declaring that it was "a very little one," did any subsequent pleas in abatement, to the effect that I only remained half an hour at the National, that I didn't dance, and that I met the Vice-President of the United States and at least one Minister Plenipotentiary there, suffice to raise me again to par. It is unpardonable in the Federal

capital to mistake a "hop" for a "ball." The proprieties are strictly observed in this mongrel mass of barracks and bothies, which is less a metropolis than a hydrocephalous hamlet. There flourished, some years since, I have been told, a lady who wrote a three-volume novel, entitled "What is Gentility? or, a Winter in Washington." Could I but procure a copy of that work, I might post myself up in regard to the *bienséances* to be observed in the District of Columbia. The fair authoress of "What is Gentility?" used to ride about in a crazy little vehicle, open at the back, drawn by a spavined, wall-eyed horse, and driven by a ragged negro; and upon the panel of this chariot an ill-conditioned jester once chalked the explanation, "*This* is Gentility." But fashion and gentility, like "style," in Vermont, are great institutions, and will endure. There was a traveller once, down South—say in the State of Georgia—who, halting for the night at an inn, where he was told that, as there were many guests, he must put up with a shake-down, was conducted after supper to an outhouse full of cows and pigs. "Where am I to sleep?" cried the despairing wayfarer. "Spect yiccan please yisself, masr," answered, with a grin, the negro who acted as chamberlain; "but," he continued, pointing to a corner of the lair, where there were only two cows and no pigs, "*dat's ver mose fashionable part.*"

I had, however, a due regard for the highly-glazed and elaborately-engraved card of invitation in which I was informed that the Misses —— and the ladies resident at the National Hotel were solicitous of my company on Thursday

evening. I did not know the Misses ——, but that did not in the least matter. I was a stranger, and they hospitably condescended to take me in. I believe that similar condescension is not uncommon at Scarborough, and at the Thermal Établissement at Boulogne; nay, I have heard that in some of the German watering-places permanent committees of ladies are formed, who board every train on its arrival at the station, and passionately demand foreigners who can dance. An adventurer who can waltz well may always calculate on five thalers a day, as pocket-money, and the run of his teeth.

The "hops" at Washington may be described as "inter-hotelical." For instance, there was a tremendous "*funcion*," or "hop" at Willard's, a week before the National "*funcion*" came off. In the hall where the six hundred guests eat all day, six hundred more danced all night. Then the National Hotel had its return match, and the ladies, resident or boarding for the winter thereat, had the privilege each of inviting two or three gentlemen. Evening costume for the male sex was not rigidly insisted upon; but I found a frock-coat, a white cravat, a coloured waistcoat, and square-toed boots, to be a *mise* very much in vogue. In any case, you can atone for sumptuary shortcomings by having your hair curled. There is a hair-dresser's saloon attached to every hotel, where you can be shaved, or "barbed," as the locution is, and subsequently "fixed up," that is to say, shampooed, tittivated, curled, and oiled, like Mr. Tennyson's Assyrian bull—where you can have your moustaches dyed and waxed, your beard trimmed, your nails pared, your eyes scraped, your head

purified, your hat brushed, and your heart purified within you, all for fifteen cents. Clothes are dear, and good tailors are rare in the States; but, if you attend to your hair, you may establish no small reputation for fashion and elegance.

The ladies at the National "hop" were attired in the latest Parisian style; and there were really many beautiful toilettes and many pretty girls present. The American ladies are deficient in *tournure*, but they have an undeniable *chic*. What they lack in dignity they make up in vivacity. With flirting they seem to have been familiar even from their youth upwards. The ladies' parlours and the carpeted corridors at the hotels—I particularise herein, for some of the corridors are *not* carpeted—are veritable hotbeds of flirtation; and Miss in her teens, in curls and pantalettes, gazes in rapt admiration at the "carryings on" of two grown-up sisters, and murmurs doubtless to herself "*Ed anche io!*" You can scarcely pass through one of these corridors without jostling against half a dozen promenading and coquetting couples; and you must stop your ears faster than ever Odysséus did if you would avoid overhearing some furtive scraps of the "little language." You remember Sydney Smith's story of the Scotch young lady, whom he overheard at a ball remarking to her partner, "What you say, my lord, of love in the *aib*-stract—" That was a case of hard hearing. We have all laughed in one of Miss P. Horton's admirable entertainments —(I hope the theatrical managers who have been so hard, lately, on the Music Halls don't mean to put Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry down)—at the bashful young gentleman at the ball, who asks his partner if she likes

cheese. Thus, recently coming down, door-key in hand, from my room on the fiftieth story at Willard's, I was an involuntary eavesdropper to a conversation as edifying as the foregoing. A couple passed me; the gentleman a brawny, black-bearded cavalier—one of these big men who will persist in wearing very tight cloth boots, with varnished tips—one of those trim Hercules with glossy locks and gleaming teeth, who don't smoke, and generally keep a microscope or an aquarium at home. It is with big men who have big beards as it is with white horses. They are either all good or all bad; either priceless specimens of humanity, or worthless nonentities. The lady was a "trim little damsel," and as fair as straw-coloured silk, a pearl necklace, and plenty of *blanc de ceruse* could make her. "The noblest thing in Woman is——," said the gentleman, in a rich baritone, as I passed; but I heard no more. I thought of love "in the *aib*stract." I wonder what the noblest thing in Woman, with a large W, may be. I hope it is not to dangle about the lobbies of an inn with Tom, Dick, or Harry. But what are the poor ladies to do? Home, as we understand it, and as a general rule, does not exist for them. The ladies' parlour, apart from their bed-chambers, is their only sitting-room. They are not fond of walking; they seldom ride; they cannot be always eating; they have no household cares, no household joys, no servants to scold, no dinner to order, no nursery to visit; for it is not considered fashionable in America to have a large family. A whole plantation of olive branches may be tolerated in New England or Pennsylvania, but in the large cities it is rather *mauvais ton* to have more

than two children. Is it not the same in Paris? Their husbands, or fathers, or brothers, are away: if at New York, at the counting-house; if at Washington, at the Capitol. The Sire de Framboisy is fagging from noon till sundown at the Senate; Valentine, the soldier, is fighting at the front. What is left for the Dame de Framboisy, or for poor fair-haired Gretchen, but hotel life and the hotel corridor? They fall back upon flirtation. In the main, of course, these flirtations are harmless. Hotel acquaintances may be easily dismissed. There is no need to invite your cavalier at the "hop," or your gallant friend of Newport or Saratoga or the White Mountains, to your house—if you have a house. "You knew me very well in Bath, my lord," cried the discomfited tuft-hunter whom the nobleman essayed to cut in London. "Well, sir, and in Bath I may probably know you again," replied his lordship.

Did you ever hear of a curious excrescence to American civilisation called a "muffin"? He flourishes chiefly on board ship. Say that you are an American, and that you have some lady friend or relative who is going to England alone in the "Persia," or the "Scotia," or some other of the admirably safe and well-appointed steamers of the Cunard line. You see her off from Jersey city, and just before the tug steams away you introduce her to some male friend, or some male acquaintance, or it may be (and very often happens so) somebody to whom you have only been yourself five minutes introduced. You instruct him to look after the lady. You commit her solemnly to his charge. You hint, as decorously as you can, that you will have his blood and dis-

honour his father's grave, if he does not take the greatest care of her. Throughout the voyage that male person is the lady's "muffin." If she be sea-sick he worries the stewardess out of her life, morning, noon, and night, with inquiries after the health of the fair invalid, and at the hours of meals—and they are almost continually eating on board the Cunarders—he sends her down Irish stew, partridges, cherry-pie, blanc-mange, and gingerbread nuts. If she be well enough to come on deck, he follows her about like a shadow—so that the object of his attention, if she be a sensible lady, must very often wish that she were Peter Schlemihl's daughter, to be quit of this everlasting *umbra*—he places her rugs, shawls, cloaks, and water-proofs. He arranges the pillows for her head, and the cushions for her feet; he cuts the leaves of the newest novels, and generally fetches and carries after the manner of a Newfoundland dog. Perhaps she requires grapes at ten o'clock at night. He sends down the companion after the black Hambros, or the juicy sweetwaters, or the fragrant muscatels. Possibly, at eleven a.m. she has a curious longing for bread and cheese and sardines. He brings them. Never mind how sea-sick he feels inclined to be. If she feel well the "muffin" must feel well too. When she has gotten her sea-ancles—to say sea-legs, in the case of a lady, would be unpardonable—he tenders her his arm and trots her up and down the deck. Never mind whether the miserable wretch's own legs are seaworthy. He *must* walk. He must tell his charge how many miles, dead reckoning, the ship did yesterday, how many knots per hour, and how many revolutions per minute of the paddles she is making now, and how many

he thinks she will do to-morrow. He must find out the warmest and yet the least scorching part of the funnel for the lady to have her pretty toes against. When land, or a sail, or an iceberg is in sight, he must be ready with his opera-glass, and discourse learnedly about under-currents, glacial phenomena, circle sailing, and the physical geography of the sea. He must be literary, artistic, and sentimental, and be able to quote any amount of Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, and Emerson from memory. He must never grumble, never be pettish or weary, but remain a patient, devoted, and affable Muffin. He seldom gets any butter; but is frequently transfixed with the toasting-fork of sarcasm and disparagement. On pain of excommunication he must not yawn; but he may sigh as much as he likes. *That* is sentimental.

When the steamer arrives at Liverpool he must see the lady's luggage through the Custom-house and herself to the Adelphi. Then, when she has lunched, he must convoy her to the Lime Street Station, see after her trunks and her ticket, ensconce her comfortably in the corner of a first-class carriage—and then be dismissed like a dog. *Sic transit.* The glory of the muffin departs.

The hotel flirtation, however, has its dark side. It sometimes *is* something, and has a terrible meaning. It does not mean seduction: seduction in America is *not* fashionable; marriages take place very early, and every girl who is not the Pig-Faced Lady can get married. But it means Adultery—adultery in its most dismal and abhorrent form. The Americans are justly proud of the immaculate character of their unmarried

women of the better classes. They are as chaste as the Irish, than whom there is not a chaster race in the whole world; and that is the reason why, in the rare instances of an Irishwoman being bad, she is as bad as Jezebel. But when they come to the Seventh Commandment, let them speak with bated breath, and cease to brag of their own respect for the marriage vow, and to gird at us for the foul scandal of our Divorce Court. They are as bad as we, and worse. It would be invidious and unjust to instance such a case as the Sickles and Key tragedy as typical of the evils growing out of hotel life in America; but he who would read as he runs the manners of the country in one particular, concerning which our cousins, unless checked, are apt to be most vaunting and most mendacious, should glance over—until he turns away from them sick and terrified, —*the positively horrible and revolting advertisements which, to the extent of two or three columns a day, appear in the most widely circulated and the most ostensibly respectable newspapers of the United States.* I will take one as a sample of the "respectable," the Reverend Beecher's *Independent.* Scarcely six months have elapsed since this man's journal was held up to obloquy in the *Round Table* (a very fair American substitute for our *Saturday Review*) for its shameless insertion of filthy advertisements. I dare not for shame allude more explicitly to these advertisements beyond hinting that they are, one and all, provocatives to infanticide. In England I know such things will from time to time creep into print, but they emanate from the most degraded quacks; they are couched in the most guarded language; and no respectable journal will insert them. There is at this instant

moment a wide-spread agitation fomenting against the insertion of improper advertisements in English papers. In America they elbow the announcements of dry goods and new novels, and the sermons of popular preachers, and are paraded in the most unblushing terms. I scorn the charge, and call him Scoundrel who accuses me of a desire to cast a needless or unfounded slur upon the aggregate domestic virtue of the Americans. I speak of vice in America, as I have spoken for a dozen years of vice in my own country. That virtue, the purest and holiest, does flourish in hundreds of thousands of quiet and happy homes—that New England cherishes patriarchal morals, such as once adorned Old England—that family ties, family responsibilities, family endearments, are recognised to their fullest extent, far away from brawling hotels and promiscuous gatherings—it would be wicked in me—it would be a Libel and a Lie to question. But I state, once for all, boldly and deliberately, that the assertions so often and so confidently made by Americans to foreigners who have never visited their country, of the unrivalled purity of their national morals, is brag and nothing more. Boston, the pious and nigger-loving, absolutely swarms with strumpets. Maine and Connecticut send every year legions of fallen women to the trepanners of New York. That wonderful Broadway at New York contains—and this is but one street, mind, in a gigantic city—at least two hundred and fifty supper and concert saloons, which are simply dens of prostitution; while for the vice *à huis clos*—the pestilence that does not walk at noonday—let any one read the adver-

tisements headed "Personal" and "Medical," with those less disgusting but not much more moral ones, beginning "Matrimonial" and "Instruction," in which idle and dissolute young men, under pretence of obtaining wives or receiving lessons in foreign languages, slyly advertise for mistresses, or abandoned women advertise for keepers.

When this is printed, and is read in America, I shall, of course, be covered with mud, and accused of exaggeration, of "shamefully misrepresenting institutions," and the like. I can bear the mud volcano; I am accustomed to it. *But I dare the Americans to a denial, by proof, of the facts I have stated.* Let them not take refuge behind the petticoats of their women, and, meeting argument with abuse, strive to bolster up a bad case with the falsehood that I have spoken ill of their ladies as a body. I have *not* done so. I have no wish to do so. The happiest hours of my life have been passed in the society of refined and virtuous and cultivated American women. I have seen Cornelia with her jewels round her. I have seen Cæsar's wife. I was not ashamed to let American ladies—Black Republicans as well as Southerners—read the letter on this topic which I sent home from America to the newspaper whose correspondent I was. I gave them the letter at their own request, and I did *not* lose their friendship. And now, having had time to reflect, having had time to weigh the consequences of my statement, I disdain to blot that which I wrote a year ago. Thus hotels are full of Mrs. Potiphars. That their social polity contains elements of truly virtuous domesticity, I should be an idiot to deny; but that they have any reason

to draw a parallel favourable to themselves between their public morality and ours, I do not at once hesitate to contradict. And yet there is nothing more common, when a foreigner ventures to criticise American institutions, than to be met with the rejoinder, "How about the white slaves in your manufacturing districts, and how about the courtesans plying in your streets?" But, dear me! that fragment of a flirtation in the corridor at Willard's has led me very far afield. Let me hasten back to the National. There was nothing, I am eager to explain, about the "hop" that could shock the most prudish. It seemed to me a perfectly innocent and Arcadian gathering, and the gambols of the Damons with chin-tufts, and the Phillises in many-flounced dresses, were of the most pastoral description. Nor, did I not have it on the authority of an American lady, should I venture even to surmise that the company was "a little mixed," and that real people of fashion think it beneath them to go to "hops."

There are two delightful characteristics in all American social gatherings of a saltatory nature. Everybody dances, and all the ladies can talk. There are no gentlemen *qui font tapisserie*, or perform the part of "wall-flowers," lounging against wainscots or door-jambs, ogling the dancers, and irritating the belles who want partners. Under penalty of ostracism they must all plunge into the mazy, and foot it. They foot it trippingly. Dancing here is dancing indeed. There are as many reverences dropped in a quadrille as in the Minuet de la Cour—that noblest and most delightful of dances to those who have seen Taglioni as the gentleman and Fanny Ellsler as the lady. The chief fiddler calls out the

names of the figures, and claps his hands, and calls out "Address"—whatever that may mean—quite in the defunct Yorkshire Stingo style. When the gentlemen—I am speaking of the "hops"—dance, they jump; when the ladies revolve, they make cheeses. You find no line-of-battle-ship matrons laid up in ordinary, so to speak, on settees, and covered with the dockyard paint of the toilet-table, befanned, bejewelled, and speechless. You find no desolate spinsters partnerless, glowering through their eye-glasses balefully, and nosing the atmosphere with supercilious sniff. The matrons foot it as trippingly as their daughters. The spinsters find partners. In a country where none are fat, all dance. Indulgence in the poetry of motion would not seem to be tabooed by any professional etiquette. Clergymen on active service, and not being Shakers, abjure the light fantastic toe; but, as almost every educated person in America who has not been in dry goods, or in stockjobbing, or taught school, or done lawyer's work, or kept a grog-shop, has been at some period or another a clergyman of some denomination, I will not go so far as to say that the cloth are wholly strangers to the allurements of the mazy. As to the military, they are fanatics in their addictedness to the dance—to say nothing of that distinguished Union general in Louisiana who has been a dancing-master. The legal profession would all seem to be disciples of Sir Christopher Hatton; and it is a very beautiful and edifying spectacle to see a judge of the United States in a swallow-tailed coat and a moustache quite Napoleonically spiked, advancing in the *cavalier seul*.

I said that all the ladies can talk. A flow of sharp, shrewd,

intelligent, and, as a rule, well-chosen and correct language, is the shining attainment of all American ladies, from the school-girl upwards. And the school-girls themselves talk with an ease and volubility that would astonish the superintendents of many ladies' colleges at home. There is no hesitation, no blushing, no stammering, no twiddling of the fingers, no plucking at bouquets, or nervous unhemming of handkerchiefs. The vapid inanities that pass between partners at an English ball would be here scouted. To be shy is to be unpatriotic. The American young lady goes straight to the point, and has a great deal to say upon it. "How is your health? How long have you been in the country? Do you like it? Have you had a good time? What do you think of the action of the nation in the present struggle? Are you not struck with admiration at the deeds of valour performed by the nation's armies? Have you read Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn?' When is Tennyson's 'Boadicea' to appear? Was not England convulsed with enthusiasm at the apparition of the Reverend Ward Beecher? Don't you think the room wants oxygen? Are not the monitors triumphs of mechanical construction? Have you been to Niagara?" These are a few of the queries she rattles out. You are at first delighted, then amazed, and at last puzzled; for the intelligent and well-read young lady continually addresses you as "sir," and every now and then she asks you a question so *naïve*, so artlessly ignorant, that you pause to inquire of yourself whether she can be more than six years old.

There is another American young lady whom you do not

meet at "hops"—whom you seldom see in hotel corridors. She is a very different kind of young lady altogether. She is more than pretty; she is often beautiful. Her eyes and hair are dark. She speaks without a twang, but she sometimes slurs the "r" at the end of a word. She is very queenly and dignified, very graceful, very accomplished, and very lazy. She is the *grande dame de par le monde* that old Brantome loved to draw. In repose she is melting and gracious; roused, she is haughty, vindictive, terrible. Sometimes, when the curtains are drawn closer and the street is very quiet, she will deign to sing and play. Watch her at the pianoforte, her fingers vibrating on the keys, her rich voice now victoriously thrilling in the "Bonnie Blue Flag"—now, in deeper, sadder accents, dwelling on the stern words to which the beautiful old German students' air has been adapted. Hear her call on her Mother State to

> Avenge the patriotic gore
> That flecked the streets of Baltimore.

Hear her utter the despairing wail:

> Better the fire upon thee roll,
> Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
> Than Crucifixion of the Soul.

Hear her, at last, rise almost prophetic, to

> She is not deaf, she is not dumb,
> Hurrah, *she spurns the Northern scum!*
> She breathes, she burns, she'll come, she'll come!
> Maryland, my Maryland!

Often in America, as in England, when this beautiful lyric has been the subject of conversation, I have heard the Black

Republican sneer that when the time arrived Maryland did *not* come as she had promised. To this it is answered, I think sufficiently, that Baltimore has been literally crushed under the "despot's heel;" that martial law of the most reckless description has been in operation there for more than two years; that the Federal commandant at Fortress M'Henry would have no more hesitation in bombarding Baltimore, and laying it in ashes, than Haynau had with regard to Brescia; in a word, that by dint of sword and bayonet, and rifle and shell, and handcuffs, and spies, and gaolers' keys, "order reigns in Warsaw." And finally, let it be noted, that although the people of the Battle State could not fight on their own soil, they went and fought elsewhere. Since the beginning of this struggle fifteen thousand of the young men of Maryland have answered the appeal:—

Come—'tis the red dawn of the day—
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come, with thy panoplied array—
Maryland, my Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray—
With fearless Lowe and dashing May—
With Watson's blood at Monterey—
Maryland, my Maryland!

The spirit of Carroll of Carrollton is not dead in this certainly chivalric—and, next to the old State of Virginia, perhaps the most chivalric State; and the fifteen thousand have gone forth to serve in the armies of the South; and of this number, it may be, at this writing, ten thousand are dead. But this young lady is, politically speaking, naughty. That which she sings is Treason. To hum even the air is to be suspected. This young lady is disloyal. She is a rebel. She is

only to be met with in nooks and corners of the North. She deserves to be arrested by a corporal's guard and sent down South—down South, where her sister is already; her sister who, born to wealth and station, lapped in luxury and splendour, is there in the jungle and the swamp, there without a shoe to her foot or a shift to her back; there with nothing to eat but rancid bacon and raw corn, and little enough of that; there, swathed in squalid tatters, like the goose-girl in Grimm's story; there, without comforts, without medicines, without hair-brushes, without, often, a bed to lie upon—but there, indomitable and unquenched, in the midst of hundreds of black bondservants who do *not* murder her and her children while her husband or her brothers are far away at the war, but tend her and them with tender and loving devotion.

In the South they were having their Christmas "starvation parties," where you could dance all night if you liked, but get nothing to eat or drink, for the very sufficient reason that there was nothing in the larder. But at the National Hotel, Washington, the case was very different. A splendid supper was provided for those invited to the "hop." I did not stay to partake of it; for, not dancing, I felt as though I were fraudulently enjoying hospitality, and appearing in evening dress under false pretences. Let me chronicle the fact, however, that in my withdrawal I rubbed shoulders with many senators, saw several distinguished diplomatists, one all ablaze with stars and ribbons, and was formally presented to the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States. As the occasion was public, I am violating, I trust, no laws of hospitality in observing that Mr. Hamlin very

much resembles Mr. Dombey, in the admired novel of that name. He is long, and looks cold. It is wearisome work being Vice-President of the United States of America. You will remember what the elder Napoleon said about a *cochon à l'engrais*, in regard to the Grand Elector proposed by the Abbé Siéyes. He would have been something like an American Vice-President. Only Siéyes' contemplated Elector was to have a dotation of a million of francs yearly, whereas the Hon. H. Hamlin only draws five thousand dollars per annum, and is expected, moreover, to earn his salary by taking the chair in the Senate. Beyond this he is nobody, has no influence and no patronage; but if the President happens to die within his term of office, the Vice succeeds him. So Millard Fillmore succeeded General Taylor. But it must be, nevertheless, boredom *in excelsis* and ennui long drawn out to be thus perpetually waiting for dead men's shoes. There would be little surprising in a Vice-President writing an epic poem, or taking to Berlin-wool or bird-stuffing, to chase drowsiness away. All those interminable harangues to listen to, and only five thousand dollars a-year to draw! The life is a hard one. The French, I believe, tried a Vice-President under the Constitution of 1848. His name was Boulaye de la Meurthe. He never did anything, and nobody ever heard of him; but when Louis Napoleon had strangled the Republic he gave his inoffensive Vice-President a comfortable berth in the Senate. With twenty-five thousand francs a-year, a softly-stuffed arm-chair, and a richly-laced uniform, Boulaye de la Meurthe still lives, and is happy.

I had an appointment at a curious place of entertainment,

called the Variétés Theatre, which, its rough plastered walls and barn rafters considered, might be called, without calumny, the Variétés Barn. In that astounding style of hyperbole in in which the Americans are such adepts, the public were assured that the "true magic circle of beauty" was to be found here, and that those who were not "insensible to the charms of lovely ladies," must not quit Washington without visiting the Variétés. However, my business was not with magic circles or lovely ladies, but to meet a friend who had promised to conduct me to a place where I might see the citizens "fight the tiger." The Variétés was full of soldiers and roughs, screeching, catcalling, smoking, and spitting. The singing and dancing were all over; and after listening for a while to some sorry buffoonery of a farce, we went out. The entertainments were about on a par with those to be found at a penny gaff in England; but the price of admission to the pit was fifty cents, or two shillings; and there were notices about stating that "all drinks" were "ten cents," or fivepence each. I mention this merely to give you an idea of the plethora of money which obtains here, and the sums which even common soldiers and day labourers are enabled to squander.

We went to see the tiger fought, and fought him with some loose dollars ourselves, just to pay our footing in the menagerie, and have a decent excuse for putting in an appearance at feeding time. The proprietor of the tiger very generously entertains his visitors with a handsome supper. Whether you fight him, or whether you don't, you are free to sit down at a well-spread table and eat your fill.

There was plenty of champagne, and sherry, and claret, and a buffet set out with liqueurs and cigars, and nothing to pay. The tiger was the most hospitable of beasts, and the proprietor is one of the most respectable-looking gentlemen in Washington, much better dressed than a representative, and much cleaner than the ordinary run of senators. He has acquired a handsome fortune, sends his sons to college, and will die, I have no doubt, universally respected. The tiger he keeps is a common gaming-house. There are plenty of these hells, handsome, well-lighted, glistening with plate and drapery, with rich viands and generous wines, in Washington. The games played are roulette and faro. Whether they are played on the "square" or on the "cross" I do not undertake to determine; but, as a rule, if you play you lose. I have had many a tussle with the tiger at Homburg, and Baden, and Spa, and Monaco, and elsewhere, and the brindled brute did me but little harm. I think I had more than the worth of the few greenbacks I parted with in boned turkey, ham, chicken salad, and Veuve Cliquot, and I bear the tiger and his proprietor no malice.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEVENTH OF MAY.

This is the Eve of the Deluge. Stay! In that old time when the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and it repented the Lord and grieved Him to the heart that He had made him—when violence and corruption were so rife that the Creator became the Destroyer—there were a few just men who had warning of the impending catastrophe, and had time to set their houses in order before the flood. Is there any Noah in this country? Has to any mind the imminent deluge been providentially foreshadowed? Are any ready for the crash? Where is the ark of Gopher wood, pitched without and within? Where is the window of the ark, to give egress to the dove? Is a Covenant made with any one to shield him from the great destruction hanging over those that breathe the breath of life?

This is the Eve of the Deluge. Stay, once again! The poets and the painters, in fond imaginings, have striven to realise what was the state of humanity when, for the last time before the floodgates were opened, a happy, peaceful, sunset beamed upon the doomed world. There had never been seen so fine an evening—never, since it was always sunshine, and the First Man and Woman walked together in

innocence. Never so brightly had the flowers glowed, never so cheerily the green boughs waved, never so softly the rivulets murmured, never so joyously the brave birds sung. A smiling, blissful calm reigned all around. Little knew those who were violent and corrupt and perverse that the crimson in the sky meant, not the promise of a beautiful morrow, but the menace of a universal anger that was not to be appeased for forty days and forty nights. So they drank and were merry, and toyed with their wantons, and jested with their buffoons, and hoarded gold, and spoiled their neighbours, till the black, roaring, rushing cataract of water came and swallowed them all up—all save the just man and his children who were riding safely in the ark that was pitched without and within.

This is the Seventh of May, and the Grand Army of the Potomac, commanded by Lieutenant-General Grant, has begun its march to Richmond.

It may be meet, in a conjuncture whose recurrence is scarcely to be expected, that there should be placed on record the condition and aspect of the great metropolis of North America during a crisis more momentous than had ever been known in her annals, and while an issue as tremendous as any of which ancient or modern history can furnish an example was in course of decision. I shall, therefore, endeavour to set forth a view of the state and feeling of New York society while civil war ravaged her most fruitful States, and while the armies of the Republic, swayed to and fro in a doubtful contest, were agonising in the Wilderness. I may have to cumber the foreground of the

picture with details which will appear petty and frivolous when compared with the colossal sweep of the heroic vista. Yet such minutiæ may, in time, be not without a kind of value. They will be swept away to clear the stage and give unimpeded scope to a drama of grander deeds; still, they may be examined before they are discarded; and as he who has told the great Story of England did not disdain, in the pursuit of his studies, to consult sorry chap-books, and scurrilous broadsides, and bills of mortality out of date, so he who has genius and capacity sufficient to chronicle in the time to come this civil war, may eliminate from the jungle and creepers of this narrative some healthier flower, some robuster plant—may mould that which is ephemeral in form and flimsy in execution into gravity and substance. The chemist distils his perfumes and extracts his rich hues from the vilest of refuse; and the Historian may hereafter sum up, in a few terse and pregnant sentences, all that is worthy of preservation in the garrulous and frothy verbiage of the Reporter.

Luxury was never more rampant than now. Never did Extravagance hold up her painted face more shamelessly, or flaunt her diamonds and laces with a more defiant mien. I sat at a parlour window high up on Fifth Avenue on the last Sunday before the Seventh of May, and for an hour and a half watched one long procession of ladies, gentlemen, and children—nine-tenths of their number splendidly attired—file by. Both sides of the road were alike; both had their continuous throng of beaux and belles. Splendid is the only word by which the costume in vogue can be expressed. If the men are by their sex debarred from

wearing brocaded silks and lace mantles, and camels'-hair shawls worth a thousand dollars a-piece; if they cannot brave the sun in hundred-dollar bonnets, and in necklaces and armlets, and "round tires like the moon," as did those women against whom Isaiah prophesied, at least they can appear in velvet coats and varnished boots, with gold chains flying all abroad, or winding like many-coiled serpents round their bodies—with rings, and breast-pins, and studs, and sleeve-buttons of price. The looms of Lyons seem to have been exhausted in furnishing bright-coloured scarfs for the New York dandies. Primrose, and pink, and pea-green, and cream-coloured kid gloves meet the eye at every turn. Shoddy wears its sapphire, or its diamond, or its signet ring outside its glove; and Shoddy, I have little doubt, regrets that the mode has not yet sanctioned a fringe of pearls to the hat, or a golden stripe down each leg of the pantaloons. The ladies however, amply compensate for the slight restrictions suffered by the ruder sex in the way of gorgeous fabrics and resplendent jewellery. When a man thinks of the modest frocks his wife wears at home, and of the innocent artifices and diplomatic caresses to which even the wealthy English spouse has occasion to resort whenever she wants more than two new bonnets in a fortnight, he might sit dumb and amazed, as I did, at the hundreds upon hundreds of towering structures in wire, gauze, artificial flowers, and lace that came marching on in Fifth Avenue. The greater part of these bonnets were white. It is true that there is little coal-smoke here—no blacks and no fogs to defile the atmosphere; still, I have never heard that white bonnets would wash, and

I can scarcely conceive the probability of their being worn more than half-a-dozen times. Nor, I suppose, do they dye. Unless they are made of paper, I am puzzled to find out how so many ladies can afford to wear them. The ladies, however, will not even condescend to make, or to repair their own headgear. Even as the French cook boasted that, with a proper supply of sauces and *carte blanche* in the way of mushrooms, he would undertake to confect two *salmis*, a *fricandeau*, and any number of *fricassées* out of a pair of leather breeches, so have I heard of English ladies—fashionable ladies, too—who from old and seemingly worthless materials would furbish up a whole arsenal of bran-new bonnets, wreaths, and caps. Ribbons, *tulle*, Maltese lace, and artificial flowers are potent engines in the hands of an ingenious and tasteful female. But the New York ladies would scorn to put their talents to such a purpose. One graceful dame I certainly did see lately occupied in the manufacture of a new riding-habit; but she had been resident for a long period in Europe; and she explained to me that she had merely cut out, and was "basting," the Amazonian garment prior to its completion by her "sewing-woman." She was fastidious in the fit of her habits; and as equitation for ladies is comparatively a new art in the North, the New York tailors have not yet quite "gotten the hang," or become *au fait* at making them with the required symmetry. Besides, if you bear in mind the fact that a man's morning coat costs just at present fifty dollars, you may form an idea of how much a many-yarded broadcloth riding-habit would be likely to come to. For the rest, the majority of the New

York ladies seem perfectly indifferent as to how much their clothes cost. Is not the name of Fessenden still mighty? Is not Shoddy still a power in the State? Jove has come down to Danaë in a shower of greenbacks, and there seems no end to the deluge. Let the pinched and pauperised daughters of Albion trim up their spring bonnets for summer wear, devise their own ball-dresses, or have them made up at home by a modest little dressmaker who comes for her meals and eighteenpence a day, or one and ninepence when she stops late. Let the effete children of a bankrupt aristocracy—this people, who owe more than they can remember, and are secretly chuckling over the grand "recuperative" smash they intend making when the war is over, are always talking about our bankruptcy—wear cotton dresses in the morning, and coloured stockings for cheapness. I have heard of an earl's daughter—to be sure, she was one of seven—who was allowed by her noble papa but forty pounds a year for her toilette, and she was passing rich even at that. Forty pounds! In greenback currency, even, and with gold at 186, it would not suffice a New York belle for a single week's dressing at Saratoga Springs. The *New York Herald* recently published a "bill of particulars," furnished by a fashionable *modiste* to an *élégante* of the Flora M'Flimsy species, which "footed up" to the enormous total of three hundred and forty dollars. The stuff for the dress itself, which was but of grenadine, did not come to a third of the money; it was the "extras" that did the mischief—the *ruches*, the *bouffantes*, the lace, the innumerable yards of "insertion," the "shields," the taffetas lining, the "sundries."

The city is full of harpies from the Rue du Bac and the Chaussée d'Antin—shrivelled, snuffy, toothless, old French milliners and dressmakers, "played out" in their own country, who have taken ship at Havre, and crossed the Atlantic to prey upon the credulous and prodigal daughters of the West. You shall rarely walk ten yards along Broadway, in its "up-town" section, or turn into one of the streets branching from it into Fifth Avenue, without coming on a glass case full of French bonnets—without seeing those emblems of riotous luxury, perched on stands, in the parlour windows of private houses—or without being made aware, through the medium of a flaunting show-board, in French, that Madame Harpagon de la Cruchecassée, or Mademoiselle Sangsue, or Frédégonde, Athalie, Jézébel et Compagnie, *Modistes de Paris*, dwell on the first or the second floor. *Hic habitat infelicitas.* Beware of Harpagon, she will skin you alive. Avoid Sangsue, she will suck the life-blood from you. But the belles of New York will not beware of, will not avoid, these snares. Where are the days when the comely young vraws of New Amsterdam were content with linsey-woolsey petticoats? In the place of Wolfert Webber's plump and decorous daughters, and Dolph Heyliger's blooming and buxom bride, we have Aholibah, clad in Tyrian purple, bangled and braided and bepainted, and looking with longing eyes on those desirable young men, the Assyrians—I mean the New York dandies—as they skim by in their trotting waggons. Do you know the story of Chrysal? He was a Persian prince, I think, and was bidden to the wedding of Jupiter and Juno. He came bravely attended, rich in sparkling

attire, in gay robes, with a majestical presence, but otherwise an Ass. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place; but Jupiter, perceiving what he was, a light, fantastic, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies; and so they continue roving about in pied coats, and are called Chrysalides by the wiser sort of men—that is, golden outsides, drones, painted flies, and things of no worth. It is not generally known that King Chrysal begat ten thousand daughters, and they all flew over to the island of Manhattan and settled in Fifth Avenue, whence they are called the Upper Ten Thousand. They are continually marrying, and the Chrysalis family is consequently alarmingly on the increase. What do you think of a daughter of Chrysal who flutters down at the watering-place of Newport with a box containing nine dresses and nine bonnets? She stops nine days, just long enough to wear a new dress and a new bonnet every day. Then she moves to Saratoga—nine more dresses and nine more bonnets. Then she flies to Niagara—the nine again. And then she comes back to New York for more dresses and more bonnets. By the way, they call a lady's dress here a "robe," and a bonnet a "hat." It is more Parisian; it sounds dearer. Finally, what do you think of a lady who gives a ball, and appears with a *coronal of diamonds lit up with jets of gas!* Upon my word, fellow-countrymen, this thing was done the other night in New York city. Where was the reservoir? In her hoop-skirt, I presume, and an elastic pipe must have passed through one of her "Niagaras" or "cataract curls"—the name given to

the shower of true or false ringlets the ladies are in the habit of wearing at the back of their heads. Under Providence, the gas-lit lady didn't blow up; and after astonishing the company for a few minutes with her incandescent headdress, she suffered herself to be turned off. It has come to this! When Madame Tallien appeared at a ball in a costume so diaphanous that an anonymous admirer, thinking she intended to impersonate Eve, sent her the next morning a fig-leaf, it was thought much; when a proud English Duchess powdered her hair with gold, it was deemed that the apogee of extravagance in dress had been reached; but a diadem of carburetted hydrogen! a wreath of blazes! Of "whisky in the hair," as a complaint suffered in the morning by gentlemen who have taken too much Bourbon overnight, I have certainly heard, but never until now of gas in the hair.

And is there no luxury in England, Mr. Censor? Is the brazen idol with the feet of clay unworshipped in London? Do needlewomen never die of fatigue, that ladies may have their trains ready for the Drawing-room? Are no extravagant milliners' bills run up in Belgravia and Tyburnia? Does it take three yards, or thirty, to make a dress for an English belle? Are the stalls of the opera big enough to hold their hooped occupants? Does Materfamilias, does Filiafamilias, never wear false hair? Is there no more rouge? Is there no more wheat wasted to make into violet powder? Are bismuth and ceruse no longer to be found in the import tariff? Have point-lace parasols, *moires* and *glaces*, grenadine and China crapes, gone out? Have home-

spun and grogram, sarcenet and bombazine, come in again? Are foolish Englishwomen no longer charged two hundred pounds for being made "beautiful for ever?" Are there no extortionate French *modistes* in the metropolis of the world? Aye, truly there are; and protests without number have been made, and leading articles without end written, on the sinful luxury and extravagance of English ladies, and the woes of sempstresses and the enormities of crinoline. But at least we can afford it. At least, we are paying our way in solid pieces of English gold, with Queen Victoria's bonny face on the obverse. At least, we are not on the brink of bankruptcy. At least, we have not run up an additional debt of three thousand millions of dollars in three years. At least, the entrails of our beloved country are not lacerated by a bloody, a wicked, and a useless civil war. At least, while our women are flaunting—bless their dear hearts!—in their flounces and their furbelows, our liberties are not being one by one wrenched from us, our press manacled, our speech gagged, and the stranger that is within our gates kidnapped in his bed, and given up to the Spaniard. At least, the fattest and most fertile of our provinces are not being drenched with the blood of our brethren. At least, no wounded men limp in our streets, no railway trains are freighted with the corpses of the slain in battle, no "embalmers of the dead" fill the journals with advertisements of their hideous vocation. At least, when we are at war, even in our remotest confines, we abstain from rejoicing and revelry. When bread was half-a-crown a loaf, in old King George's wars against Boney, the respectable classes of

England, almost to a family, signed a pledge to eat no pies nor puddings till flour grew cheaper. There was never a blacker, mournfuller time in England than during the Indian mutiny; and there never was known so dull and melancholy a Derby day as that which occurred during the second year of the Crimean war. Remembering those brave hearts far away, fagging in the trenches or rushing to the assault, we could not, somehow, kick up our heels.

But Luxury — crazy and overweening Luxury on the Seventh of May and the Eve of the Deluge, is reckoned by Americans to be among the *Cosas de España;* and if a foreigner complain thereof he is impertinent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ANTI-SILK DRESS MOVEMENT.

"WHAT right have you to grumble at any turn things have taken?" said an American friend to me one night. "*Why, you Englishmen are living like fighting cocks on your Exchange.*" Are we? Wait a little. It is very true that for a hundred pounds sterling I received in July over nine hundred dollars; but, *per contra*, I found out how Exchange can sell against the foreigner as well as in his favour. When I left the city of Mexico, whither, for prudential reasons, I carried as little ready money as I did *not* desire to be robbed of on the way, I drew for travelling expenses a bill on New York for two hundred and fifty *pesos de oro*:—gold. I found on my return that my bankers had debited me with four hundred and forty-seven dollars in currency in exchange for my two hundred and fifty draft in gold. When I went to Havana it cost me nearly a thousand dollars to get six hundred dollars' worth of gold doubloons; and when I returned from Cuba to New York I had to pay sixty dollars, or twelve pounds sterling in gold, for my passage by the steamer, when I could have come from New Orleans, two days further off, for seventy dollars in greenbacks, or about seven pounds. It is quite true that when

you receive a remittance from England, and change it into United States currency, you feel for about half-an-hour as though you were in the possession of fabulous wealth. You give the waiter at Delmonico's a dollar, and think nothing of paying five-and-twenty cents to have your boots blacked. But there comes, very speedily, a change over the spirit of your dream. When you discover that a drive in a barouche in the Central Park costs you six dollars; that the boot-maker has sent in his little bill mulcting you in six-and-twenty dollars for two pairs of "superior calf with elastic sides;" that a lady's bonnet of the very plainest and modestest description is considered cheap at twenty dollars; that the tailor wants from sixty to seventy for a frock-coat; that a pint bottle of Allsopp is fifty cents; a plate of lobster salad and half a bottle of chablis four dollars; and almost every other article of consumption at an equally ruinous tariff, your fabulous riches shrink to a pauper's stipend, and you feel very much as though the United States currency, into which your brave English sterling had been changed, were on a par—if greenbacks could ever know such a thing as par—with the dry leaves into which the magician in the Arabian tale turned the sequins and bezants. A natural rejoinder to this complaint would be: "Economise. Don't drive in barouches. Dispense with lobster salad and chablis. Turn your back upon bonnets. Wear out your old clothes, or have them sent to you from England." Yes, it *is* practicable to economise. It is possible to live in a fifth-rate hotel, at two dollars and a half a day,

where you will have a bed-room not much bigger, and certainly not so comfortable, as a cell in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island; where you will be nauseated by perpetual Niagaras of tobacco-juice, and be fed, at stated hours, very much after the fashion of a wild beast. It is feasible to reside in a cheap boarding-house—where you will be rung up in the morning by an infernal gong; where the "help," if you do not rise at eight A.M., will clatter at your door and "guess" that you "oughtenter lie a bed all day;" where you will live like a pig and be surrounded by accomplished Chesterfields, who, when they are not drinking or smoking, are chewing coffee-berries to render the odour of their morning and afternoon's liquoring-up imperceptible to the ladies at table. You may secure any amount of luxury, refinement, and good breeding in this colossal metropolis. You may eat like Lucullus and drink intellectually as Phocylides counselled, but you must pay for your polish about five hundred per cent. more than you would be charged in any capital of the old world. But live cheaply, and you will find your acquaintances surmising that you have come to grief, or that you are a "mean cuss" anyhow. How many barristers, artists, men of letters do you know in London who have been forced to live on a guinea a week—not in sequestered village nooks and corners, but in the very heart of the enormous city—and have still contrived to keep up the mien and status of gentlemen? How many future Equity Judges and Q.C.'s are content to dine for a shilling or eighteenpence on a chop or a "point

steak" at the "Cheshire Cheese." But you can't do this at New York without being "counted out" of decent society. Dine at Bang's, and you are socially a ruined man. I should like to know what could be done with five, or ten, or even fifteen dollars a week here. I have heard that "one fishball" is to be had for twelve and a half cents at Sunday cheap restaurants; but nature cannot be wholly sustained on fishballs. Continual ichthyophagy leads to raving madness.*

Yes; and you may procure your clothes from England—a wise precaution it would appear, when for a shooting suit of shrunken tweed, such as you would give three pounds ten for at home, a Broadway tailor will demand from eighty to one hundred dollars. I tried that little device in the course of the summer. I wrote home for some summer trousers and waistcoats, and in due time there arrived for me, per "City of

* One of the drollest songs I ever heard—a college chaunt I believe, of which the authorship is ascribed to a famous professor—is on the subject of "Fishballs," little spheres of stale fish and potatoes mashed up and nicely browned. I never heard it but once, and cannot remember it sufficiently to quote one entire verse; but it turns on the adventures of a poverty-stricken wight desperately hungry, who after exploring the pockets of his vest and pants discovers that his whole stock of ready money amounts to twelve and a half cents. So he enters a restaurant and orders "one fishball"—the surrounding guests looking at him with astonishment and disdain. He ventures to ask the attendant for a piece of bread, whereupon:—

> The waiter roars it through the hall:—
> "We don't give bread with one fishball."

He retires, having swallowed his ball, breadless, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. The moral to this simple ballad is very quaint:—

> Who would fishballs with "fixings" eat,
> Must get some friend to stand him treat;
> Who would eat bread with one fishball,
> Must get it first or not at all.

Manchester" steamer, a symmetrical packing-case containing the desired garments, the value of which the London tailor had appraised at nineteen pounds sterling. I had to clear these clothes through the custom house. Woe is me! In addition to dock dues, commision, carriage, and brokerage, I had to pay *sixty-one dollars, or twelve pounds four shillings and twopence* to the revenue of the United States. There is a duty of thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* on imported wearing apparel, with fifty per cent. additional imposed through the agency of the blessed Mr. Morrill, and those duties are payable in gold. I was mulct in this aggravated impost, and how devoutly did I wish that the " City of Manchester" had comfortably gone to the bottom of New York harbour after her passengers had landed, but before her cargo was unladen! At least I should have received nineteen pounds insurance.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the astute retail shopkeepers have made their market, and a pretty profitable one, out of the fifty per cent. additional, for which we are indebted to the beneficent Morrill. They began by clapping on the extra duty to their back stock, on which they had paid the old duties. Gloves, scarves, and silk dresses, which had lain in their stores for six months, became the importations of yesterday. A wonderfully 'cute race are these retail shopkeepers! No wonder that they build marble stores up town and down town, and end by purchasing houses in Fifth Avenue, and rivalling Shoddy itself in the splendour of their equipages, and the sumptu-

ousness of their furniture. They were a little flustered later in the year by the Ladies' Anti-extravagance-in-dress Movement, but they speedily recovered themselves. This movement was a mere bag of wind, and the cry of the retail traders continued to be, "Charge, Chester, charge!" The "Anti-extravagance-in-dress Movement" began before I had returned from Mexico. It sprouted up first in Washington, and was spitefully declared to have been initiated by some fashionable dames of the District of Columbia, who were jealous of the gay doings which they heard had taken place at the Sanitary Fair at New York in the spring, their own fair, held during the previous winter, not having been brilliantly successful. The sapling was transplanted to New York; there was a grand public meeting of petticoat-reformers; many gushing speeches were delivered; a committee was appointed, and a form of subscription was drawn up, in which the ladies pledged themselves to abstain during the continuance of the war from the use of any imported luxuries in attire. In this proposed pledge there was the usual mingling of pseudo-patriotism with irrational hatred towards England and France, the great exporting countries of Europe. To abstain from French laces and gros de Naples, and from English linens and muslins, was thought to be a means of wounding and irritating the detested foreigner. The New York ladies professed to be desirous of emulating the patriotism of the women of New England who, in 1776, bound themselves by solemn engagement to wear and to consume no articles of British manufactures

until their independence should be attained. The New England ladies had then a definite object in view, and they achieved it nobly. John Bull was really "exercised" in his pocket through the refusal of the Pilgrim mothers and daughters to take his wares. One can understand, too, the feelings by which the ladies of Moscow and St. Petersburg were actuated when, during the Crimean war, they pledged themselves to wear no French or British fabrics. In the first place, they were really desirous to do us an ill-turn; in the second, they couldn't get any new dresses or bonnets from Western Europe, except through Prussia; and in the third, the French milliners and the proprietors of the "Anglisky Magazin" in St. Petersburg charged such prodigious prices for foreign goods so long as the war lasted that even the prodigal Muscovites quailed before the enormity of the imposition. The intention of the New York ladies was by no means so clear; nor, while they inveighed against the sins of moires and lace shawls, did they propose to abandon their carriages, their horses, their English saddlery, their French pictures, vases, statuettes, and other nicknacks. The Government must have regarded this agitation with a half scowl and a half grin. To them it could matter very little how much gold belonging to private individuals went out of the United States to pay European dealers for their merchandise. They knew very well that *they* would not get any of the gold; and, again, it seemed to be the business just then of the U. S. Government to impoverish rather than enrich the country. On the other hand, the agitation was

a thing to be officially discountenanced, seeing that for every bale of goods the less that entered the port of New York, so many hundred dollars in gold the less would be poured into the depleted coffers of Mr. Hiram Barney. The Treasury wanted and wants still every cent that it can beg, borrow, or scrape together. It has very heavy interest in gold to pay on a portion of its debt; and it cannot afford to lose even a modicum of its import revenues. So the journals of the administration began gently to sprinkle cold water on the Anti-extravagance-in-dress Movement. Some names, not very distinguished for loyalty, were picked out of the list of patronesses; and the hired Sir Benjamin Backbites of politics were instructed to hint that the whole affair had a "Copperhead" look. This was worse than disaster; it approached catastrophe. If you had a diamond ring worth fifty thousand dollars, and it became stigmatised as "Copperhead," you had best fling it into the East River, and have done with it at once. The Ladies' Movement did not come to much. At their meeting at the Cooper Institute they squabbled fiercely, and all but fought. The original pledge was garbled and cut and carved, until it had lost nearly the whole of its original semblance; and the last and lamest compromise to which the ladies were asked to agree was one in which it was suggested that they should use no more foreign manufactures than was "convenient." There was a large dissentient party who protested that the compromisers had laid in a sufficient stock of Lyons and Spitalfields dresses to last them all the summer, and, con-

sequently, did not want to buy any more; while another section of the auditory contented themselves with making a noise, and were rather roughly called to order by the police officers in attendance. These malcontents were, of course, branded by the press next morning as foreign emissaries, interested milliners and haberdashers, and traitors generally. Still the milliners and haberdashers had the best of the fight. Inordinately fine dress is to the American woman as the air she breathes. If she have it not she dies. This is the only country in the world, I should think, where newly-married couples are content to live in hotels, until from the earnings of the husband the wife has acquired that which she deems to be a sufficiency of dresses, laces, and jewels. After that they may begin to think about housekeeping. The wardrobe and jewel-box first, and then the chairs, tables, pots, and pans.

Had Herr Goethe's Mephistopheles, moreover, been present at the debates of this charming caucus, held at the Institute founded by Mr. Peter Cooper, he might have grinned to see that the ladies who were to pledge themselves to refrain from extravagance in dress came down to the meeting arrayed in tremendous *moires, glacés, reps*, and velvets, in hundred-dollar bonnets, and thousand-dollar cashmere shawls,—in cashmere and lace mantles, and shawls of China crape and Spanish lace. A long row of splendid carriages, with servants in livery, stretched from the Cooper Institute almost as far as Fourth Avenue on the one side and Sixth Avenue on the other. You might have imagined

that the venue of the Academy of Music on Saturday *matinées* had been changed. But what, after all, was all this but human nature? Turn to the Blue Books of the Children's Employment Commission; and you will find it gravely stated in evidence that an English lady once gave a dressmaker, late at night, an order for a Zouave jacket, which was to be most elaborately trimmed, and which she insisted must be sent home before two o'clock the next day, *as at that hour she had to attend a meeting of the Early Closing Association!* One is reminded of the story of the Quaker grocer and his apprentice. "Samuel, hast thee sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Hast thee put the burnt beans into the coffee?" "Yes, sir." "*Then thee can come to prayers.*"

The Ladies' "Patriotic Association," as the modified committee has been named, is in existence, and continues, I am assured, to receive letters of inquiry and sympathy; but the women dress as extravagantly as ever, and pay quite as much for their finery as they did before. A strange and laughable incident in the story of the movement is, that when the first public meeting was held in New York a variety of articles of American design and fabric were exhibited by patriotic manufacturers, all of which, of course, were to be had at a much cheaper rate than foreign goods. But you can't get any of these home-made manufactures now, at least in Broadway. The shopkeepers always happen to be out of the thing of domestic confection asked for; or if the lady purchaser insists on patronising American in-

dustry, she is conducted to a dark corner of the store, and some odds and ends of frippery, coarse in material and hideous in design, are contemptuously exhibited. Some shopkeepers put the ladies to the blush by sarcastic remarks that "*their* customers are not in the habit of asking for such wares;" but they all have for sale foreign goods, at foreign prices, *plus* American duties. Not I, but one of the most respectable of the daily organs of publicity, must be held responsible for the statement that vast quantities of these so-called French and English goods are in reality from the looms of New England and New Jersey, and are thus, by means of forged trade-marks, impudently palmed on the American public as imported articles.

Agitation against extravagance in dress had been occasionally heard of in New York before the breaking out of the Civil War. At one time, I am told, "Calico Balls" were fashionable. Do you know the nature of a calico ball? The ladies who are to attend it agree to wear only calico dresses; the colour, the design, *and the trimmings* being left to the discretion of the wearer. After a few weeks of the calico movement, it was found that the New York milliners were charging rather more for cotton dresses full trimmed than they had hitherto asked for silks and satins. Then the movement was modified. The ladies came in calico dresses, like so many Molly Moggs, and wore them until twelve o'clock; but at midnight the reverse of the transformation scene in Cinderella took

place. The cotton-clad belles tripped into their disrobing power, whisked off their calico frocks, and re-appeared in dresses of the most expensive materials, and blazing with jewels.

In the South, during the Civil War, a kindred institution to the calico balls, but a more sincere one, has obtained. Of the "Starvation Parties" you have heard,—the *réunions*, where you might dance, sing, gossip, play cards, charades, forfeits, and flirt, but where you got neither a bite nor a sup. The grand entertainments, however, were the "Homespun Balls," at which the ladies of Dixie wore only dresses of coarse homespun of their own weaving. If it be anything like the Canadian homespun of which a worthy friend at Montreal gave me a "kinder bale," of which I intend to have many morning suits made in humble emulation of Lord Brougham, who for thirty-five years has been enabled to procure an unfailing supply of shepherds' plaid trousers from a bale his Yorkshire admirers gave him out of the Bradford Cloth Hall, "a' 'oo"—(all wool),—if the homespun of Secessia be anything like this, it must make a somewhat thick but very comfortable dress. I have seen in a Southern newspaper a song on this particular fabric, to be sung to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and of which I can only remember one verse:—

I am a Southern girl, I know—
I glory in the name;
I would not change my humble lot
For fortune and great fame.

I envy not the Yankee girl
Her silks and satins rare;
Tho' d'imonds deck her painted neck,
And curls her false back hair.
Huzza! huzza! for the sunny South. Huzza!
And three times three for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear.

In the first newspaper—it was a down-east one—I ever opened in this country I remember a leading article beginning, "The fiendish machinations of the ruthless speculators who have forestalled the cranberry crop at Cape Cod will, we trust, be disappointed." I was very much disturbed by this article. What manner of misdeed was it, I wondered, this forestalling of a cranberry crop? I was haunted by visions of the machinating fiends of Cape Cod. But within these last six months I have heard and seen a great deal more about forestalling and regrating. These are offences, I believe, punishable in England at common law; but I never knew of a prosecution being instituted against the "higglers" who go round and buy up the geese from the farmers' wives with a view to forestall the Michaelmas market. The French Jacobins, during the Reign of Terror, did their best to prevent forestalling by summarily guillotining all the *accapareurs* of grain on whom they could lay hands, or who were denounced to them as such. The various gold bills, either abortively introduced into the United States Legislature, or at best feebly carried through the Chambers, are not likely, I think, to reduce the profits of the forestallers of specie, or to put a bridle on speculations in gold. That the spirit of gambling and the lust of

gain have a great deal to do with the preposterous price which gold has since attained cannot be denied. Even those who do not venture into the gold market bet their private "pile" on the figure it is likely to touch by a certain day, and there have been quite as many wagers depending on gold touching two hundred by the 1st of July as on Grant's capturing Richmond by the 1st of August.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCOURSE ON AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.

THERE were a great many things to be done by the writer during his sojourn in New York. Among other things, many of which I cannot set down here, I made acquaintance with the police force of the Empire City. In fact, few evenings passed without there being work cut out for me; frequently much more than I could easily accomplish. There was always enough, and often a surplusage. To post five or six columns of matter, more or less readable, every week to a daily newspaper in England; to keep a tolerably minute diary; to make from time to time a desperate attempt to huddle together an additional chapter for a novel I was writing in a London periodical; to take an occasional turn at the crank of hard study in the shape of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," or Mr. Kennedy on the "United States Census," in order to master some dim notion of the bearings and capacity of this extraordinary country; to swallow the daily pabulum of telegrams, editorial money articles, and "personal" advertisements in the American newspapers; to post myself up in European history, by means of the files of the London Press; and to devote what few moments of leisure I had to the completion

of that epic, or that five-act tragedy, or that critical essay on the connection between the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Signs of the Zodiac, and the Banishment of Ovid, which most persons of my craft are always writing, or trying to write, or supposed to write—cultivating the *magnum opus* in darkness and secresy as mustard and cress is grown in a cellar—all these were trifling occupations, easy as lying, in comparison with the dire drudgery, which was for twelve months my lot, which devolves on a stranger who arrives in America well supplied with letters of introduction. Be good enough to bear in mind that, unless you happen to be a prince of the blood, a Japanese ambassador, a Russian admiral, or an Irish Ribbonman, the tourist in America incurs little danger of being lionised. Had I made my appearance as a literary lion instead of the hard-working correspondent of a newspaper, the Americans would not have given five cents to hear me roar. I certainly received one invitation to a soiree of the Philo-something Society, my hosts being under the erroneous impression that I was a distinguished writer on geology; but the vast majority of the kindnesses I experienced were bestowed on me without the slightest reference to my connection with the republic of letters; and I am persuaded that, had I been interested in dry goods or concerned for a preserved meat firm, or had I established any commercial *liaison* with iron, or cotton, or guano, or india-rubber shoes, I should have enjoyed, thanks to my letters of recommendation, quite as much courtesy, and quite as much consideration.

The Americans have, in fact, seen enough and to spare of the literary lion, who, after shaking his mane for awhile in

their houses, proceeds to fall upon and eat them up, with a view to the reproduction of the meal, in a digested form, in post octavo. The Wise Man wished that his enemy might write a book; but it is through writing books that the Englishman becomes the American's enemy. They loathe us because we *will* take notes and print them. They have come to look upon the lion with mistrust, not unmingled with aversion. If truth may be hinted, the lion has occasionally treated his entertainers not quite handsomely. If you go to a ball at a lady's house, it is not pretty to speak afterwards of the decorations of her saloon as "pinchbeck," to question the genuineness of her diamonds, to sneer at her pictures, and to hint that she herself is painted. Some lions have done this.

Then, again, when you are asked, as a lion, to dinner, it is unleonine, if not unmannered, in the subsequent post octavo to object to the coldness of the *entrées* and the heat of the sherry, winding up by a denunciation of the claret as vinegar, and the coffee as chicory. Some lions have done this; and the Americans have been enraged accordingly. They have grown familiar with lions, and have lost their illusions. The shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks. Jeff Davis' black coachman declared that his "Mas'r were of no account;" and I doubt if Mr. Lincoln be a hero to his *valet de chambre*—if he have one. On the other hand, the lions, with some show of reason, plead that the eleemosynary banquets so liberally provided for them should not bind them to utter nothing but fervent eulogiums on the American people. "Shall I sell my buthrite fur a mess of potash?" asks Mr. Artemus Ward. Are you to

fool twenty-two millions of people to the top of their bent because you have had two dollars and a half's worth of meat and drink for nothing? "Confound their dinners, their balls, their *soirées*, and their conversaziones," the baited foreigner, whose business it is to write, sometimes feels inclined to exclaim; "it is cheaper, in the long run, to live at the Brevoort House, where a thin slice of game-pie costs half-a-crown sterling. I won't have any more of their hospitality if it is to be paid for in puffs." A sage resolve; but to carry it out you must either refrain from bringing any letters with you, or allow them to moulder away, undelivered; and that would be rude. Don't run away with the notion that in America chance acquaintances are easily made.

The extreme taciturnity of the working-classes I have dwelt upon over and over again. In the cars, or on board steamboats, it is a matter of the extremest rarity for a stranger to speak to you; and, if you speak to him, quite as rarely does he deign to give you a civil answer. You may live for weeks in an hotel without exchanging a word with anyone, save the waiters and the clerks. At the *table d'hôte* there is little miscellaneous conversation. If your neighbour, or your next neighbour but one, requires the salt-cellar, or the saucer of cold slaugh, or the crystal vase of celery, he extends his arm, points a grisly finger towards the desiderated dish, and in a sepulchral tone utters the monosyllable "say"—meaning, "Give me that." He generally omits to say "Thank you" when you have handed him what he wants. Thanks, the silly old European adage has it, cost nothing; but in the

States they are dearer than diamonds. Our cousins seem to fear that a mere conventional expression of gratitude might be construed into a confession of inferiority on their part; and it is this constant, carking dread of seeming small in the eyes of a stranger which is at the bottom of the apparent rudeness and churlishness of the kindest and most obliging people in the world. Had you been properly introduced to the man who points the grisly finger and mutters "say," he would thank you twenty times over for the most trifling service you rendered him; and if *you* wanted anything, would give you salt, celery, and cold slaugh enow—aye, and "green seal" and "smoked" Madeira to wash it down—to last you a life-time.

In the smoking-rooms of the hotels you pick up no chatty citizens of the world—and what delightful cosmopolitan acquaintances have not most of us picked up in hotels, even in England, the so-called crusty and surly?

Once or twice I have tried the ladies' drawing-room in American caravansaries; but I have speedily grown frightened of that family vault handsomely carpeted, with corpses in crinoline, scattered about like the embalmed monks in the catacombs of Palermo. I have fled away dismayed. The truth is, that the extreme publicity of hotel life in America makes the respectable classes chary of talking to strangers. They will eat with you, drink with you, smoke with you, spit with you, read with you, and almost sleep with you—for you frequently have to share a steamboat state-room with a stranger, and once I have been asked whether I wanted a bed to myself or would "room" with a man I didn't know

from Adam—but they won't talk with you. You may be a "confidence man," *i.e.*, a swindler. You may have just obtained your exeat from the States-Prison; or, at this moment, alas! you may be a Secesh, a Copperhead, or a spy.

In this country, too, no distinctions of dress mark the different classes in society. The clergyman dresses like a layman, and the prisoner in the dock is often better attired than the judge on the bench. You don't know whether the person sitting next you is a Prime Minister or a Peter Funk auctioneer, a Methodist Bishop or a Mackerelville Bounty Broker, a member of Congress or Mr. Sludge the Medium.

A gentleman I know, who has a happy faculty for making friends under the most unpropitious circumstances, did contrive to patch up an acquaintance with a most affable, fluent, and well-informed person at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The affable person asked him to liquor, and subsequently handed him a card informing him that he was a chiropodist, and offering to extract his corns at the rate of a dollar apiece—no root, no cash. With shame, too, I must confess, that the only chance acquaintance I have made here—a whiskered bejewelled exquisite, whom I took to be a Brigadier-General or a Wall Street gold speculator at the very least, turned out, according to his own explanation, to be "interested in a dentifrice." He had a fifth share in a patent for making tooth-powder, and lived royally on the profits. Now do you comprehend the reluctance of Americans to foregather with people to whom they have not been introduced? You may be a highly respectable person; but, *per contra*, you may

be a croupier at a faro table, or a distinguished felon, just fugitive, with a cash-box in your carpet-bag, from Europe!

Produce, however, one of those magic envelopes containing a note of introduction, and the case is at once altered. The open sesame seldom fails. The bullet rarely misses the billet. Once let the Americans really know who and what you are, and they welcome you with open arms. Their houses, their horses, their carriages, their servants, are all at your disposal, not metaphorically, as the old Spaniards are said to offer them—the Hispano-Americans, so far as my experience of the Dons goes, not only offer, but give, and insist on your accepting—but actually and entirely. They will dine you, they will breakfast you, they will sup you, and when there is nothing legitimate in the way of eating and drinking going on, they will press you to swallow oysters as big as cheeseplates, and as sweet as sugar-candy. They will give you, if you allow them, a great deal more Champagne, Madeira, and other choice vintages, to say nothing of Scotch ale, and Bourbon whisky, than is good for you. If you urge you are a teetotaller, they will send you a dozen of Congress water or effervescing sarsaparilla. If you confess yourself a smoker, they will cram your pockets with Cabanas, or send you a box of Impériales almost as long and as strong as pokers. Admire an American author, and you will find his works, handsomely bound, on your table when you return home.

I happened to mention once that, intending to look in at the Havana on my way to New Orleans, I thought I

might as well get up a little Spanish. Forthwith a copy of Ollendorf's Spanish grammar was sent me. They will insist on paying your hackney coach, your omnibus, and ferry fare; and I positively believe that had I been mean enough to ask, I could have found dozens of friends, Black Republicans as well as Copperheads, who would have cheerfully paid my hotel bill when I departed. That which they do to strangers the Americans are not slow to do among themselves. A gentleman of mature years informed me lately that his uncle had sent him a thousand dollars as a new year's gift. They would give away their heads were those useful capitals to the spinal column loose, and had they not lost them in the year 1861. They are always making presents. Any person of good means, with a house of his own, is sure to have from six to a dozen nephews, nieces, and cousins staying with him for months at a time. I never knew such a people for having cousins, particularly female, and pretty. Ten to one, also, but you will find an adopted child in every other family.

When an American fails in business he is sure, if he be at all a decent kind of man, to find friends who will not only "loan," but *give* him money to start afresh. And, pray let me add, that it would be doing a cruel and shameful wrong to this people, to assume that their hospitality towards the strangers within their gates is dictated by a vulgar spirit of ostentation. That there are vulgarians, and "stuck-up," and ostentatious folks in the Union is clear enough. Are there not folks as vulgar, as "stuck up," and as ostentatious in all parts of the world? But their great heart in respect to the

sacred duty of hospitality is sound; and in the performance of that duty they beat the English, and the Irish, and the Russians—which is saying a great deal. In France, you know, you get little but sugar and water out of your friends, in Germany nothing but smoke, and in Italy there are some grand houses where you can only obtain supper by paying for it. In Spain you can procure nothing to eat, because, beyond eggs and chocolate and garlic, there is nothing to eat in Spain. But in the United States you may ruin your digestive organs free, gratis, and for nothing in a fortnight. If the oysters and the canvas-back ducks don't give you dyspepsia, the eternal ice-creams and candied sweetmeats will; and, when you fall sick, you will find plenty of kind friends to press Hostetter's and Drake's Plantation Bitters on your acceptance as curatives. All this is done in sheer, bounteous generosity and kindness of heart. Not a vapid tourist lands in New York—with letters always be it understood—not a guardsman runs down from Canada, not the members of the gunroom mess of a man-of-war come into port, but the floodgates of American hospitality are opened.

With all their real shrewdness and imputed cunning, the Americans are in many respects as frank, as simple, and as innocent as children. For that very reason they were to me for twelve months a mystery of mysteries, a *crux* I shall never get over, an unknown quantity I shall never ascertain, and a problem which I can never hope to solve.

One Thursday, then, in January, 1864, I was bidden, if I remember aright, to an artists' reception, to an "informal"

conversazione, to the "commencement" of a law-school, to a whist party up town, to a punch party down town, and to at least three dinners. Stay, I was also invited to the "Tiger Ball." The New York Tigers, or Light Guard, gave on that evening a sumptuous festival at the Academy of Music; and I regretted that I missed the opportunity of seeing "the lights shine on fair women and brave men." These gallant Tigers, otherwise New York State Militia, are warriors who wear the white Austrian uniform *plus* the epaulettes; and very jovial citizen soldiers they are—not mere carpet knights, but distinguished as having been among the earliest to volunteer in this monstrous war, on whose fatal fields they have left many a brave member of their corps. It used to be a sneer against them that "in peace they were invincible, in war invisible;" but experience has dissipated the sneer; and has not experience likewise demonstrated that a nation who were once content with a standing army of twelve thousand men, and thought even then that they had five thousand too many, could within four years put nearly a million of fighters into the field? Some of these days, perhaps, we English may also get over the delusion that we are "not a military nation,"—we who are always fighting with somebody or another, in some out-of-the-way corner of the world—and regulars and irregulars, black, white and brown, all counted, have more warriors in our pay than ever Darius or Xerxes had:—of course, we must not take for granted the mere paper statements of the Grecian and Persian adjutants-general.

But I did not go to the Tiger Ball. I let the informal conversazione "slide." I dined at home, enjoying a temporary

respite from the despotism of white cravats. White cravats! In New York you are expected to make your appearance at dinner in white kid gloves—perhaps the most abhorrent articles of attire I know, and the wearing of which by the man-sex has in Europe been generally exploded. I dined, and waited for an important rendezvous at which, at half after eight, I was due. I was to be introduced to the New York Police, and with them to see such low life as is to be found pullulatively in the lowest quarter of New York.

Half-past eight came; and, with two friends, I took coach to the head-quarters of the Department of the East. These head-quarters are situated, not at Constantinople, or at Calcutta, as you might perhaps infer from the Orientalism of their title, but in the more Low-Dutch sounding locality of Bleecker Street, which is a good way "up town," and off Broadway. At the head-quarters we found two gentlemen, who had politely promised to show us life. The Chief of Police had been communicated with, and an escort provided to watch over our safety while we saw it; for life in New York, as in other great cities, is not to be viewed late at night, without running a considerable risk of getting one's head broken. I was, therefore, thankful for the escort. I had taken the precaution of leaving my watch, and all my money but a few dollars in small change, with the clerk at the Brevoort; but there was little need, it turned out, for this foresight. The escort amply sufficed. It was likewise unnecessary to take a revolver. I dare say the escort carried adequate shooting for us all. We were introduced, first, to a very courteous aide-de-camp to General Dix, and then to the

Escort. The last was a host in himself. He was over six feet high. He was bony, brawny, and erect; and he had, perhaps, about the hardest-looking beard, the most adamantine countenance, and the steadiest eye I ever beheld. The escort was a captain of police—a rank corresponding with that of inspector with us. He had a plain great coat, buttoned up to his chin, over his uniform, and an oilskin cover drawn over his cap; but had he worn a smock-frock, or a doctor of divinity's cassock, he would not the less have looked, from top to toe, wholly and unmistakeably Scotland Yard, grafted on Rue de Jérusalem. He remarked, to begin with, in a dry, off-hand manner—the cordiality of one who has usually to deal with captives, and who is friendly because he is outside and you are in—when I asked him whether he was generally recognised by those he visited, that he was sometimes "taken for a naval man;" but later in the night he grew more confidential, and pointing to some of the poor painted creatures we saw at a dance-house, and who were eyeing him wistfully whispered, "Bless you, they've been so often through our hands that they know a police-officer by the very smell."

It may be useful to jot down a few remarks in regard to the constitution and *morale* of the police force in the Empire City. The organisation is a very powerful and a very efficient one. The different wards are watched over by a corps of two thousand two hundred constables or patrolmen. The system of "beats," of inspection, of reserves, and of general management is modelled upon ours. As with us, the A division is the division *d'élite*, so in New York the "Broadway squad" and the patrolmen doing duty in the fashionable parts of the

city, from Washington Square to above the Fifth Avenue Hotel, are the most active and intelligent members of the force; but, taken as a whole, the rank and file are very strong, soldierlike, and trustworthy men. The New York policeman is seldom under five feet nine, and often exceeds six feet in height. He is generally a muscular, broad-chested fellow, with a bushy beard and moustaches. He is frequently an Irishman, but advantageously Americanised. He has had in faction fights and street rows to crack so many of his countrymen's skulls, that he has grown at last to entertain a due appreciation of the advantages of law and order; and Patrick who is in the "pollice" keeps a very tight hand over Paddy who isn't. And this is often the way with Paddy. He is only a most fructiferous plant, beautiful to look upon, pleasant to taste and smell, but needing a great deal of trimming, pruning, and general looking after, to save him from running to seed, attracting all kinds of creepers and parasites, choking himself with weeds, and running wild in rank luxuriance and unprofitable gaiety. Discipline him, and he becomes as formidable as a Roman legionary; let him run loose, and he degenerates into a gorilla. The untrained Irish fighting man cracks crowns at Donnybrook, or stabs Orangemen with his pike on the bridge at Wexford; the trained one scales the heights of Alma, or rushes into the breach at Badajoz.

The New York policeman wears a handsome uniform, a long double-breasted surtout with gilt buttons, a badge, chain, and whistle on one breast, and a high-crowned forage cap. At his side hangs a club or bludgeon, much longer and heavier, I should think, than our truncheon. This club is

made of "locust wood," which is said to be much tougher than *lignum vitæ*; and by rowdies the policeman is often generically called (with the addition of a frightful expletive) a "locust." The policeman springs no rattle for assistance, but when hard pressed "raps" for help. In addition, he is always armed with a revolver. His entire equipment and appearance are a hundred times more tasteful and shipshape than our absurd, single-breasted, swallow-tail garb, leathern belt, and heavy oilskin-topped stove pipe.

The last article of attire I have perceived since my return may happily be reckoned among things departed. They have given the London P. C. a kind of casque or morion, of which he is so proud that he is said to have "helmet on the brain." But what a hideous, tasteless, absurd head-finishing this helmet is:—

> "The Duke of York a daughter had,
> He gave the Prince of Orange her;
> And now I think I've found, my lad,
> The rhyme you want for porringer."

But who will find a rhyme for that most unrhythmical abortion—the policeman's helmet? It won't rhyme; it won't scan. It is intolerable alike to gods and men. What Vandal devised that bisecting ridge, or backbone to the thing, like a clown's coxcomb? What Visigoth invented that fire insurance-looking label in front? The sable-helmeted policeman looks to me very much like a member of the London fire brigade, who has vowed to wear perpetual mourning for the late Mr. Braidwood, or one of Mr. Shillibeer's mutes, who,

his imagination fired by the engraving from Mr. Millais' beautiful picture, has joined the Black Brunswickers. Only about the American patrolmen's neck signs are visible that he lives in a free country, subject to the constitution of the United States. No choking leathern stock confines his jugular. He wears the turn-down collar of civil life, very often encircled by a smart scarf and fastened with a natty pin; for, mind you, he is a citizen. He has his vote, reads his newspaper, attends his convention, and is very frequently a keen and ardent politician. That he should be the last, is perhaps slightly detrimental to the preservation of perfect discipline in the force. Just now there is a slight difficulty in the police hierarchy. The old commissioners have been dismissed by the Governor of the State of New York for malfeasance in their office, and new ones appointed; but the old commissioners refuse to admit Mr. Seymour's power to oust them. They say they have not had a fair trial, and declare they will not budge one inch until they have had it. This is one of the little hitches in the purely democratic machine. It is a lovely piece of mechanism, only it is very apt to be thrown out of gear. I should much wish Mr. John Bright and the other amiable gentlemen *who avail themselves of the freedom afforded by one order of political institutions to decry and slander their own and to extol the institutions of foreigners*, to try their hand at driving the purely democratic machine. When Mr. Bright had been blown up, or sucked in and torn to pieces by the cog-wheels, and when the Revolution he is striving to bring about in a happy and contented country had devoured its children, he might alter his

opinion as to the expediency of fencing the machine of popular passion by wholesome barriers and restraints. Just imagine Commissioner Mayne setting Sir George Grey at defiance, or the Old Jewry rising in overt rebellion against the Mansion House! Yet this is what has been done in the city of New York—a city densely populated and as wealthy for its size as London. Of course, the rank and file cannot be indifferent to this unseemly conflict of jurisdictions. They take different sides, meet, speechify, and pass resolutions thereupon; and the discipline and efficiency of the force are weakened thereby.

Fortunately, most of the police captains have been military men. Our escort, for instance, had been all through the Mexican war—at Puebla, at Buenavista, and at Monterey. He had held a commission, and was, in language and demeanour, a gentleman. His speech was not only clear and sensible, but bespoke a superior intellect. I was assured that he presented a fair average sample of his class. If this be the case, the London inspector of police must contrast very disadvantageously with his New York brother. Slur over the matter as you may, it cannot be denied that with us the police officer is under some kind of social cloud, and that few respectable persons are anxious to claim personal acquaintance with a dignitary, much less with a private, in the force. The English inspector is promoted almost exclusively from the ranks, and is not much the better for it. He is a shrewd, hardy, active fellow, but his language and deportment often unpleasantly remind you of the fact that he belongs to the

inferior lower middle class, that his education is miserably defective, and that his purely professional advancement has made him fretful as a porcupine with the insolence of office, and softened with but few of its amenities. The manner in which an English inspector of police ordinarily addresses a private under his orders would not be tolerated in the British army, or in the Irish constabulary, the sub-inspectors of which last-named and admirable force bear a close resemblance to the police-captains of New York.

We are accustomed to boast of our police system as the best in the world, and at one period we might assert its superiority with some show of reason; but we are apt to forget that it was established so far back as the year of grace 1829, and that since then foreign nations have copied and improved on our model, while we, to a button, a buckle, and a hatbrim (the Shillibeer helmet always excepted), have remained stationary. In many respects the Paris *sergent de ville* and the Broadway patrolman excel us. The admirable control exercised by the latter over the traffic in the streets may be taken as an example. The streams of vehicles are interminable, and where the thoroughfares converge, as at Barnum's Museum, by the old Park and City Hall, the pressure is terrific; but the policeman stands in the midst of the roadway, armed with a short-handled, tapering-thonged whip to recall errant steeds to a sense of their duty, and marshals the procession admirably. It is, in addition, his special duty to pilot ladies across the road, the which he performs in a most gallant manner, offering his arm to the timid

with an air that Brummel might have envied. Accustomed to seek for remote causes to account for common things, I do not think I use a very far-fetched reason in ascribing the remarkable validity and equanimity of the New York policeman to the absence of two disturbing elements very fatal to his English brother. In the first place, he is not liable to the seductions of servant-maids. There are no suburbs for him to roam about in, and loafe. He would disdain to be smiled upon by a black cook, and most of the black cooks here are of the Ethiopic persuasion. This is not a country where pretty Jane is sent to fetch the supper beer, or where rosy-cheeked Mary smiles through the area railings, transfixing impressionable municipals with her glances. Beer is not sold by retail, to be drunk off the premises, as with us; and at supper the pitcher of iced water supplies the place of the jug of ale or porter. There are no areas, and no smiling damsels to peep through their railings; there are so few really pretty girls who will condescend to take service in families, that little credit attaches to a bachelor for being as chaste as Scipio Africanus. As to corrupting a policeman in America with cold leg of mutton, that species of venality would be absurd in a country where everybody eats meat three times a day. Safe, then, from the blandishments of cookey and the *agaceries* of coquettish housemaids, the New York patrolman is also free from that perpetual exacerbation of temper to which, owing to the persecution of the street boys, his English congener is subjected. It is as well not to call "Who stole the goose?" after a man who carries

a six-shooter in his pocket. Besides, the street boy, as the regretted John Leech has so admirably depicted him—not only the ragged, shoeless vagabond who turns cartwheels in the mud for a halfpenny, and picks your pocket under pretence of selling you Vesuvians; but the shop boy, the errand boy, the doctor's boy, the vivacious, agile, mischievous, musical, sarcastic young scoundrel, whose antics and whose gibes drives nervous people and steady policemen to desperation—this boy does not exist in New York. You see no young villains playing leap-frog over the posts, or fly-the-garter in the gutter. The horrible game of "cat" is unknown; the pavement is never chalked with the unholy diagrams of hopscotch; a negro melody may be sometimes whistled by a passing juvenile, but I have never heard the bones rattled by youthful hands. I have never been chaffed, never been pelted, by boys in America. If you listen to the conversation of two boys in the street, their talk is in almost every instance about dollars or contemporary history, and they consequently cease to be street boys. The newsboys form, it is true, a class apart, and a very curious race they are; but they are as intent on their business during business hours as Wall Street brokers, and after office hours they smoke or gamble in haunts apart. Thus, the policeman is spared ironical allusions to his calling and his fondness for cold meat. He is not addressed as a "bobby;" and there being no law against sliding, and snowballing being unknown, and street pastimes all but extinct (for the people have more serious things than "Punch" or the "Fantoccini" to think

about), the constable's time is not taken up by ridiculous chases after, and scuffles with, impudent brats, when he should be attending to the imperial interests of life and property. The New York policeman is, finally, a person who respects himself and his standing in society. As I have said, he votes, and is very likely a member of some political body. *There is nothing to prevent him from becoming President of the United States.* The man who has handcuffed burglars is quite as eligible for the chief magistracy as the man who has split rails. He is no mere day labourer in uniform as our policeman is. His salary is liberal. He receives a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds sterling, a year, an almost splendid income when contrasted with the eighteen and twenty-one shillings a week paid to our police constables; but, as out of this the New York police constable has to pay for his uniform, and as the value of the dollar has been wofully depreciated since the advent of Mr. Chase's paper millennium, and the prices of all the necessaries of life have risen with frightful rapidity, he is beginning to complain that he cannot live on his pay, and ere long it may begin to increase.

Such is the New York policeman—in the main a very active, intelligent, and honest fellow. There may be some black sheep among the force, but it is questionable whether the percentage of the venal, and profligate, and perjured, is so considerable as with us. At the outbreak of the riots, last July, great fears were entertained as to the soundness of the force. It was an Irish row, supplemented by all the felonry and cutthroatdom of the slums of New York. The

Irish element is strong in the police, and the community were consequently nervous. But discipline carried the day. The Broadway squad proved admirably staunch; and, when a raid on some of the rich stores in the great thoroughfare was dreaded, they formed across the thoroughfare, charged the mob, and so thoroughly and completely clubbed them, as to send them away scattered and howling. Discipline, I say, did it; but it took a long time to get the New York police into working order. In the early days of the force the privates evinced an almost invincible repugnance to wear an uniform; but this dislike to a distinctive dress was successfully combated by the tact of several prominent citizens, who made it a point, whenever they met a policeman, to shake him warmly by the hand, and compliment him as a defender of his country.

The police of New York have one singular attribute—quite peculiar, I believe, to their body. A certain number of constables are annually detailed for the purpose of looking after truant children. I don't mean little vagrants, little Bohemians, little street Arabs, but sheer stay-aways from Professor De Rumble's morning academy, or Mrs. Tiptoe's seminary for young ladies, or more appropriately in the United States, from any Common School. And these stay-aways often belong to most respectable families. Have not you and I, my brother, stayed away from school, not in the days when Plancus was consul (for Plancus is "played out"), but when Claudius Stephen Hunter was mayor? and have not we come home with blackened eyes and torn pantaloons, to be a sorrow and reproach to *our*

respectable families? You have no need to be told that, in America, every child is expected to attend school. Education is as free as the air we breathe. It is the universal heritage of the people. The Common Schools of the American cities are their greatest ornament and honour. They are admirably managed, and conducted on entirely unsectarian principles; and the instruction they give is of a very liberal and comprehensive order. Among so many hundreds of thousands of school children, it is to be expected that a proportion should be of an idle or shiftless disposition, averse from study and impatient of discipline. Again, the general liberty of action conceded, almost from babyhood, to young America, causes the great majority of children to be sent to school alone. They sometimes meander and diverge, and don't go to school at all. Hence there is a daily average of truants who enjoy all the delights of the *école buissonnière* till they are caught up by the police and conducted to school, where they are regaled with the wholesome hickory or the piquant strap. *There is never any cruel or excessive or indecent corporal chastisement in American schools;* although corporal punishment of a modified kind is a last appeal of which very few American schools are devoid, and I have heard young ladies of fifteen and sixteen talk of having been recently "feruled" at school. American school teachers, both male and female, still claim and are allowed to exercise, in strict moderation, the right of showing that they do not hate their scholars; but the instruments of chastisement are limited, as I have hinted, to a rattan, or a leathern strap like the Scottish "tawse," and the palm of the

hand is the vilest part of the body on which the corrective experiment is made.

The occupation of truant-catching is certainly an odd one for the police; but they are much better employed, it might be argued, in such a work, than in kicking over orange-women's barrows, or taking bribes from night-walkers.

CHAPTER IX.

PER HARLEM R. R. TO TROY.

THERE are three routes from New York to the famous Springs of Saratoga, the inland watering place *par excellence* of the North. The traveller may, first of all, ascend for one hundred and forty-four miles the Rhine-like Hudson, with its emerald banks, luxuriant foliage, villa residences of dazzling white, and deep blue mountains in the distance, to Albany *—the brick-built city of the old Dutch Patroons. Thence, he will have to take the Rensselaer line through

* Albany is the political capital of the State of New York, the seat of the Legislature, and the residence of the Governor, who in my time was Mr. Horatio Seymour, a gentleman of great wealth, of blameless character, of shining abilities, and a sound Constitutional Democrat—that is to say, what we should call in England a Liberal Conservative. Mr. Seymour was much hated by the Black Republican party. His greatest shortcoming would seem to be a deficiency of what may be termed "muscle of mind"—*i.e.*, the will to back up by action the inceptions of thought. Governor Seymour has always been going to vindicate the Law and the Constitution, but a dozen times has allowed the law-breakers to override him. At Albany, likewise, is one of the best hotels in the United States, the Delavan House, in whose vestibule I once marked a curious and to me very gratifying thing in the shape of a mural tablet, on which were conspicuously inscribed the names of all the "Chiefs of Departments" who had anything to do with building or furnishing the hotel. They were all there—architects, builders, plasterers, painters, grainers, gas-fitters, upholsterers, carpenters, plumbers, glaziers, and bricklayers. I could not, however, when I looked at this mural tablet, but remember what the Yankee philosopher had said to me respecting the "dignity of labour." The names only of the "bosses" were here. Where were those of the hundreds of workmen they employed? The toilers and moilers were

the city of Troy and Ballston Springs, just thirty-two miles; or, instead of the steamboat up the Hudson, he may follow

"left out in the cold." Albany is also the seat of the foremost of American sculptors, Mr. Palmer, whose magnificent statues of "The White Captive" and "Peace in Bondage," have made him famous all over the States, and are beginning to be known, by means of photography, on our side the Atlantic. Mr. Palmer is one of the grandest and most patriarchal old men I ever saw —*a Belisarius with eyes.* He is entirely self-taught, has never been in Europe, and beyond an occasional trip westward, moose and racoon hunting, has rarely, during a long, laborious, and honourable life, been absent from his native State. This is the kind of American you love to meet—the pure, unadulterated, natural *noble* man—as strong as a lion, as brave as the Cid, as simple as a child, as affectionate as a woman. This is the kind of American who makes you forget, in five minutes, all the brag and bunkum which have sickened you, in public life, for months. I hope and trust there are many such Americans. I remember passing one of the most delightful Sundays I ever spent in my life in the library of my good friend Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent of the United States Census at Washington, and himself a thoughtful, cultivated, large-hearted man. I there met a Senator from the back part of Pennsylvania—a Senator who loomed large and was rough to look at; but who was one of the best Shaksperian scholars, and one of the shrewdest students of philology I ever met with—and beyond that a ruggedly-eloquent, earnest, whole-souled man. He, too, had passed most of his life in the back part of his State, and had an utter loathing and contempt for the dirty jobbery and trickery of politics and Thurlow Weedism. To return to Mr. Palmer. The inhabitants of Albany are justly proud of their townsman*; and I have heard it said, and not in jest perchance, that there is not a lady in the city, however wealthy and however beautiful, but would be glad to sit to the good old sculptor as a model:—*dans de certaines limites*, of course. Did not Pauline Borghese sit to Canova? Did not Lady Hamilton sit to Romney? Did not *une grande dame de par le monde* sit to Winterhalter, and without any limits at all? Mr. Palmer has a pupil now settled in New York, Mr. Launt Thompson, who bids fair to do honour to his master, and to be heard of in Europe at no distant date. I have seen in Mr. Thompson's studio a stately head of a "Trapper," quite Michelangelesque in its massive modelling; a very noble head of Edwin Booth, the most prominent of American tragedians; and the model for a colossal statue of Napoleon the Great, remarkable, not only for the majestic expression of the countenance, but for the skilful manner in which the *redingote grise* and other familiar accessories of the costume have been dealt with. I never saw the difficulties inseparable from a great coat and a pair of jack boots in clay so successfully overcome. This colossal statue is to be cast in bronze, and to it attaches a sufficiently curious story. Many years since—on the morrow of Waterloo,

the course of that pleasant stream a hundred and fifty miles by *riverain* railroad, branching off at Albany as before. Finally, there is another railroad open to him—the Harlem River one—and, starting by this, at half-past four in the afternoon, he may go right through, without changing cars, and arrive in Saratoga a little before midnight.

This last line was the route I adopted one Saturday afternoon towards the close of July. I chose the Harlem in preference to the Hudson River for the reason that,

indeed—there came out to the States, ruined, heart-broken, and despairing, a young Frenchman. He was an ardent Bonapartist. He was full of that well-nigh idolatry for the Conquering Thinker which has fascinated so many strong minds; he had seen the bankruptcy of the Great Empire, the melting away of the Grand Army, the utter demolition and stamping out —as it seemed—of the Napoleonic idea. He could sigh, with the soldier in Béranger's "Cinq Mai"—

> Dieu! le pilote a crié Sainte-Hélène,
> Et voilà donc où languit le héros:
> Bons Espagnols, là s'éteint votre haine—
> Nous maudissons ses fers et ses bourreaux.

Better times came; the young exile worked and worked and prospered. He became middle-aged and competent. He became old and rich. But he never forgot his idol with the *petit chapeau* and the *redingote grise*. In the garden of the stately house he had built himself by the banks of a pleasant river he erected a kind of temple, and therein is to be set up the colossal statue which Mr. Thompson has been commissioned to execute. The good time has come once more. *Les Gaulois triomphent.* He can return to France if he likes. He may sing again with the soldier—

> Mais loin du Cap, après cinq ans d'absence,
> Sous le soleil je vogue plus joyeux:
> Pauvre soldat! tu reverras la France—
> La main d'un fils te fermera les yeux.

But he prefers to remain in the States where he made his fortune. Thus much of Albany and its associations. I may conclude my gossip *apropos de bottes* with a little "anecdote." There was a horticultural exhibition held here once, and one of the visitors happened to ask an attendant if a certain plant exhibited "belonged to the Cactus family." "Cactus family, indeed!" cried the attendant; "*it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family, of Albany!*" The Van Rensselaers were the Patroons of the place. Mem.: be sure to pronounce "*All*bany.'

although the latter is one of the best conducted railroads in the United States, positively offering the traveller an average speed of thirty miles an hour, keeping faith in accordance with its published time-bills with rarely-deviating punctuality, and provided with a corps of signalmen who absolutely condescend to do their duty, the reverberation from the high rocks which skirt the banks, and sometimes part into deep cuttings, is so loud and so incessant as very nearly to deafen the traveller who is only provided with a tympanum to each ear, in lieu of a Portland breakwater, to withstand the force of the waves of sound. Ten thousand Stentors, yelling in frenzied contention with ten thousand Cyclops hammering upon ten thousand anvils, must surely inhabit these rocks; while in the caverns and fissures legions of imprisoned spirits seem to be howling that they can't get out. Nowhere else, save in the madhouse and brass-foundry transformation scene in *Les Pilules du Diable*, could such a devil of a din be heard; and, as the cars of the Hudson River Railroad, like all other American cars, from the very best to the very worst, are incurably addicted to the most violent oscillation, the effect on the nerves as well as the anatomy of the unhappy passenger may be imagined. You are shaken into a jelly and pestled into pills by this endless trituration; and at length you emerge from a tunnel of a cutting stone-deaf, parcel blind, bruised in every limb, with the elastic band of your wig snapped, your false teeth all loose in their setting, your whiskers out of curl, your collars limp, your watch stopped, your case-bottle strained to irremediable leakage, your brain dizzy with vertigo, and the

milk of human kindness within you churned into unwholesome cheese. There is but one purpose for which you are now fit. As an apothecary's draught you may be taken, for, assuredly, you are well shaken.

I had another reason, moreover, for electing to eschew the brawling although swift Hudson River Railroad, and the statement of this reason may lead me into a dissertation which has apparently little to do either with Troy, Albany, or Saratoga Springs. I wanted to see what the celebrated Harlem River Road was like. For eight months I had been haunted by Harlem. The stock of this notorious iron-way has been for a long period tight clasped round the public throat. Almost everybody you know has had something to do with Harlem. In the year '45, in England, it was no uncommon occurrence for the head of the household to discover that the wife of his bosom had been dabbling in letters of allotment, and that the money which should have paid the butcher's and baker's bills had been muddled away in Capel Court. It was a sad thing to find out that the young gazelle, whose soft black eye had so often gladdened you, had, all at once, been transformed into a "stag," and that the sharer of your bliss had made away with her pin-money in worthless railway shares. But the mania of 1845 was spasmodic and transitory. Stock gambling, petroleum gambling, gold gambling, "produce" gambling, any kind of Wall Street and William Street gambling, in the United States have become chronic. The blessed law which gives the *feme covert* control over her property, and ofttimes leads, in the best regulated families, to a clashing of mone-

tary interests between husband and wife not very delightful to contemplate (just strive to realise the prospects of domestic harmony when the fee-simple of the poker belongs to Mr. Naggleton, and the tongs are the absolute goods and chattels of Mrs. N.), together with the influence of early associations on persons of the opposite sex, who talk dollars from morn to dewy eve, and cents during the small hours of the night—has naturally had much to do with making the American lady an eminently speculative character. She need not be mercenary; but she is decidedly "smart." She knows all about business. She is as well up in banking matters as Mrs. Alethea Newcome, in Mr. Thackeray's good book. You must get up very early in the morning if you wish to delude her on the question of dollars and cents. In a sentimental novel from the Boston press, I read the other day an affecting description of a young gentleman presenting his lady-love on New Year's Eve with a pair of gloves. As the gentleman happened to be in the dry goods line, the young lady thought the present shabby. He might, she thought, have laid something else at her feet, say diamonds, or, at least, a can of kerosene, or a barrel of prime mess pork. She asked him this witheringly sarcastic question, "*Did you buy these per invoice price or retail?*" The sordid swain collapsed, and carried his gloves and his love elsewhere. Miss Yonge, Miss Mulock, Miss Edwards, Miss Thomas, "George Geith," Mrs. Brotherton, do your heroines know the difference between invoiced and retail price, I wonder? Lately I heard a really pretty story of a married lady, whose papa

had sent her a cheque for a handsome amount as a birthday present, and who very affectionately and dutifully gave it to her husband. *That is the kind of thing which ladies who have cheques given to them should always do.* "I just endorsed the cheque," quoth the lady, "and handed it over to him." Good Heavens! how many English ladies are there, married or single, who know anything about endorsing cheques? They call a cheque a "rubbishing bit of paper," and a good trade bill a "nasty thing." English-women are, when they reach middle age, moderately fond of money: — who is not? But they only believe in gold and silver. I wonder they didn't choke John Law with curl-papers. If they did know something concerning their own financial interests it would be much the better for them, utilitarians and advocates of woman's rights may argue. We should hear no more of rich, foolish girls being wheedled or bullied into beggaring themselves and their children by scoundrels and adventurers. In a country where speculation is so rife and so reckless that the husband, going down town after breakfast, can never be quite certain that he will not be bankrupt before dinner-time, it is as well, perhaps, that Lovely Woman should be able to hold on to something of her own, in order to keep the pot boiling. Damon may come to grief, but Phillis's flock is safe.* Would the system work well in England?

* The result of this convenient arrangement is, that you very frequently find the Yankee Damon domiciled in a magnificent mansion, driving fine carriages and horses, giving grand dinners, drinking expensive wines, and keeping a troop of servants, when it is perfectly well known that he smashed in business not three months before, and didn't pay ten cents in

Would a separate property in goods and money between husband and wife conduce more to the happiness of both

the dollar. All belongs to Phillis. Hers are the house, the carriages and horses, the plate and linen and rare pictures, the Southside Madeira and the Imperial Tokay. Damon may have been prodigal to recklessness, and have failed to take care of Number One; but he rarely fails to take exceedingly good care of Number Two, that is to say, of Phillis. His creditors may suffer, but his penates are seizure proof. This is why bankruptcy in America is not much more painful than a cold in the head. A business man may smash five or six times within as many years, and does not necessarily incur any great social stigma by so smashing; for it is just probable that the majority of his business associates have smashed as often as he. Any avenue car will take you to Basinghall Street. Manchester and Liverpool will bear me out when I just lightly touch on one of the ulcers of American "civilisation;" for they need only consult their bad debts' ledger to find how many of their freehanded American correspondents — the correspondents who used to entertain them so sumptuously when they made their fall trips to the States—have gone to pieces, paying "nary red." It would certainly seem strange that an immense commercial community, who are so very particular in securing the inviolability of the property of married women, should yet be destitute of even the most elementary law of bankruptcy. Yet such is the case. To smash implies no striking of dockets, no issuing of fiats, no presentation of petitions, no appointment of official assignees, no examination of the bankrupt, at least no examination as a matter of course—the inquisition into Barnum's affairs was quite exceptional—no censure of misconduct, and no punishment of roguery. The merchant or broker who cannot meet his engagements simply shuts up shop. Down town all may be desolate, but he comes home to smiling faces, a comfortable house, and plenty of good cheer, in Fifth Avenue. Thenceforth, his business is to "square" matters with his creditors, with a view to "recuperating." If he has been an out-and-out rascal, he finds that his credit has departed, and that nobody will have anything more to do with him. There is a kind of "bill of discovery" filed against him, and he may be asked certain questions regarding his property, the replies to which will depend on the elasticity of his conscience and the extent of his imaginative faculties. Under those circumstances he may have to go West, or to California, and begin the world afresh. But in most cases he finds his creditors not so difficult to "square." Sometimes, if he has any funds available for partition which have escaped seizure by the sheriff (the process of execution on goods, *fieri facias*, as we term it, is, it must be granted, very summary, and only recently the historical portraits in the governor's parlour at the City Hall were attached to satisfy a judgment obtained against the corporation of New York) a smart agent goes round and buys up the claims against him at as cheap a rate as

parties than our present cumbrous laws of marriage settlement and unsatisfactory protection orders? These are questions which might, with some advantage, be discussed at the next meeting of the Social Science Association; but I am afraid that sentiment, and home feelings, and mutual love and trust, and the confidence which some foolish women persist in reposing in their husbands when they endow them with all their worldly goods, and look up to them as the stronger and protecting member of the household, would suffer from the adoption of the American system.

You will rarely find among the Yankee ladies, old or young, that delightful ignorance of money matters, that indifference to wealth for its own sake, that positive dislike to the contact of pounds, shillings, and pence (excepting only when they want new dresses:—when they would rob Loretto and unpeople Egypt for pelf), which are so common among our own countrywomen. The ladies of France are about the hungriest in a pecuniary point of view that I was ever acquainted with. The alacrity with which a young Frenchwoman will make her lover a pauper—"*je lui ai fait*

possible. At all events he must be very stupid or very unlucky if he cannot make some sort of terms with the people to whom he owes money; and, a settlement being thus patched up, he obtains a kind of letter of licence from them, and goes on again, blithely. This is the only substitute in the great, enlightened, and enterprising State of New York for a proper code of bankruptcy. Few have the hardihood to maintain that such a loose and slipshod system works well; and bankruptcy bills have been over and over again, and for many years past, laid before the Legislature. For some occult reason or another they have always been lobbied out of the house. They are talking at Washington of a grand National Bankrupt Law; but I don't expect it to come into operation, much, before there are five Fridays in a February. Meanwhile the grand processes of smashing and recuperating go on to admiration.

manger soixante mille francs, rien que ça, en trois mois, ma chère"—and the avidity with which an old one will haggle about centimes are as curious as they are frightful. The Transatlantic fair ones must rank next, I fear, in the scale of rapacity. The causes are obvious. They are very kind-hearted and very goodnatured; but they know that in America money, holy money, is the only thing which can purchase admiration, position, and respect. Rank, station, birth are of no account in comparison with dollars. A Miss M'Flimsey or a Mrs. O'Shoddy thinks herself quite as good—and, in the estimation of the vulgar *is* as good—as a daughter of the Livingstons, or the Lees. The wife of an ex-President, without a penny, cannot command a tithe of the social consideration enjoyed by the widow of a wealthy keeper of a corner grocery store. You literally "shine" in society according to the number of your diamonds. A big house in the Avenue, or in Madison Square; a magnificent equipage in the Central Park; the grandest box at the Academy of Music; and plenty of greenbacks for Saratoga and Newport: these, as American society is at present (and necessarily) constituted, make up the sum of happiness. Now, American girls are not, as a rule, born to wealth. Millionnaires, even, have a disagreeable habit of doing nothing for their daughters when they marry, beyond furnishing a house for them. "Take her, my boy, and be happy; but not a penny till I die," they chuckle, like Sir Anthony Absolute, or Justice Woodcock in *Love in a Village;* but, very frequently, *before* they die, they smash and do not recuperate, and have not a penny to leave. I have heard

some really pathetic stories of promising young fellows about town who were ruined, root and branch, through marrying the daughters of men worth ever so many hundred thousand dollars. In England 'tis the *belle-mère* we detest. In the States it is the wicked father-in-law, who won't "plank down" the dollars at the proper time, and who goes bankrupt at last, and leaves nothing but a safeful of bogus scrip, whom we have often to curse. Still, the American young lady *must* have money—much money, ready money—for credit in these latter days is all but dead. Dollars—greenbacks—are as the air she breathes; if she have them not, she dies. Without money, where are the hundred-dollar bonnets, the gold-handled parasols, the moirés and organdies and grenadines to come from? This, save in New England, is not a country of ancestral diamonds—of bracelets that are heir-looms, and point lace which has come down from the Civil Wars. You get your jewellery hot and hot at Ball and Black's. Your diamonds must be obtained "on the bustle" from Tiffany's. A married young lady is pretty well off. American husbands are the kindest, perhaps, in the entire world. They would give their heads, were they loose, to their wives. Never mind where the money comes from, or how it is made—perhaps out of Wall Street, perhaps out of pipe-laying and financeering, perhaps out of stomach-bitters, or nostrums to cure acute elephantiasis, perhaps out of judicious dipping of the fingers into Uncle Samuel's till. The money, somehow or another, is obtainable and obtained. The wife of a Government clerk, with a thousand dollars a year—worth now about four hundred in gold—will dress superbly, and

her fingers will be ablaze with rings. All Wall Street may howl, and the Internal Revenue be sapped to its lowest foundations; but the dress and the diamond shall be obtained. I am puzzled to find out how the unmarried young ladies contrive to emulate their married sisters, unless, indeed, they all speculate in Harlem. A great many of them do, I know. A great many go in for Fort Wayne and Illinois Central, for Erie and Cumberland coal, for Cleveland and Toledo or Mariposa mining. I have heard of a great tragic actress who has been operating heavily in cotton, but has, I regret to say, lost considerably by the transaction. I heard of a young lady, *not seventeen years of age*, who lately got a sweet little "corner" on Harlem, and made twenty thousand dollars "clean slick off." "This is a fact!" as Miss Edgeworth used to say when she related an unusually tough story. This is a wonderful country. The ladies must have money, you see. Etiquette will not tolerate their appearance at faro-banks, and there are prejudices against their taking a hand at euchre or draw-poker. So they "invest," and "operate," and get "corners," and are, occasionally, "snort" of Harlem, and have "differences" to make up on Fort Wayne. Lest I should be accused of Munchausenism, I beg to draw the attention of the sceptical to the advertisements headed "To the Ladies," which appear daily in the principal New York papers, and in which Wall Street brokers inform their female clients that they have special offices with private entrances for the accommodation of ladies who may wish to invest in stocks!

I have been a long time, you see, getting to the dépôt of

the Harlem River Railroad; but my digression has been, and will continue to be, rather deliberate than desultory. The truth must sooner or later come out. Let it be proclaimed at once. For any purposes of word-painting, or social sketching, or minute description, such as the subscriber has been laboriously attempting, with more or less success, any time these twenty years, the United States of America are about the most disastrously barren region in which it was ever his lot to travel. Either any faculty for observation I may once have possessed is on the wane, and hopelessly so; or else there is little, of an exterior kind at least, to observe in the U.S. Wherever I went—north, east, or west—I found the same dreary monotonous phases of outdoor and indoor life repeated *ad nauseam;* and I could not spare the time to break the blockade and go South. Had I confined myself to a series of verbal photographs of that which I saw, I should have disgusted you long since by endless repetitions. As it is, my sins of commission, in mere tautology, may have been innumerable. My task, then, is a ceaseless endeavour to place before the reader not only what I saw but what I heard, and it often happened that I was compelled likewise to set down what I thought. Life in the United States is one huge, dull masquerade of people in dominoes—male and female. There is, in the crowd, but the distinction of sex. The men are all alike, and the women are all alike; and the most I can do to be worthy my salt, and to avoid becoming a bore, is to strive to peep beneath the masks and the *capuchons,* and to discern what the wearers really are, and of what they are thinking.

Harlem, which is in the mouths of all men, and of most women—Harlem, which accounts for Mr. Scallywagg's marble stables, for Mr. Shyster's private theatre, for Mr. O'Doo's four-in-hand, for Mr. Iscariot Hashbaz's *attelage à la Daumont* and outriders in buckskins, for Mr. Bog-trotter's champagne suppers, for the gas in Mrs. Nickel's hair, and the gilt axle-boxes to Mrs. Shinplaster's wheel —Harlem naturally interested me. I went down to the Harlem River Depôt, as one would go to paddle in the sands of Pactolus, or to gaze upon the Golden Gate in the Bay of San Francisco. I expected to find the Harlem terminus a palace of pure gold, and its locomotives at least electro-gilt. Here, I thought must be the goal of the *recherche de l'absolu*. The conductors must cry "Eureka," I conjectured, in place of "All aboard." The president of the road must be Crœsus, with Midas as chief engineer. The fuel burnt must be, not wood, or anthracite, but hewn pure bullion from an inexhaustible quarry of the philosopher's stone. Here must be the Grand Arcanum—the long-sought-for end of alchemy—the hope fulfilled of the adepts of Rosicrucianism. For had I not heard these many months past how Harlem stock had been turned into gems of price, into services of gold and silver plate, into carriages and horses and real estate, into velvet and cashmere, and camels' hair shawls, and antique china, and pictures by the old masters? I found Harlem; I soon awoke to the knowledge that Harlem had not an auriferous appearance, and that, take it all for all and end for end, it was by no means a paying concern. I experienced a singular sensation of disillusion when I was told

that the Harlem River Railroad had not for a length of time yielded any dividends. Its stock had been so systematically and so unscrupulously "watered" that, were any capital available for distribution among the shareholders, the cubic area of the amount so divisible would be about on a par with Mr. Bob Sawyer's profits from his chemist and druggist's business: capable, in other words, of being "put into a wine-glass and covered over with a gooseberry-leaf." Harlem, in fact, is Bogus on a colossal scale, and Sham in the very widest sense of the word. I should not be surprised to learn that the Frankfort speculators were buying up Harlem as quickly as ever they could (O ye deluded eaters of sausages and smokers of meerschaums!), and that the O'Donoghue—who was last July the idol of the Administration papers, owing to his patriotic investments in Northern securities—had issued more orders to his brokers for five-twenties, seven-thirties, and Harlem. I think, if I had any money and any inclination to speculate, that, as an Englishman, I would let five-twenties, seven-thirties, and especially Harlem, alone. I would, in preference, pop my little savings into the Seven Dials and Great St. Andrew's Street Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, and Pigs' Feet Company (Limited), or in one of the multitudinous hotel companies whose directorial lists show such a strange (though doubtless laudable) desire on the part of English noblemen and gentlemen to become tapsters and slap-bang shopkeepers. There are people, of course, who fervently believe in Harlem,* and

* The mention of the Camden and Amboy Rail reminds me—it is my only apology—of a "little anecdote." Railway conductors in the United

declare that it will pay some day, as well as New York Central, or Camden and Amboy. The Harlem Company intend at a future time, not yet fixed, to build a bridge across the Hudson, by means of which freight trains may run all the way from Chicago to New York without breaking bulk. They are now obliged so to break it at Albany. Then the Harlem charter gives the company a right to run their trains right down the Broadway of New York; and although the probability of the New Yorkers allowing a screeching locomotive to go on the rampage from Madison Square to the Battery is about as remote as that Grant will take Richmond

States are remarkable for realising within a very few years handsome fortunes out of very moderate weekly salaries. They go into the service poor, but they seldom fail to come out of it rich. How it is done baffles the uninitiated; but I believe a certain mysterious art, called "knocking down," has something to do with it. "I believe," said a theatrical manager to me once, "that I've got the honestest set of check-takers and money-takers to be found anywhere. I never give them more than fifteen shillings a week, but, hang it, they all contrive to build houses." An American railway conductor has to take a great deal of casual cash. A traveller jumps into a railway car while it is in motion, in the dépôt, or in the open street, just as he "dam pleases." He has often neither time nor inclination to purchase a ticket. In due time the conductor comes round, and he must either show his pasteboard or pay his fare. Now it has been found as impossible accurately to ascertain the amount of the casual dollars and cents taken by a conductor in the course of a journey as to check the number of fares in an omnibus. You must allow for a margin; you must expect to lose something; and now you may begin to understand what "knocking down" is. The "little anecdote" relates that a candidate for the office of conductor once made his appearance before the Board of Directors of an American railroad—say the Camden and Amboy—and was subjected to the usual examination. "Got a brown stone house?" "Guess I have." "Freehold?" "Yes." "Bit of land?" "Yes." "Keep a buggy?" "Yes." "Fast horse?" "Yes." "Fast woman?" "Considerable." "Any diamonds?" "Some." "Gentlemen," cried the President, addressing the Board with beaming countenance, "I guess we'd better close with this man at once. *He's got it all; but if he hadn't, by —— he would.*"

mid-air, with the additional annoyance of being stared at, in the extremest state of dishabille, by Messrs. Dante and Virgil. Guatimozin on the rack—Cortés annexing his ingots meanwhile—was not on a bed of roses. Trenck in Spandau, Silvio Pellico in the Spielberg, Monaldeschi in the Gallery of Stags, Latude in the Bastille, Marten at Chepstow, Guy Fawkes in the "Little Ease," *and anybody in a second-class English railway-carriage, the doors locked, the train an express one, and a murderer, a madman, or an old maid with her veil down, opposite to him,* are all subjects worthy of the deepest human commiseration. And yet I am inclined to think every one of these deplorable conditions preferable to that of a traveller doomed to put up for a fortnight at a Saratoga hotel. Lord Macaulay was once "reminded of a little anecdote" about an Italian criminal who, on conviction, was bidden by his judges to choose between reading Guicciardini's History from beginning to end, or going to the galleys for life. He elected—the unfortunate!—to attempt the perusal of Guicciardini; but by the time he had reached the War of Pisa the poor wretch became utterly exhausted, gave in, and went gleefully to the chain and the oar. I think that, had I the option between passing a month at one of the Great Saratoga hotels and suffering two years' incarceration at the penitentiary, I should at once cast my vote for a sojourn at Sing-Sing.

In all this, let me whisper it to you, there may be the slightest touch in the world of sour grapes. We were unsuccessful on the night of our arrival at Saratoga in obtaining admission to the United States Hotel. The "States" is the

crack hostelry of this unique watering-place. In the height of the season so many as fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen have been known to sit down, or to make a desperate effort to get a seat—I won't say anything of dining, that is more than problematical—at the States' *table d'hôte*. If you wish to "see the show," you must, perforce, sacrifice all your rusty-fusty British notions about comfort, civility, privacy, and the like, and enter your name in one of the monstrous ledgers kept in the office of the "States." The house is a hundred times more wonderful than Willard's, at Washington; and until I went to Saratoga I was wont to think Willard's the most astonishing specimen extant of an inn where it was impossible to take your ease, but where, within ten days or so, you might run every chance of going raving mad. As my object, during my residence on the American continent, was mainly to "see the show," irrespectively of any desire for personal comfort or peace, I acquiesced with a groan in the necessity for selecting the "States" as a residence at Saratoga. I was warned that I should be wretched there, but I was bound not to give ear to the warning. A little more or a little less misery, what did it matter? I had entered into the preterpluperfect tense of the verb to suffer. I was about to conjugate the future. Pile up the agony! Rub in the brine! Rosin up the engine, and tie down the safety-valve with stoutest whipcord! Give her goss, and let her rip! Let us see the show to the end; and when the farce is played out, what can we do but, with the Doctor of Chinon, draw the curtain and turn our face to the wall?

The "United States" be it, I said. And thitherwards we sped, as you know, by the Harlem Railroad. As our visit occurred at the full tide of the season, and Saratoga was reported to be unusually thronged, we had taken the precaution, some days prior to our departure from New York, to write to the proprietor of the "States" for rooms. The required apartments would be, we were assured, at our disposal, so soon as we arrived. A mutual friend had been good enough to "put" the negotiation—no light one—"through." I felt deeply grateful to him; for I had not the honour, at that period, of being personally acquainted with the landlord—I humbly entreat his pardon, the proprietor—of the United States Hotel; and without a formal introduction to that gentleman I knew it would be fruitless to hope for adequate accommodation in his establishment. It was not so very much we required—a mere trifle of a sitting-room, where we could be remote from the brawl of fifteen hundred voices, and the subscriber might indite his letters home safe from the inspection of three thousand eyes, glaring upon him balefully, while their one thousand five hundred owners seemed to mutter: "The 'bloated miscreant' is now penning libels against our country. Observe his hatred of our free institutions, as shown in the paper on which he writes. Mark his ignorance of the true scope and meaning of our mission, as manifested in the way he dips his pen into the ink." A rational reply to this might be, "Why not write in your bedroom?" To which I answer: "My friends, you don't know what an American hotel bed room is like. In nine cases out of ten they don't give you

a table; and in the tenth case it is a miserable, rickety, three-legged arrangement, on which you cannot write. David Wilkie, at the commencement of his career, had no easel, and made shift to paint on a chest of drawers; but I am not David Wilkie. If you were to ask for a better table the Irish chambermaid would stare at you,* or the nigger waiter

* These Irish hotel chambermaids are wonderful creatures. From what part of Ireland they are exported I don't know; but I have often met with them so frightfully ugly as to be scarcely human—ignorant of the commonest rudiments of their vocation (beyond that of mere scrubbing), and but imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue. There are districts, I suppose, in Connemara and Tipperary, where the peasantry still speak Erse, and nothing else. The amount of work which American "bosses" get out of them is tremendous, and seems to me cruel. Scrub, scrub, scrub; sweep, sweep, sweep, they seem to be scrubbing and sweeping for ever and ever. It is a slight compensation to their outraged feelings that they make the beds as though they were making a salad; and they are quite ignorant of the use of a duster. If you speak to them kindly, they regard you with an idiotic grin; if you address them harshly, they burst out blubbering. I tried a little innocent gallantry once by way of a change, and spoke to a chambermaid as "Mary, my dear." She indignantly retorted that she "was no such woman." On the other hand, I have seen in private houses Irish girls as beautiful as Nora Creina, and though simple and unlettered, full of gentleness and grace. More than one, I have remarked, had arrived in the States very young, and had been brought up by the good Sisters of one of the admirable Catholic Orphan Asylums. The youthful American female, in general, sternly refuses to be a chambermaid, or a "help," or a servant of any kind. She prefers to be a "young lady"—that is to say, to work her fingers to the bone as a seamstress, or an umbrella or cigar maker at three dollars a week—to be a compositor, a bank-note cutter, a postage-stamp gummer—anything in preference to going into service and submitting to the domination of a feminine "boss." She prefers being the mistress of a common school where she is paramount over the children and recognises only the authority of the male officials of the Board of Education, to receiving twice or thrice her schoolmistress's salary as a governess in a private family—that is to say, a private family in the North. Previous to the war the young ladies of New England would go South; for in the planter's household they were made much of, experienced but little difficulty in twisting the easy, lazy lady of the house round their finger, and frequently made a good end of it by marrying a wealthy widower. I have been given to understand that the young Northern lady transplanted to Dixie is

inquire whether you said a whisky cocktail or a sherry cobbler. At any rate, you would not obtain that which you asked for. To seek for anything in an American hotel, boarding-house, or lodging, not originally provided in the immutable scheme of arrangements—which is of course assumed to be perfect and incomparable—*is contrary to the ideas of American routine*: the grimmest, stupidest, incurablest Ogre that ever tyrannised over an ostensibly free country. You may have what is provided for you, but you are not to presume to ask for any more: to want more is to be a foreigner, a copperhead, a traitor. For example, I am now living in lodgings in New York (July, 1864). I have asked at least a hundred and fifty times for a few lucifer-matches, in case I should wish to seal a letter or to light a cigar. *They won't give me any matches.* They don't say absolutely no; but they keep on not bringing them. I declare that, after ten months' stay in the United States, I don't know where to buy a penny box of matches. I suppose there are shops where they are sold by retail; but the ways of the people are so wonderful, and their manners—I

slightly addicted to laying a tight hand over her bondservant, and does not spare the rod, or the cowhide, or the hickory in the training up of juvenile darkeys. In the North the vast majority of private governesses are foreigners. Touching the chambermaids, they neither expect nor express any gratitude for gratuities. I did once meet, at Washington, with that *rara avis* an American *fille de chambre*—a strapping young woman from Pennsylvania. She had been very attentive to me, and the day I went away I gave her a dollar. She regarded it with some surprise, but ultimately pocketed it, remarking, "Hope you'll never come to poverty, but guess you will if you throw your money about like this." For the remainder of the day she was not nearly so attentive. I could not help fancying she suspected that in making her a trifling present—the greenback was worth but eighteen pence—I was actuated by some sinister motive.

allude to the retail shopkeepers—so brusque, that I am fearful of entering the humblest *boutique* in Fourth-avenue, and saying, "If you please, do you sell lucifer-matches?" If you had gone through that which I have, you would be as fearful. The other day, one of the members of my small household departing for Europe, some cord was needed to tie round some trunks. I sent the civilest porter from the Brevoort, thinking that he knew "all the ropes," to buy this cord, of which, perhaps, some twenty yards were needed. In England this would be a matter, I suppose, of about a shilling or eightēen pence. He came back, after four hours, saying that he had sought through all the shops where such rope was sold, and that they would not sell him less than a "whole cord." "And how much is a whole cord, Thomas?" I asked. "Three hundred yards," he replied. *Three hundred yards to cord two trunks!* Suppose that, asking for a box of matches, I were to be told that nothing under a cord, or a gross, could be sold?* Now you can understand the heart-sinking terror of a stranger in a land where nobody will give you any satisfactory information, and you can't buy articles of daily use by retail. I bore with the total deprivation of lucifer-matches for a long time. To my great joy, I found one day, in a disused waistcoat pocket, a little box of wax matches I had brought with me from Mexico, where, in view of the eternal *cigarito*, every man—and almost every lady—is a walking magazine of combustibles. How

* I had to purchase a whole Atlantic cable of cord before packing up to come home, and the residue, in the shape of half a dozen monstrous hanks, is now hanging up in my study at home to witness if I lie. They look like the "colts" of some colossal boatswain's mate.

I hoarded those little waxen spiculæ! Had they been tapers to be lit in honour of San Demas *el buen ladron*, I could not have kindled them more devoutly. But they were few in number, and gave out at last. Then I took to furtively pocketing matches from the *pro-bono-publico* box in the hall of the Brevoort, until I fancied the eyes of the urbane clerks were upon me, and bethought me that, under the revised statutes of the State of New York, this might be Grand Larceny at the very least. "He was received in this country, sir, with the greatest hospitality, and what did the mean cuss do? *Why, he kinder thove lucifer-matches from A Hotel.*" I could not stand *that* accusation. Being at Boston one day, I timidly asked a gentleman in a druggist's shop if he sold matches. To my great joy he informed me that he did, and forthwith produced a series of elegant boxes, surmounted by representations of Danneker's Ariadne, General M'Clellan organising the army of the Potomac, and Andrew Jackson declaring that the Union must and shall be preserved; the prices of which specimens of plastic art varied from two and a half to five dollars currency. I merely submitted to him that, in comparison with the possession of the matches, the fashion of the casket which contained them was to me immaterial; whereupon, with not the best grace in the world, he observed that he reckoned I wanted English goods, and brought out a box of Palmer's vesuvians. For these he had the conscience to ask me—it was a twopenny box—fifty cents. He pleaded the war, and the heavy import duties. I paid the half-dollar with joy. I would have parted as joyfully with a dollar. Alas! on trial the vesuvians proved

to be hopelessly mildewed, and wouldn't even smoulder. There was no redress—there never is any redress for small grievances in America;* and for the big grievances redress is suspended, like the Habeas Corpus, until the reconstruction of the Union, or the Greek Kalends.

Very nearly the same thing happened to me at Niagara. I wanted some seidlitz powders. The proprietor of perhaps one of the most woebegone little apothecary's shops on the American side I ever saw anywhere, declined to sell me less than a "family box," costing two and a half dollars, although he had just sold *ten cents' worth of laudanum* to a barefooted girl, who brought a teacup for the poison. When I opened the "family box," I found the damp had effected an entrance, and that the contents were utterly worthless. If I dwell upon these miserably petty details—if I grumble anent these infinitesimally trivial annoyances—do you think I do

* I once sent a telegram from the branch office at the New York Hotel to Halifax, Nova Scotia. It was not a long message, but they charged me five dollars for it. The telegram never reached its destination. I complained to the clerk at the branch office and got no redress; I complained to the head-office and got no reply to my letter. I asked a friend, an eminent lawyer, whether I could not sue the company for my money. "Yes," he replied, "if you choose to lay out a hundred and fifty dollars on the chance of getting back five." Perhaps the company would have retained Mr. Chauncey Shaffer for the defence, and that eloquent counsel have pleaded (as he did in the Müller extradition case) that the United States were in a "mixed and unsolemn state of war" with Great Britain, and that I ought not to get back my five dollars, for the reason that the "Alabama" had gobbled up so many Yankee merchantmen, and that the "Florida" was British-built. I was bewailing my grievance one day to an American journalist, when he remarked, "It was all your own fault. *Why didn't you say you belonged to the press?* At the mention of that magic word the company would have sent you back your five dollars, with as many more as you chose to demand for expenses and loss of time, and, in addition, put you on the free list of their line for life."

so without an object, and a grave one? Not I. They all point, in my mind, to two profoundly sub-latent causes:—one the "don't-care" temperament of the people, the other the feverish desire to make money rapidly. The shopkeeper who wouldn't sell less than three hundred yards of cord; the druggist who wanted me to buy two cents' worth of matches supplemented by four dollars' worth of Danneker's Ariadne; the apothecary who jobbed off a "family box" of spoilt seidlitz powders on a stranger whom he could confidently reckon on never setting eyes upon again, were merely actuated by the common greed for doing things wholesale—for doing a "ten strike"—for making "their pile"—for shovelling in the dollars without being at the pains of earning them. To be patient and laborious is to be mean.

I read lately in a reflective essay in the most refined of American magazines, that the maxims current in English commerce—such as "Early to bed and early to rise;" "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" "It's a slovenly look to blot your book;" "Many a little makes a mickle"—all the frugal and economical wisdom of old counting-houses—belonged to England's "meanest period," and were endeavoured to be inculcated and instilled into the breasts of the London apprentices by a class of instructors who might not inaptly be termed "the Masters of Mean Morals." "The astonishing narrowness and illiberality," says the essayist, "in the lessons contained in some of those books, is inconceivable to those whose studies have not led them that way, and would almost induce one to

subscribe to the hard censure which Drayton has passed on the mercantile spirit:

> 'The gripple merchant, born to be the curse
> Of this brave isle.'"

This is brave writing. How far the "gripple merchant" has been the curse of the island of Great Britain must be a matter of opinion, which might be fortified, one way or the other, by a saunter over the Exchange flags at Liverpool, or a walk from Cornhill to Broad-street Buildings, London. But it appears to me that the business of New York was once conducted in accordance with those same frugal and economical maxims which, *pace* the refined magazine-writer, belonged to "England's meanest period;" and that the Old Merchants of New York, the precursors and contemporaries of the Browns, the Astors, the Aspinwalls, the Grinnells, the Lennoxes, studied under those "Masters of Mean Morals" whose tuition is now so much despised. In those days frugality and thrift were the rule. The cents were taken care of, and the dollars took care of themselves; many a little made a mickle; and in the end princely fortunes were acquired, not by gambling, not by "financeering," not by unworthy tricks of trade, but by industry, probity, and sobriety. The Old Merchants did not live quite so high; but they did not smash quite so often. They dined at two o'clock instead of seven; but they usually paid a hundred cents in the dollar.

Far, far away have I wandered, both from Saratoga and my lucifer-matches. Of the last-named grievance I will at once dispose. The state of things became intolerable, and

could not last. It was madness to continue giving fifty cents a box for Palmer's vesuvians, that wouldn't blaze. There is one thing of which you have a plenitude in all American houses—gas. Do you know what I did? I turned on a fishtail burner in the middle of summer, *and I have kept it burning ever since.* (I left West Fourteenth Street in November.) It is just a tiny thread of light, but it suffices. It is nobody's business to turn it off. I never see the landlady, who, I believe, is a Leader of Fashion. I rarely set eyes on the servants, who are of a philosophical temperament, and whose equanimity, I fancy, would not be much disturbed were I to ring the bell some morning, and, saying that I was dead, beg somebody to step round the corner and get me a coffin. Maggie would merely remark to Mary-Agnes, "The foreigner has g'in out." It is only in winter-time that you see anything of American helps. Then they have to bring you coals, and as they bring them they curse. Meanwhile the fishtail burner gleams brightly. Gas *à discrétion* is in my contract; and if any bill for extras be presented to me I shall dispute it, both at law and equity, yea, even into the cavernous depths of that mysterious Marine Court where every case seems to be adjudicated upon of which no other tribunal can take cognisance.

The proprietor of the United States Hotel at Saratoga is, in bureaucratic parlance, "no end of a Count." He is worth I don't know how many thousands or millions of dollars. Excuse the looseness of the estimate; but it is one of the peculiarities of our cousins to indulge themselves in the vaguest of financial estimates, and to allow the very widest

of margins for error. When they have mèntioned a unit they are not very particular about the number of zeros they tack to it. Thus, "We have taken five or ten thousand prisoners;" "we shall owe three or four thousand millions of dollars by next July." The statements I heard concerning the proprietor's fortune were, consequently, various. It is not impertinent in America—it is the rather a good and appropriate thing—to talk about the amount of money a man may be worth. "One of the most remarkable men in this country," a friend whispers to you, "made seven hundred thousand dollars last fall out of soap-fat." "The three gentlemen you see at that table eating gumbo soup—stay, one has ordered terrapin—represent four millions of dollars." "You wouldn't think that the patentee of Touseywagg's Extract of Buchu pays two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for advertyzements." You hear this kind of talk everywhere. If I could only have persuaded the American public to believe that I had once sold a comic song for fifty thousand dollars I should have been a made man.

The proprietor of the "States" is a member of Congress. When I came here first, with all my prejudices thick upon me, such a fact might have surprised me. But I have learned since then to be astonished at nothing, and on neither side of the Atlantic; for may we not hope some day to find British hotels kept by dukes, marquises, M.P.'s, major-generals in the army, and admirals of the blue—unless, indeed, the grand hotel smash takes place before 1866, and sends all the noble, honourable, and gallant hotel-keepers into court under the Winding-up Act? In this

country, for an individual who is the landlord of an hotel to be likewise a member of the National Legislature, should be to a far greater extent productive of gratification than of astonishment. To keep a large hotel in America requires the possession of very strong faculties, and some of the most enterprising, most energetic, and most intelligent of Americans are to be found pursuing this vocation. Many hotel proprietors I have known in various parts of the Union were educated and courteous gentlemen, which is a little more than can be said for all members of Congress.

Determined on our arrival at the Saratoga terminus—which in Europe would be a palace in miniature, but is here, of course, a hovel—to cast no discredit on the head-quarters of American fashion, but to do the thing in style, we abandoned our luggage checks to a negro porter, telling him in a lordly way that we were going to the "States," and entered a sumptuous barouche drawn by two noble grey horses with flowing manes and tails. It was just that kind of barouche you used to see in English country towns at election time, only, in lieu of two grey horses there were four. How many times have I seen the successful Liberal candidate, standing up in the sumptuous barouche, and waving his white hat—he always had a white hat—and declaring that this was the proudest moment of his life; until a defunct cat, flung by some Conservative fiend in the crowd, hit him in the eye, and forced him to sit down, asseverating that the behaviour of the crowd was infinitely worse than that of Zulu Kaffirs! How many times have I seen, in the sumptuous barouche's twin-brother, the defeated Tory candidate, with a rose in his

button-hole—he always had a rose in his button-hole—stating that to be only nine hundred and seventeen behind on the poll was to him a source of joy and gratitude, until a cabbage-stalk hurled by some demon in the form of a Liberal caught him just under the left ear, and caused him to resume his seat, and indignantly inquire where the magistrates were, and what the special constables were about. The barouches have faded out of English elections. With the flags, the banners, and the brass bands, they have disappeared from our political contests. I think they must have crossed the Atlantic, where the demand for similar paraphernalia has always been active, and where nothing political can be got through without banners, barouches, and brass bands. The barouche is, however, a social as well as political institution in Saratoga; and in its former capacity I shall have frequently to mention it.

I could not help fancying that the citizen in the straw hat and the "duster," or overcoat of yellow Spanish linen, who drove the barouche, made, as the door was slammed to, a gesture very nearly approaching the thrusting of his tongue into his cheek. It may have been, after all, that he was only shifting his "chaw" of "big lick"; but it looked uncommonly like derision. The truth is that we were perfectly unconscious of the fact that it is not five minutes' walk from the railway station to the "States," and that, the night being a remarkably balmy moonlight one, it was slightly an idiotic proceeding on our part—unencumbered with luggage as we were—to ride to our hostelry. There seemed to be also a touch of humorous contempt in the inquiry made by the

driver as to whether we thought we could get in at the "States." We said that our rooms had been secured in advance. "Ah," quoth the driver, "you're lucky, you air. They were dreadful choked when the last train come in, I expect. They know how to pack, they do, there. They have colonised out, they have, and they have camped out, they have, till their aint ary a corner grocery left to colonise, nor a billiard-table to camp on. You air lucky, and here you air *at* the States."

He was by far the civillest and most communicative fellow, this driver, that I had met with during many thousand miles of American travel; yet his remarks and his manner made me gloomily distrustful of what was to come. My diplomatic friend could only murmur: "They promised to reserve the rooms." It was midnight. The ladies' entrance to the "States" was closed. The general entrance only remained open. I feared for the worst. You don't know what it is, arriving in an American town, and being unable to obtain accommodation. To have the key of the street to the Great Desert of Sahara is Paradise compared with such a position. I had not nerve enough to descend from the barouche to ask the awful question. My diplomatic friend was good enough to do the needful.

The worst *had* come. Not a bed. Not a billiard-table. Not a corner grocery to colonise in; although what "colonising" was I did not learn until afterwards. We might "camp," it is true; but it must be camping out *à la belle étoile*, with the turf for a couch and the stars for our canopy. In other words, the United States Hotel was full. They

had kept their compact with us. Oh, they had kept it, with a vengeance! They had waited until the last train—the regular train; but this, it appears, was an exceptional, abnormal, non-Appleton-authorised, out-of-the-way train—so they said, at least. A senator, or a corn-cutter, or a shoddy-contractor, I am sure I don't know which, was now comfortably ensconced in our apartments—liquoring-up probably in our parlour, flinging his boots, confound him! outside our bed-room door. They were really very sorry. It was a pity they had not known about the train, or that it had not come in a little sooner. Why didn't we telegraph from Troy? Telegraph from Jericho! Malediction upon that Harlem River Railroad!

"Expect you'd better try Congress Hall," quoth the barouche-driver, "or Union Hall. They're both full, they du say; but they might find a corner."

Despair! To add to our anguish, our names, in expectation of our coming, had been duly entered by the clerks in the portentous Guests' Ledger at the "States." We were branded and ticketed—we, bedless and supperless wanderers—as sojourners at the "States." Cards would be left upon us to-morrow morning. We had not even the wretched consolation of saying that we hadn't chosen to stop at the "States." And the luggage? It was coming joltering in a van to the place where we couldn't get a bed. We had to fee another negro porter to keep watch and ward over it till we roamed forth in quest of other shelter. In England, when a traveller suffers such a disappointment as this, he generally makes up his mind, in dudgeon, to sleep at the

Railway Hotel, go back to town by the first train in the morning, and write a furious letter to the *Times*. But alas! there is no Railway Hotel at Saratoga; and this was Saturday night, and no trains whatever run anywhere on Sunday. In this frightful conjuncture an idea suddenly struck my diplomatic friend, and a ray of hope beamed on his countenance. "We'll try the Clarendon," he exclaimed. The barouche-driver didn't think much of the proposition. "The Clarendon," he echoed. "I thought you wanted a fashionable house. Why, the Clarendon's out of the world." We might have explained to the driver that, to an English mind, the very meaning of the word Clarendon conveyed an idea of fashion in its most exalted sense; but, time pressing, we deemed it better merely to reiterate our desire to be conveyed thither. The Clarendon was, perhaps, ten minutes' drive from the "States." I glanced gloomily forth from either side of the barouche, to see if Saratoga looked anything like a watering-place. To my mind it didn't; it had more the appearance of Jersey City gone a short way out of town—say to Peckham-rye—and much overtaken by dust. Beautifully in bars of pale silver as the moon shone on the scene, I could see that the main street was inch-deep in dust, and that the trees and the herbage were powdered thick with pulverous particles. "Sarytogy's a big thing on dust, and that's a fact," remarked the communicative driver, divining perchance my thoughts. I have remarked that the night was delightfully warm and balmy, yet I could not help noticing a pervading and sometimes oppressive odour of something burning. I asked the driver if there had been a

fire at Saratoga lately. "The Water Cure was burnt up on the Fourth"—the glorious Fourth he meant—he replied sententiously: "Fireworks did it. Our citizens are death on rockets. It was a first-class blaze. Nobody was sorry, for to see those poor miserable cusses that were going through the water cure, sitting outside the establishment with death in the very soles of their boots, was enough to make a man drown himself. Why couldn't they drink the waters and be cured in a legitimate manner? Wasn't the Empire Spring good enough for them? This is The Clarendon. I expect you'll get in, for the door's open, and if they couldn't room any more guests they'd pretty soon close up, I guess. *And now hold on till I get your pay.*"

The concluding portion of his remarks, respecting "holding on" was not uttered in any disrespectful manner. It was a mildly but firmly authoritative reminder that he had conveyed us quite far enough on credit, and that, to prevent misunderstandings, he would like to see the colour of our greenbacks before he took us any farther. The driver was quite right in his generation. Once established as regular guests at any reputable hotel, we could have engaged him at any time, and he would have trusted us for any amount of drives for the next fortnight to come; but in our present transitory and vagabond state—*sans feu ni lieu*, as it were—we might have been a select party of "confidence men," or swindlers, with one lady as a blind, and delusive luggage, containing nothing but brickbats and corn-cobs. So we "held on," and he got his pay.

Our hearts danced within us at the intimation that there

was plenty of room at the Clarendon. The landlord turned out to be an old acquaintance of my diplomatic friend—at least he he had been a clerk at the hotel in New York most frequented by the diplomatist. He was a superb landlord, with a silky-white moustache, the which, with his shining bald head, closely-fitting blue surtout, and general half-military, half-aristocratic mien, gave him the appearance of a colonel of the Old Guard *en retraite*. I was introduced to him, and he shook me warmly by the hand. We should have the best rooms in the house, he said. An enchanting landlord! We made bold, albeit with fear and trembling, to observe that we had had neither dinner nor tea, and that one of our party was very nearly fainting for want of sustenance. Promptly did this pearl of landlords undertake to supply us "right away" with supper. Clearly a unique landlord.

I am afraid however that the subscriber's incorrigible habit of seeking to inquire at inopportune moments into the nature of things resulted, ere I had been five minutes in the house, in my falling at least fifty per cent. in the landlord's good graces. He had inducted us into a very neatly furnished parlour on the ground floor—or first floor, as our cousins term it—and was listening with conscious pride to our encomia thereupon, when the state of the walls unluckily attracted my attention. They were covered with a coat of seeming enamel, of a delicate white, and as smooth and polished as glass. "What a beautiful effect!" I exclaimed. A frown passed over the handsome countenance of the unique landlord. "They're just plastered," he remarked curtly, "waiting to be frescoed,

and till we get more guests at the Clarendon we can't afford to have 'em frescoed. That's what's the matter." Whereupon he retired, slamming the door behind him. "Now you've done it," said my diplomatic friend, ominously; "not a bite shall we get to-night." My heart misgave me, and I wished the walls had been as those of Balclutha, and desolate before I criticised them.

It was close upon one o'clock in the morning, but the unique landlord bore no malice, and ere long we were summoned by one of the courtliest black waiters I ever came in contact with to the dining-hall, where a supper of ham, sardines, crackers, bread, butter, tongue, and cranberry sauce was laid out for us. The courtly negro was the head waiter, and gave us delicately to understand that he had got out of bed expressly to wait upon us, and that it was an honour and pleasure to do so. To our delight, he waived the stereotyped inquiry as to whether we would take tea or coffee, and "'spected vat ver gemblemens ud like to partook of somffin strong an' comfable right away." We acquiesced so far as regarded the future of the verb to partake, and he produced the strong and the comfortable in the shape of bottled stout. He informed us, with a waive of the napkin which the elder Vestris might have envied, that we needn't be "'ticlar" as to the sounding of the gong for meals in the morning, and that "lowances" would be made for "gemblemens from foreign parts," an intimation inexpressibly grateful to tired travellers. "An, Lor lub yer," he finally whispered as he reconducted us to the door, "Saratoga's dreffel for gentility, *and gemblemens can get drinks all day*

Sunday." Another worthy servitor, groom of the chambers, as black as a patent-leather boot, and nearly as shiny, ushered us to our sleeping apartment. The unique landlord, however, visited us no more that night. I caught a glimpse of him through a little glazed aperture looking into his private office. He was scanning the pages of the guest-ledger, with a grave and, as it seemed to me, a sorrowful mien. My guilty conscience hinted to me that his glance might have been arrested at my name, and he musing, "Always, always the same. He can't even come to a quiet hotel at a watering-place without making unpleasant remarks upon the walls." Although it is just probable that the unique landlord was only lamenting the paucity of arrivals by that night's train. Let me hasten, however, to record that neither by word nor by gesture did this excellent person betray any outward consciousness of my having, however inadvertently, wounded his feelings. His behaviour to us, during the week we remained at Saratoga, was marked by the extremest courtesy and consideration, and when we left he disdained to charge me so much as one cent for the use of the enamelled parlour, for which I had expected to be charged at least five dollars a day.

A little explanation is needed to elucidate the force of this magnanimity. American hotels, even to the very best ones, are very sparsely provided with private sitting-rooms; nor are they much in demand by even the wealthiest guests. To ask for a private parlour in a country hotel has *primâ facie* a suspicious appearance. It looks, in the first instance, as though you wanted to do something of which you were ashamed,

and in the next as though you imagined yourself to be superior to the ordinary run of customers. This the proprietor, in the interest of his fellow-citizens, naturally resents; and if you are compelled to live, or insist on living, apart from the droves of ladies and gentlemen whom he boards and lodges on the "one go up another come down" principle, he makes you pay for your obstinacy or your necessity by charging you an extravagant price per diem for the use of a very shabby little sitting-room. There is a public bar, a public news-room, and a public loafing-hall. Aren't those good enough for you? There is a ladies' drawing-room, with a piano in it. Isn't that good enough for your wife? His looks, if not his words, imply these queries. Well, you answer, certainly; but you have important business to transact, and you want a private room. Thereupon the proprietor surcharges you frightfully. An analogous principle is, I believe, or was until lately, acted upon in the Isle of Wight, where, to reconcile the interests of the highway trustees with the prevention of the desecration of the Sabbath, they used to double the tolls on Sundays. However, from four to six dollars a day over and above your board and lodging will procure you a private sitting-room at an average American hotel. In the palatial caravanserais of New York, where there are really sumptuous suites of apartments for private use, you must expect to pay from ten to thirty dollars per diem for the privilege of isolation; nor does the surcharge end here. If you decline to take your meals at a *table d'hôte*, every breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, every plate of fruit or basin of soup sent to your room, will

be charged extra.* The fact is that the Americans, while they cultivate isolation in a crowd and asceticism in the midst of multitudes, are bitterly jealous of any attempt on the part of an individual to "keep himself to himself" *by* himself. In their eyes it seems like a tacit claim on the part of the individual to be better than those with whom he is reluctant to be herded pell-mell like sheep in a pen. With the excep-

* I alighted at the principal hotel in a very large American city, once; and after registering my name, told the clerk that I wanted a private parlour. I was alone; I was not, he could see, either a senator, a shoddy, a general, or a colonel; and he stared at me as though I had been one distraught. "A private parlour?" he repeated. "Just so," I replied. "All to yourself?" he proceeded. "All to myself," I answered. "Guess I'll have to charge you five dollars a day for it," he went on, thinking *that* would "choke me off." It did not. I had a very important task to finish, and had he fixed the price at ten dollars a day I should have been compelled to pay it. He very sulkily called an Irish porter and gave him a key, and I was conducted to a sitting-room brave in crimson curtains, plate glass, and gilding. I did my work and was perfectly satisfied, yet I could not help fancying that the clerk, when I passed the office, regarded me with a baleful expression, and that he pointed me out with his pen to the loungers while he whispered, "That's the cuss that ain't satisfied with being roomed and boarded, but must have a private parlour all to himself." Perhaps he thought I was a traitor in correspondence with Dixie, or that I had brought a plate and burin with me, and sate all day in the private parlour forging five-dollar bills on the Mohawk Bank of Schenectady. I stayed in the house three days, and going to the office for my bill expected to be charged fifteen dollars extra for the private parlour. The clerk looked at me very hard, retired to an inner sanctum and conferred with the landlord; then cogitated for a long time over his ledger; then desperately dashed in the total, and handed it to me. I found that I had been simply charged for three days' board and wine. I mentioned the private parlour. "*Guess I shan't charge a cent for it*," growled the clerk, closing the ledger with a tremendous slam. Whether he now had found out that I was in some way connected with a newspaper, and therefore, although an alien and an enemy, entitled to participate to some modified extent in the privileges of "dead headism" (*i. e.*, the free list)—whether he doubted my ability to pay for the private parlour, or whether the proprietor, while gratifying the morbid whim of a foreigner, was determined not to recognise his right to have a private parlour at all, and so flung it to him gratis, are things I will not undertake to determine; but I paid "nary red."

tion of the clubs, I only know four comfortable places in New York where you can have a table to-yourself to breakfast or dine at—the Brevoort, Delmonico's, the Maison Dorée, and the St. Denis; and these are places almost entirely frequented by foreigners. To eat alone and *à la carte* is known as living on "the European system," and you are mulcted for your Europeanism accordingly.

I remember, still owing to my inveterate habit of looking gift horses in the mouth, that I made almost as awkward a blunder at Washington. A young gentleman, whose avocation was war, and whose pursuit pleasure, took me one night —for pure purposes of curiosity, of course—to visit an establishment known, from the Southern proclivities of its proprietor, as the "Secesh Tiger." The proprietor was a Colonel—I am sure I forget whom, or of what—and the "tigerish" qualification given to his establishment was due simply to the fact of its being a faro bank. Like other gaming-house keepers in this hospitable land, the colonel spread every night, for the gratuitous refection of his patrons, a gorgeous supper—quite in the old Frascati and Crockford style. He was extremely anxious—it being the beginning of the play season—to exhibit to me, as a stranger, the glories of his supper service, which was really very handsome, and of the brightest electro-ware. He was expatiating on the number of dollars a certain set of dish-covers had cost him, when I remarked innocently, that if they were, as I imagined, of the best block tin, they would keep in the heat much better than any other metal: at which stupid but perfectly well-meant observation, the Colonel rushed away

with a yell of indignation. I wonder that I quitted the walls of the Secesh Tiger alive; for I learnt afterwards that, if there was one delusion in which the "Secesh Tiger" hugged himself, it was that everybody believed his supper service to be of the purest silver. Moral.—Never be too ready to criticise anything, even favourably. Endeavour first to find out what the proprietor himself thinks, and then agree with him. I had an acquaintance who got into trouble once through that usually safe move, flattering a lady about the beauty of the children he saw around her. *She happened to be a stepmother, and her own baby was up-stairs.*

The next morning, being Sunday, it was very delightful to look from the window of the enamelled parlour on to a broad expanse of hill and dale, profusely wooded, forming the grounds of the Clarendon Hotel. There were absolutely birds in full song; the surrounding houses were quite shut out by the foliage; and the whole view had quite a countrified appearance. I should have liked it better had the landscape been somewhat more verdant in tint; but, unfortunately, the leaves of the trees wore a cracky, yellow varnished hue; their trunks were seared with blistered tears of resinous gum; the bark had in many places peeled off, leaving dry and ruddled-looking patches of trunk, like commissariat beef, visible; and that which should have been greensward was dun and sallow, and in parts had thinned off in irregular ringworm-looking baldness. And upon everything I could see, glistening in the sun, the mantle of cream-coloured dust. Everything had a dry, parched, and withered aspect, and opening the window the same faint smell of

something burning, which we had noticed the preceding night, became painfully present. Surely the odour could not be wholly due to the still smouldering ruins of the Water Cure establishment. I learnt afterwards that this smell of burning was caused by the woods and underbush round about Saratoga having been for many days in flames. The excessive drought had dried up the vegetation to the consistency of tinder; and a spark from a passing locomotive, the butt end of a cigar flung from the window of a car, or, as some said, the focussing of the sun's rays on a sharp bit of pebble, had been sufficient to kindle the dry and inflammable mass. Saratoga was surrounded by a perfect belt of fire; and in the afternoon, when we rode out to the lake, we could see great billows of smoke from the burning brush rolling in the middle distance. Much damage was done to the crops in the Western States and in Canada during the summer by this well-nigh spontaneous combustion.

At breakfast—and an excellent breakfast it was—we learnt from the courtly head-waiter that Saratoga had been for the last month quite baked and charred up by a continuous drought. It was a wonder that the mineral springs themselves, which have made the fortune of the place, had not "g'in out." Prayers for rain had been offered up in all the churches; "but," added the courteous waiter with a dash of sarcasm in his tone, "I 'spect de rebberend gemblemans means it as much as when vey prays for peace." He was, despite his colour, decidedly opposed to the war, this sable head-waiter. "Vere's no real Fashion at ver Springs now," he remarked with melancholy accent. "Ver Suffern gemble-

mens is all knocked into a cocked hat by ver war. Ver Souf was ver real Fashion, Sa; gib me a dollar for brushin' ob 'em off; and now vere's nuffin but Shoddy folks, as a negur that kep a policy office wouldn't look at as calls umselfs fashionables. Gib yer a quarter for waitin' on 'em a week, an' grudges you vatt. Shoddy, Sa, is ver ruination ob real style."

I think I have reported verbatim the remarks of the courtly waiter, ending by his denunciation of shoddy as "ver ruination ob real style," and I have tried to mark the curious inflections of the negro dialect. So far as my ear enabled me to discern, "the American citizen of African descent" in stumbling over the "th," so unpronounceable by all save Anglo-Saxons, does not substitute for it a "d," but a "v." The "d" marks the Dutchman, "Dey dell me dat;" as the "z" does the Latin races, "Zey tell me zat;" whereas to my sense the darkey revels in "v's" in the wrong places—"ver" or "va" house, "I vrew it ouf of vuindow," "Fumostikles" for Themistocles; although here the "v" is softened almost into an "f." The conventional negro dialect of the Pompeys and Mungoes of our drama is very vaguely distinctive of the real parlance of the American negro. The white nigger "serenaders" or minstrels seem, however, to have mastered the utmost niceties of darkey pronunciation, and are said to make periodical visits in New York to the negro quarters in Sullivan and M'Dougal street, to keep up their familiarity with the lingua franca of the coloured race.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

"I HAVE ever loved water," once wrote the enthusiastic author of an "Essay on Fountains," "in its almost every shape." An ill-natured critic suggested that the shape in which the essayist objected to the pure element was when it presented itself in conjunction with a towel and a cake of brown Windsor, and was used for purposes of washing. The subscriber may say, for his own part, that he has ever loved watering-places for all save two especial objects—namely, for bathing and for "taking the waters." A bath in one's own private quarters—or even at a metropolitan baths and wash-houses, if the towels are clean, the attendant sober, and there is nobody committing suicide in the next room—is a blessing and a luxury; but to me a "dip in the Briny" is about the most excruciating torture physically, and the most useless proceeding for lavatory purposes, I can well conceive. I was almost born at Brighton, and spent the whole of my nonage there; but, so soon as I was big enough to have a will of my own, I bade a long farewell to the Briny, so far as its personal contact with my unclad epidermis was concerned. There are people who like sea-bathing; let them bathe. I have no back hair to let down in order that

it may become saturated with salt water and be afterwards dried in the sun. To sit glaring with prurient eyes through an opera-glass at shivering humanity in its most deplorable aspect, and then to write virtuously indignant letters against the indecencies of sea-bathing, are not in my line. I suppose English bathing *is* indecent. I have been to Ostend and to Dieppe, and I must say that the spectacle of mothers of families parading the sands in apparently duplicated pillow-cases covered with hospital bed-ticking—the foreign *baigneuses* have lately taken, I hear, to carrying big bamboo canes with knobs, such as the British flunkeys use—or being borne pick-a-back through the surf by *forts de la halle*, is a little more than indecent; it is revolting. "Paterfamilias," who is about the biggest bore, and is becoming the arrantest impostor, with whom I am acquainted, likes sea-bathing, and all its concomitants, including the "chintzes"—which, as you know, is genteel American for bugs—at the lodging-house. Let him indulge to satiety in donkey-riding, and the ophicleides and trombones on the beach, and the tenor man who murders "*Il balen*" on the esplanade, accompanying himself on an asthmatic guitar, and the ancient mariner who has that remarkable specimen of the sea-devil to exhibit, the which always appeared to me to be a decomposed cod's head attached to a bundle of jellyfied seaweed, and terminating with a three-pronged fork. I am quite contented with rubbing my nose against the window-panes of the Old Ship, or the coffee-room at Mutton's—both institutions knocked into the cocked hat of extinction by this time, I suppose, by the Grand Hotel—with Chassereau's toyshop,

and Ambrosoni's curiosity-warehouse, and with Messrs. Glaisher and Kemp's, where they sell the very best blue pills procurable in the South of England. Bother the Briny! The Briny gets into my blood, and the blood gets into my head; and, as Protestants who are so highly shocked at Papist pilgrims trudging to Loretto with peas in their shoes, why should we court the unprofitable penance of walking barefoot over the shards and shingles of the Briny's bed? Or does it befit an independent Briton to be girt with a rope and be let out, hand-over-hand, from a bathing-machine, as though he were a Barbary ape in a spangled coat, the bond-servant of a barrel-organ? I love the sea for its sound and its smell, and the sight of its surf, and for the pleasures I have had when faring on it; but no bathing-machine proprietor shall ever make money out of me. I am happy to know that I am not alone in expressing this aversion from being soused in the Briny. Be good enough to tell me how it is that professional sailors so very seldom think of bathing in salt water.

But what is all this? Whence this expenditure of purposeless rancour? This place is not Long Branch, Newport, New London, Quogue. Saratoga is not upon the sea. It is a dusty inland village, some two hundred miles from New York. I know it. But Saratoga is a watering-place, for all that, and the next worst thing to being on the Briny. You are expected to drink the waters at Saratoga —waters of Mara to me, if I drink them! A great epicure once entered a protest against soup at the beginning of dinner, by stating that no amount of evidence would suffice

to persuade him that it was right and proper to convert the human stomach into a pond. I have taken quite enough of nasty things in my time, without wishing to swallow additional nastiness, *pour passer le temps*. Let the doctors quote their cases as much as ever they choose, but I never knew anybody who derived any benefit from taking the waters, anywhere. I contend, on the contrary, that the frequentation of chalybeate springs is morally as well as physically deleterious. Where can you meet with such wicked old gentlemen and such slanderous old dowagers as at Bath? I conscientiously believe that the waters of Cheltenham tend towards stuckuppishness; those of Tunbridge Wells towards snobbishness; those of Harrogate towards unlicensed flirtation; and those of Ashby-de-la-Zouch—but who, since the time of the Emperor Severus, ever drank the waters of Ashby-de-la-Zouch? What the waters of Homburg von der Höhe, Baden, Ems, Kissingen, Wiesbaden, and Nauheim lead to is pretty well known. The diplomatic lying, slandering, tittle-tattle, chicanery, and all manner of uncharitableness, which have been engendered by the mineral springs of Carlsbad, Aachen, and Ischl, are tremendous in amount and in degree. Why are the Turks such a sober, truth-telling, faith-keeping people? Because they have no inland watering-places. How many swindling miracles did the monks of old profess to work by building hermitages and shrines over mineral springs? From the watering-places of France public gaming has been rigorously banished; but how many duels, lansquenet scandals, and fractures of the Seventh Commandment have arisen from

the gay doings of *Les Eaux*—from Aix-les-bains, Enghien, Pau, Biarritz, and Bagnerres de Bigorre? It is because people are so wicked that they rush to these watering-places, and swill loathsome stuff to purge the wickedness out of them, and forthwith fall to dicing and gorging, and making love to the wrong people, and speaking ill of their neighbours, till they are ten times wickeder than before, and their last state is worse than their first. I suppose that old picture in the Berlin Gallery of the Brunnen des Jungen—the Fountain of Renewed Youth—is intended as an allegory of a mediæval watering-place. Pity that the painter did not put the Kursaal in the distance, with sly lorettes inveigling grey old men, and the *trente et quarante* table in full blast, and renovated youth making itself old again as fast as ever it could.

In America—which is a moral country—there is a moral way of taking the waters. Although clergymen go down to Saratoga to "improve the occasion" by preaching to the water-takers, there is among serious folks an uneasy impression that the philandering there is excessive, and that the place is altogether Vanity. Still, as the majority of Americans usually have something the matter with their digestive organs, and their stomachs leave off their coats at a very early period in life—and as the medicinal virtues of Saratoga are very highly estimated, and those of the European Brunnen quite as highly valued, although, of course, from their great distance, inaccessible to the great body of invalids—it was long a puzzling problem to know how to partake of medicinal waters without incurring the peril of a

sojourn in Vanity Fair. It has long been the custom to bottle the water of the principal spring of Saratoga—the Congress Spring—and keep it on sale at the principal hotels and stores in New York. I have many valued friends who take regularly a couple of tumblers of Congress water every morning before breakfast. But, as Lord Bacon observed of distilled waters that they were "flashy things," so are bottled mineral waters the vapidest of beverages. Suddenly it occurred to a sagacious physician of New York to manufacture the precise counterparts of the best known medicinal waters of the known world, and retail them, like ginger-beer, "fresh from the fountain" at five cents a glass. This enterprising medico has a handsome establishment in the fashionable part of Broadway, near Union Square, called the Spa; and there you may "take the waters" without running any risk of losing your money at euchre or draw-poker, or your heart to Miss Shoddy or Mrs. Petroleum Greaser the great oil-widow. I don't know whether the doctor fabricates Congress water. As the Congress Spring is the property of a company, its product may be, for aught I can tell, patented, and an action might lie were it counterfeited; but you can get very fair imitations of Vichy, and Kissingen, and Ems, and the rest of the French and German waters, at the Spa. Careful chemical analysis, of course, enables the doctor to work these marvels; but I don't think it would matter much if little care or none were shown in making up the aqueous abominations. It is all very well to be told that in such and such a water there is so much chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, carbo-

nate of magnesia, bromide of potassium, silica, alumina, and iron. It would seem, to judge from the taste, that the same result might be obtained by putting bunches of rusty keys into one spring, and dropping boxes of lucifer matches into another, and flinging plenty of soft soap and salt fish into a third, and turning the gutter into a fourth. The great object is to make the water *nasty*, and I apprehend that, if you are scientific enough, you will find plenty of iodine, potassium, lime, soda, silica, and the rest of it, in keys, and soap, and fish, and road washings, and such things. "*He's quite dead Morgan enough until after the election*," remarked the Hon. Thurlow Weed,* when a body was fished out of a canal, and it was expedient for political purposes to assert that the corpse was that of one Morgan, slain for betraying the secrets of Freemasonry. Thus if the sham Vichy water at the Spa makes me sick, it's quite real Vichy water enough for me. What is the name of that highly-esteemed German water which has the odour of rotten eggs? Is it Kaiser or Louisenbrunnen? Well, the doctor began to manufacture *that* in the outset; but the odour was a little too powerful. Several omnibus horses shied at it as it came seething out of the Spa. The advertising victim with the mosquito-frame over his head, and who looks like Diogenes bonnetted with his own lantern, was knocked off his legs by this dreadful smell, and did not recover till he found himself in an underground bar (corner of Ninety-seventh Street

* This gentleman enjoys amongst his countrymen the proud repute of being "the Father of Political Corruption in the United States." I don't know to what extent he merits that gratifying title.

and Broadway), being treated to "tangle-leg," through the mosquito-gauze, by the man who sells Vermin-Destroyer, or "Death to greybacks," twenty-five thousand packets of which—see placard—have just been captured by the United States gunboat Hoolagoolakuk from a British blockade-runner. The only instance in which the scent was appreciated was when a black regiment — the 74th Christie Avengers, Lieutenant-Colonel James Crow commanding, band playing "The minstrel boy to the wars is gone"—passed up Broadway. The sable warriors snuffed up the (to them) delightful perfume with greedy relish, and murmured "Golly!" "Stick a pin dere, brudder Horace," cried the gallant commander, and the noble cohort swooped by. But indignation meetings being held in the millinery shop and the candy store adjoining the Spa, on the ground that the vile exhalation made all the young ladies faint, and turned all the sweatmeats sour, the manufacture of this hygienic egg-flip had to be discontinued.

A friend I had, a very eminent "dead-head"—that is to say, one who has free admissions everywhere and to everything—was good enough to present me with a handful of tickets, each good for a gratuitous "drink" at the Spa. I thought I would try a course of Kissingen; but the first morning I contrived to gulp down the nauseous compound the clerk to whom I presented my ticket returned it to me with a contemptuous air, and the observation, "Won't do. You've got a Boot-black Association ticket." I looked at the check, and saw to my horror that it bore the inscription "good for one polish." Blushing, I dived in my waistcoat

pocket, and produced a piece of pasteboard of, I thought, the right colour; but, alas, it turned out to be one of the *contremarques* which the Broadway stage-drivers, in persistent defiance of the law, hand you in change. I paid for my Kissingen in a five-cent "dingbat," or "spondulick"—two of the many names given te the fractional currency—and patronised the Spa no more. To add to my mortification, the very obliging little humpback who keeps the newspaper stall at the corner of Twelfth Street refused that evening, and for the first time within my knowledge of him, to redeem his own pasteboard currency; at least he declared that in the heap of two-cent and three-cent promises to pay, purporting to be his issue, which I handed to him, there were two "good for a shave," and three "good for a glass at the Spa."

And neither at the Spa nor at Saratoga do I mean to "take the waters" any more. On that first Sunday morning of my arrival at the unique watering-place, I thought that, in order to earn a decent title as a sojourner at Saratoga, I was bound to try the waters. Looking from the window I spoke of, I saw in a sequestered vale a circular stone parapet, within whose area there was certainly somebody; for, early as it was, at least a score of ladies and gentlemen were bending over the parapet, and conversing with somebody. I thought at first there might be a bear in this pit, kept there as a *bonne bouche* for the guests at the Clarendon; but then I observed that the ladies and gentlemen sometimes, but not frequently, handed fractional currency to the dweller in the pit. Now you give a bear buns; you don't give him "dingbats." Anon I saw that the pittite

was seemingly provided with a kind of pole, the which he flourished continually. It could not be a bear. You stir a bear up with a long pole, but his own pole is stationary. He climbs up it, but does not flourish it. But soon I espied a lady receive a glass full of some liquid from the invisible denizen of the pit. She drank it off, and she made a very wry face. "Halloa!" I cried, "it's a Spring. Now for it! Let us get the ordeal over at once." I hastened out in slippers, and was down at the dell in less than a minute. There was luckily a brief space of parapet disengaged, and, looking down, I saw a good-humoured Irishman—they are very good-humoured sometimes—standing in the centre of the pit (which was flagged, and about six feet in depth), brandishing his pole lustily. The pole had a circular plate at the bottom, pierced with smaller round holes, into each of which was inserted a tumbler. The troubled water of the spring was visible and audible, darkling and gurgling in a bore at his feet. At every fresh requisition for water he gave the pole a dexterous twist; brought down the plate full of tumblers to the level of the spring; filled all the glasses with astonishing accuracy; and, twirling the pole round again, brought it up to the level of his hand, and served out the beverage as required. I took a glass. What was it like? Well, let me see. Say half a pint of very small beer, brewed during a thunderstorm at Brentford, and retained for an unusual period in a chandler's shop in Seven Dials, where the trade wasn't brisk, and the red-herrings and the pitchy fire-blazers were kept on the top of the cask: then diluted with the water in which cabbages had been boiled,

and the drippings of a gingham umbrella, bought second-hand in Vinegar-yard on a very wet November evening; then sent to sea, and allowed to run freely down the lee scuppers; then carefully collected in a hog-tub, racked through a cask of turpentine (that came over in a ship otherwise laden with guano and Monte Videan hides, *with the horns and hoofs on*), mingled with the refuse of a dyeworks, filtered through a gas-pipe to make it sweet and clean, just freshened up—to give it a head—with assafœtida and jalap, and well stirred up with a brass candlestick far gone in verdigris. This may give you an imperfect idea of what the water of my first and last spring in Saratoga was like.

This horrible stuff made me very ill. It did more. It nearly drove me mad. Calcraft's straps seemed to be pinioning my limbs, and my head to be swelling to the dimensions and consistency of an eleven-inch shell just ready to explode. I rushed off to Doctor Sempiternus. Everybody at Saratoga knows Doctor Sempiternus, that kindly and genial physician who is such a capital hand at short whist. "What spring was it?" he asked. I told him the one in the Clarendon grounds. "Ah!" he said, "the Washington. *You've taken the wrong water.* You've had iron. A tonic. *You* don't want tonics. You want mild diuretics and cathartics. They say the Congress Spring isn't in very good draught this year; but there are the Empire, the Columbian, the High Rock, the Iodine, the Pavilion, and Putnam's; and, if you take my advice—" But I heard no more. "If I try any more of your springs," I cried, "I am a soused gurnet." I am ashamed to say

that an impatient and unreasoning temperament has rendered me guilty of similar misconduct at European watering-places. At Homburg once, terrified by the symptoms developed by quaffing too copiously from the Stahl Brunnen, I nearly persuaded Doctor von Springbok into administering the stomach pump to me; and at Aix-les-Bains the usually courteous Dr. Thomas Diafoirus was constrained, on my petulant complaints of the ill effects of the waters, thus to remonstrate with me: "*Au moins, Monsieur, si vous ne voulez pas boire les eaux, laissez boire en paix ceux qui s'en trouvent mieux, et qui ne sont ni Anglais ni fous.*"

This is the last that you will hear about the medicinal springs of Saratoga. Congress, Empire, Pavilion, Columbian, High Rock, Iodine, Putnam—I will trouble you with them no more. The most distant of views of the spring in the Clarendon's grounds was henceforth enough for me. But how extensively patronised it was! The gentlemen, I observed—for you soon grow to know everybody's face at Saratoga—were rather apt to slacken their attendance after the first two or three days of their arrival, and soon dropped off altogether; but the ladies, bless them, seemed never tired of leaning over the parapet and resorting to the ministrations of the good-humoured Irishman with the pole. I never saw such a thirst for tonics in my life. They were at it early and late. They came when the dew was on the grass, and when the moonbeams glanced upon the dell. The artless, ingenuous creatures! It did my seared heart good to hear their sweet, innocent laughter—always from the head, and never from the chest—their winning prattle of "Oh my's;'

to see their lithe forms, their flowing tresses, their slender—their very slender—ankles, their frolicsome, fawn-like, fairy ways. I wonder how many glasses from the Washington Spring they could manage in a day. A hundred? Did the water interfere with their board, I wonder. It didn't with their toilettes. They dressed four times a day under the spring's beneficent influence. They would come down to the grounds at seven o'clock in the morning *in low-necked dresses, and with flowers in their hair;* and if that isn't taking the waters with spirit—to paraphrase General Sherman—"I don't know what is." It used to puzzle me sometimes to know whither some sportive files of dainty maidens were bound, who would pass frisking and gambolling through the meandering gravel paths, but never halted at the spring. I found out afterwards. There was a Ladies' Bowling Alley at the extremity, and Ten Pins is one of the most fashionable amusements for ladies in Saratoga.

I was sometimes compelled to pass by the spring, and would take a glance at the good-humoured Irishman continually twirling his pole; but I never ventured on a second tumbler of the abhorred fluid. He didn't—the Irishman—look as though he took more of the Washington Spring than was good for him. To judge from his countenance and his manner, he seldom troubled that branch of the Castalian fount. I think he must have preferred taking the "oath"—with a little sugar and warm water in winter time. He was the jolliest and cordialest of Irishmen, however, and in those respects offered a striking contrast to the dispenser who replaced him in the intervals of his spells of duty.

This was one of the lankiest and mournfulest-looking Yankee boys I ever saw. He was so thin that you might have thought the water from the spring had been drip-dripping upon him ever since babyhood—if he ever had been a baby—and so worn him away. He looked as though he boarded exclusively on water from the Washington Spring; but that couldn't be, seeing that it was a tonic, and he was as lean as a bradawl. What was it made him so wretched? Did he chew? Had he been crossed in love? None could tell, for he was speechless. He twirled the pole listlessly. He brought it up moodily. He handed the glasses as though he were the executioner handing the hemlock to Socrates. I shall not readily forget his lank and sallow face, his dead and fishy eye, his generally woe-begone and sorrow-stricken mien. A sad dog. What had he done, poor young Joseph, to be cast into this pit? Why did his cruel brethren leave him there? Where was his coat of many colours? Will he always continue brooding in that hole, taking turn and turn about with the good-humoured Irishman, or will he rise to be an auxiliary Alderman of the Fifteenth District of Communipaw, a Knight of the Golden Circle, or Grand Cophta of the Fenian Brotherhood?

The public buildings of Saratoga consist of the United States Hotel, the Union Hall Hotel, and the Congress Hall Hotel. You must not look for any more, for there are none. The objects of interest in Saratoga comprise the medicinal springs, the United States Hotel, the Union Hall Hotel, and the Congress Hall Hotel. More than this you would do well not to expect, for you will not find any. Although

Saratoga has a permanent population of five or six thousand inhabitants, who have every right to dub themselves "citizens," and the place is eminently a "two-horse" one, and although to the established residents must be added a floating population during the season of from fifteen to twenty thousand visitors, the Homburg of America is only reckoned in the typographic hierarchy of the State of New York as a "village." There is, consequently, no mayor; the which fact, meaning no disrespect to mayors individually, I regard in the light of a blessing. It is true that a Yankee mayor, municipally considered, is "very small potatoes" in comparison with one of those dread personages in furred gowns and gold chains who in England are perpetually thrusting neatly-engrossed addresses into the windows of railway-carriages tenanted by Royal personages, just as the Royal personages in question are thinking that a sandwich, a glass of sherry, and a quiet nap would be about the *summum bonum* of human felicity. An American mayor, under existing political circumstances, is, generally speaking, a nobody who is held responsible for everything. In the State of New York the Legislature have deprived him of about nine-tenths of his ancient powers, which nevertheless does not prevent his being daily abused by the newspapers for not exercising authority which he has ceased to possess; while in the disturbed States his principal privilege is to be denounced by his fellow-citizens on the occurrence of every fresh guerilla raid, and to be threatened with the gallows by the General in command of the district.

In whom the civil government of Saratoga is vested I do

not know. Probably in a chief constable, possibly in a headborough, perhaps in a port-reeve. Whatever title this functionary assumes—whether that of burgomaster, *podestà*, *alcalde*, *starosta*, *gonfaloniere*, *jefe politico*, *corregidor*, *sachem*, or *sheik*, it is certain that personally he can be none other than the Proprietor of the United States Hotel. There the waiters are all "select men," I conjecture, or special constables at the very least. For, precisely as the State of New Jersey is, to all intents and purposes, governed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, so, at Saratoga Springs, is the "States" the paramount and supreme authority. Every great railway company in America is, more or less, a political organisation, whose influence is unsparingly and unscrupulously exercised in all elections. It is easy to understand in what manner, and to what extent, universal suffrage is the law of the land; and a railway company can give or withhold employment from thousands of universal suffragans. Mr. Dean Richmond, for example, is reckoned "one of the most remarkable men in this country," less on the ground of his having realised a large fortune than for his having "run" the New York Central Railroad as a political "machine" for many years, and with signal success. The Camden and Amboy Railroad (whose directors showed such remarkable tact in selecting their conductors) possesses a monopoly of traffic in the State of New Jersey, the Legislature of which lays a very onerous impost on every traveller passing through to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; and the social despotism exercised by the Camden and Amboy has become a jocular by-word among the New

Yorkers. There is a story of a fishing-smack which was wrecked, I think, in Newark Bay. One man only was enabled to cling to a spar, and keep his head above water. It was night, and the tempest was furious. After battling with the waves for some hours, he saw, to his great relief, lights moving along the shore. Voices were presently heard, and a rope was flung to him, which he secured about his waist. "Where am I?" asked the rescued man, as they were hauling him in shore, hand-over-hand. "You are in the State of New Jersey," replied a chorus of voices; "your life is safe, *but you must immediately land and show the conductor your ticket.*" "Never!" cried the drowning man. "Blarnation! Nary ticket. Cast me loose." He preferred a watery grave to the tyranny of the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

In like manner an hotelkeeper, invested with judicial as well as legislative functions, becomes awful. I am reminded that once, in a Free Imperial city of Germany, I ventured to object to what I deemed the extortionate charges in an hotel bill. "You had best be cautious as to what you are about," remarked a prudent adviser; "the landlord of the Roman Emperors"—it was either that or the Golden Swan—"is a Tartar. He's a Senator; and very likely, if you quarrel with him, you'll be arrested, your papers seized, and yourself banished from the Free and Imperial city, never to return, on pain of death. Pay, and say no more about it. You don't know what a terrible thing is *une querelle d'Allemand.*" This counsel made a salutary impression on my mind. I never dare to grumble in Germany now, for fear of

the Senate; I keep my tongue between my teeth in France, lest the landlord should denounce me to the police, and the gentry of the Rue de Jerusalem search my luggage for Orsini bombs; and in Yankeeland I have always endeavoured at hotels—albeit the task was painful—to be civil to the people who were *not* civil to me, and to refrain from murmuring at the figure to which my bill might have "footed up." An American "difficulty" is as mysterious in its origin as a *querelle d'Allemand*, and you can never tell what apparently innocent act on your part may eventuate in your being "run out" and denounced as a malignant enemy of the Great Republic.

I have said that the three big hotels of Saratoga absolutely reign over and govern the place. I am not about to weary you with detailed descriptions of each one of these monstrous caravanserais. Cæsar, indeed, is very like Pompey in this respect, and Mark Antony is like both. There is little dissimilarity between the Union, the Congress, and the "States;" and as the last is the predominant and imperial type of "Life at Saratoga," I take the "States" for my canvas, and spare you any allusions to the remaining two.

Architecturally the "States" is shabby. It is an immense range of buildings built round three sides of a square. The façade is nothing to speak of, and, from a Vitruvian and Palladian point of view, the wings are beneath criticism. A very big workhouse, whitewashed, and the windows furnished with green *jalousies;* a Liverpool bonding warehouse, which has been turned into a barrack; the *Albergo de' Poveri* at Genoa, with an "extension" formed of half-a-dozen racket-

courts, a bowling-alley, the Carlton Ride in St. James's Park, and a rope-walk—these, if you deprive each one of the edifices I have named of every feature of architectural beauty or symmetry, and give to the whole a bare and uncomfortable aspect, will afford a tolerably comprehensive idea of the exterior aspect of the "States." The structure has one appendage, however, unique and *sui generis*. All round it runs a roomy gallery, open to the street, and supported on pillars of wood painted blue and white. You may ask why I do not at once call this colonnade by its universally recognised name of a "piazza." I humbly submit that the term "piazza," as English people and Americans usually apply it, is entirely a misnomer. The Italian piazza, like the Spanish plaza, is the open area round which the covered gallery—which the Spaniards call a "portal"—runs; and the piazzas of Covent Garden Market are, consequently, not situate where Mr. Green causes minstrels to discourse harmonious strains for the better digestion of mutton chops; and Mr. Clum offers on wire wove blinds perennial announcements of turtle and venison to country gentlemen, but in the open market, where the mint and parsley send up a pleasant savour, and the impatient oranges burst from their thin-hooped coffers, and the pavement in summer is carpeted thick with pea-shucks. Well, I might as well call it a "piazza," all niceties of nomenclature notwithstanding. But I should still like to know why certain of the patrons of Saratoga persist in speaking of these colonnades as the "Pizarros." "Pizarro," I take it, was a Spanish soldier of fortune, who

conquered Peru with his good sword long before President Monroe and his doctrine was heard of. I suppose that our cousins have christened the colonnades as "Pizarros" on the same principle which has led them to speak of a prairie as a "pareerar" and a "paroarer."

The piazzas, then, are the chief lounging and loafing place of Saratoga. There you may see "Brothers the Prophet," and Brothers the Prophet may see you. There everybody is to be met for purposes of pleasure or for business. What do you lack?—"what's your wull?" You must go to the piazzas of the "States" to have it gratified. Be your ambition to flirt, to chat, to go asleep, to roll logs, to pull wires, to lay pipes, or to grind axes, every one of those operations can be performed under the piazzas. All that is worth seeing in Saratoga is pottering about the piazzas at some time or another of the day; and unless you wish to be a hermit you must needs go there too. There is not the slightest necessity for your being a guest at the United States Hotel to be free of the piazzas. You may have the entire run of them for nothing. You become an honorary member of this gigantic out-of-doors club at once. You may appropriate any one of the ten thousand chairs standing about—nay, you may take an extra chair for your legs, or, failing that, stick your feet on the nearest rail, and lounge and loaf at your ease, like Walt Whitman. The Americans are not a mean people. They like to make dollars, wholesale, but they are careless about the cents. In this country you may walk into a store and light your cigar, or enter a bar and call for a glass of iced water, or

march into a reading-room and con the newspaper for hours together, and do a variety of things without being called upon to pay anything, and without any questions being asked you. On the counter of the office at the hotels writing-paper, envelopes, and blank cards are usually to be found, and you may write as many letters as you like. You won't get anybody to deliver them; but it is something, at all events, to be able to write. There is a plentitude of hospitality about the way in which our cousins scatter gratuitous spittoons, and suffer the raggedest "scallywagg" to slink into a bar or an hotel vestibule, and sit down, cock his legs up, and warm himself at the stove, which bespeaks a generous and large-hearted people. You know how the French waiters pester you with reminders *qu'il faut consommer*—that you must take some refreshment—to earn the shelter their *cafés* afford you; and I don't think that, were I to go, seedy and out at elbows, to the Great Western or the Westminster Palace Hotel, sit on a camp stool in the hall, puff a poisonous "domestic," spit on the marble pavement, and order nothing which cost money, I should be very welcome to the Joint-Stock Companies (Limited) conducting those establishments. I the rather think I should be turned out by the waiters, or handed over to the police. Yet I can do this at the "States," and the St. Nicholas in New York, and the Fifth Avenue, and the Revere, and the Parker House, and the Metropolitan, and the Girard.

The piazzas, or "Pizarros," run round the interior as well as the exterior of each side of the "States," and, from six in the morning until long past midnight, are densely

thronged. At intervals between the pillars there are stalls, where filters full of Congress and Empire Spring water invite the gratuitous patronage of the visitors. There is only one thing at Saratoga which you are compelled to pay for—your board. Settle for that, and you may get almost everything else for nothing.

The great area bounded by the interior piazzas is called the "Park." It has been carefully turfed, and is sedulously watered; but the grass this summer, as everywhere else at Saratoga, had been baked almost to a calcined state by the sun. A Chambery goat—about the hardest-living animal I ever heard of—would have been puzzled to find pasture in that parched paddock. If there be a drought of equal intensity at Saratoga next season, I would advise the proprietor to take a leaf out of the book of the lamented Alexis Soyer when he received the commanders of the allied armies to lunch at his tent in the Crimea, and bestow on the parched herbage a coat of bright green paint. After dinner there is usually a band of music stationed in the centre of the Park, who, you may rest assured of it, have no mercy on the waltz from *Faust*. Unhappy Doctor of Philosophy! There is certainly no rest for him on either side the grave. Mephistophiles and the demons have gotten hold of him below, and the fiddlers ceaselessly torture him above ground. Miserable Faust! Why didn't he let Marguerite alone?

I should have mentioned that in the exterior piazzas smoking, out of regard to the ladies who promenade there, is entirely waived, and that spitting is, by numerous placards

affixed in conspicuous places, earnestly deprecated. The gentlemen, however, must either spit or die; and expectoration is painfully apparent in localities most frequented by the fair sex. I am quite aware that any allusion to this national peculiarity must be to delicate minds offensive, if not disgusting; but to attempt to describe any phase of American manners without frequent reference to the spittoon is impossible. It would be like the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted. Why the Americans do so continually spit I am not physiologist enough to determine. Whether there be anything in the atmosphere which effects their mucous membrane or their bronchial tubes, I leave it to the doctors to decide. I can only note the fact. I can only further observe that the States of Maine, Vermont, and New York very closely adjoin Lower Canada, and that the Canadians do not spit. Chewing tobacco in the States, I have been given to understand, is a custom which is dying out. The young men do not chew; but old and young expectorate perpetually. Such a nation of unlicensed hawkers I never beheld. Of course, my dear madam, you who set such strict and commendable store by the purity of your carpets and the snowiness of your window-curtains, you will at once ascribe the prevalence of this unpleasant custom to the "nasty, filthy, demoralising practice of smoking." I think smoking a deleterious practice, and I am afraid it is demoralising, for it certainly conduces to the cultivation of intense selfishness among men and a distaste for the society of women—at least of those ladies who object to the odour of tobacco fumes; but when we come to discuss the alleged

uncleanly nature of the habit, will you tell me, madam, how it is that the Spaniards, who are for ever puffing smoke from their lips, never spit?—why the Turks, who are seldom without a chibouque, and the Hindoos, who are nothing without a hookah, are incessantly bathing?

Inside the "States" you may smoke in two of the piazzas, but the third is a promenade exclusively for ladies, children, and such gentlemen as may be permitted to enjoy their society. In this piazza there is an inner range of gallery still above the basement row, on which open the windows of the private parlours. It is very charming to see the ladies sitting in these balconies, fluttering their fans and eating ice-creams. It is more charming to hear their shrill prattle. It would be most charming, perhaps, to see them engaged in some kind of needlework, even of the most frivolously ornamental kind; but the sprightly belles of Yankeedom very seldom take a needle between their delicate fingers—at least, in public. I dare say they work like so many Penelopes at home, but neither crochet, "application," nor embroidery, is an avocation pursued out of doors. It is not the mode. I have peeped into a good many American households, but I never yet saw a lady darning stockings. I trust that I have not committed a heinous crime in mentioning such things as stockings. I should, perhaps, have called them "hose." Why, indeed, should they trouble themselves with the drudgery of the sempstress? Are there not sewing-machines to do all the needlework they require? If they need any broidered hems to their garments, cannot they purchase any quantity

of such articles in Broadway? Why should they spoil their pretty digits with thimble and housewife? A blushing, timid English girl—may she blush and be timid until this old world of ours grows dry and shrivelled as an orange of last Christmas that has lain forgotten in a drawer!—bends over some inscrutable strip of muslin, or evokes the misty phantoms of slippers and braces with Berlin wool from squares of canvas, chiefly because she has nothing to say for herself, or, having something, dares not say it. A startled fawn can't talk to you about the *Ballo in Maschera* or the Morrill Tariff. The antelope just caught is the rather given to palpitating and trembling than to discoursing on the Missouri Compromise or the conduct of England with regard to the Alabama. Our English girls have certainly much to learn. They are behind the age. It is a reproach to civilisation, progress, and woman's elevated mission, to see them poring over samplers like so many school-girls. That beaming belle in the balcony, with the cataract curls and the illusion waist, despises such mean and mechanical trumpery as needles and thread. She has plenty to say for herself. Nay, conversationally, she would give you fifty and beat you easily at a hundred up. She never stammers, she never hesitates. If now and then she is at a loss for a sentence—she is never at a loss for a word—she giggles; and what can be more delightful than giggling? You mustn't swear when you are conversing with a Yankee young lady; but, apart from profanity—which is intolerable in all conversation—you may talk to her about anything and everything. Don't be nervous; she

understands it all. No prejudiced papa, no over-strict mamma, have thought of any kind of Index Expurgatorius as an element in domestic discipline. She was probably up much earlier than you were this morning, and read the *New York Herald* while you are still dreaming. From newspapers she has gathered an infinite variety of scraps of information—a perfect patchwork counterpane of facts. Try her on any topic, and you will find her well posted up. Astronomy, Rénan's Life, differential duties, the Monroe doctrine and the Schleswig-Holstein question, the Old Red Sandstone and the fossil man of Abbeville, the miracle of La Salette and *Les Mohicans de Paris*, Swedish gymnastics and the Turkish bath, the Origin of Species and the Venus of Milo, photo-sculpture and Pennsylvania oil-stocks, Meissonnier's pictures and the Seven-Thirty Loan, Bishop Colenso and the abolition of slavery, miscegenation and the Pacific Railroad, the last novel and the next comet—she has something smart and sparkling and voluble to say on every one of these subjects, and on a great many more. In all seriousness and sincerity, I render to the young ladies of America the tribute of being the most accomplished talkers in the world. Their readiness of diction, the facile flow of their ideas, their quickness of apprehension, are really and truly astounding. I have talked to a good many ladies, both old and young, in my time. I have found some that were difficult and some that were easy to hold parley with. In talking to an English young lady the most sensible plan to adopt is to endeavour to find out her strong point, if she have any; be it Puseyism—with

which are incorporated the arts of illuminating on vellum and embroidering ecclesiastical vestments—Broad Church, Low Church, poor men's kitchens, décalcomanie, the collection of postage-stamps, or the arrangement of British ferns; the which, stuck in albums, always remind me of so many highly elaborate preparations of pickled cabbage. Then, having discovered her forte, hie you home and read up the subject in the Encyclopedia Britannica, or one of Mr. Weale's handbooks; and the next time you meet her "sport" the knowledge you have acquired. If you are only to meet her once, talk about the weather, Garibaldi, "Our Mutual Friend," or "A Life for a Life," and you will get along pretty well. Or "another way," as the cookery-books say. If Providence has not made you a fool, pretend to be one. It is then that the timidest and bashfullest of English girls will show her kind and pitying heart. She will try to lead you on; she will strive to find out your strong point; she will relate little apologues to you, as a mother would, reading stories in one syllable to the child at her knee; and she will speak of you afterwards as a very gentlemanly person, but rather diffident. The diffident young men—who are mainly the artfullest of diplomatists—marry the handsomest and wealthiest young ladies. The "agreeable rattles" get jilted among men; and of clever men English women are afraid. In talking to a German girl, all you have to do is to speak in a very soft voice, sigh occasionally, and, whenever you have an opportunity, *offer her something to eat.* The maidens of Deutschland are exceedingly sentimental, and have tremendous appetites; and

she will speedily grow to like you as the Herr who sighed so sweetly and brought her such nice things. How you should talk to a Frenchwoman I need scarcely particularise. A young unmarried French lady never talks at all; she is merely *une jeune personne* who turns scarlet when you look at her, and, until she is married, *par devant notaire*, to a man she has not seen half-a-dozen times in her life before, is nobody. Married, she does all the talking herself. You have nothing to do but to listen and be fascinated. She talks nothings, but nothing is a whole world to a Frenchwoman. With the Russian ladies it is the same: they are as witty, and as fascinating, and have as frail a basis of realism to talk upon, as their French sisters. With the ladies of Italy what have you to do save to learn the art of handing a glass of lemonade and of understanding the language of the eyes? Nobody talks at Venice, but everybody falls in love. In the society of Spanish ladies you have simply to take care that neither your cigarette nor that of your interlocutor goes out. The fan does all the rest. At Vera Cruz and at Havana the *vomito negro* is an unfailing and inexhaustible theme of conversation for both sexes. But none of these will serve your turn in talking to a young lady in the United States, who is armed at all points. She is a very porcupine of sharp sayings. It is not that she is inordinately witty, or humorous, or sarcastic, or profound; but she bristles with facts, or at least with assertions culled from newspapers or other ephemeral publications, which she assumes to be facts. She is the most overwhelming conversationalist in the world. Balzac used to say that there were

fifty thousand Madame de Sévignés in France; and I am certain that there are at least half a million Madame de Staels in the States. One can imagine the terrible loquacity of Necker's daughter. Why did Napoleon exile her forty leagues from Paris? *Because she talked him down.* Why did the Duke of Wellington declare that she was the only person who had ever made him know fear? Because she was too much for him in conversation. Beware of the American young lady, unless you have the tongue of the Angelic Doctor, the eloquence of Mirabeau, the wit of Jack Wilkes, the wheedling ways of Lauzun, to back you up. Her facts—real or assumed—her readiness, her confidence, her unextinguishable volubility, will otherwise rout and utterly discomfit you. Did I speak of Madame de Stael? The comparison is wholly inadequate. She is a combination of Mesdames du Deffand, Recamier, and d'Epinay, of Sophia Arnould and Delphine Gay, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. Thrale, and Lady Morgan. She is a wonderful result of civilisation, free institutions, and the female seminaries, where the fair students graduate in honours. She is as fair, as polished, and discourses as brilliant music as the ivory keys of a grand pianoforte—and she is quite as hard.

CHAPTER XII.

A MASS MEETING.

UNTIL September, 1864, I had never witnessed a thoroughly organised American mass-meeting—I mean, an out-door one. Tammany edified me; but there were only a thousand bow-wowers in the Tammany wigwam on the glorious Fourth. I have assisted at a good many informal meetings, conferences, and preparatory caucuses. I have attended as the humblest of hierophants the Spiritualist convention and the Bloomer convention; and once, between Baltimore and Washington, the train having run off the track, broken down, and remained wedged in a snow-drift for six hours—no person in authority taking the slightest notice of the passengers meanwhile—I was spectator of an attempt among the more public-spirited of my fellow-passengers to get up an "indignation meeting," whereat resolutions should be passed for the bringing of the railway company to shame, and the blowing off of any surplus bunkum which might have accumulated in patriotic breasts since the period of our leaving Philadelphia. But, the majority of our companions being of the military profession, averse from hearing anything save convivial minstrelsy, and three parts drunk besides, the gentleman who called the meeting to order was promptly invited to

repair to the other side of Jordan—I think they spelt Jordan with an H—and to put his head in a bag, under penalty of being forcibly expelled from the car; and the inmates of the next, which was a sleeping car, protesting strongly against their rest, which they had paid a dollar a head to enjoy, being further broken, the indignation meeting fell through. I saw it afterwards copiously reported in a Washington paper, the "bully for you's" and "applause" being most accurately marked, and certain sarcastic remarks of one of the gentlemen present set down with such minuteness of detail and such delicacy of appreciation, that I suspect the reporter to have been the gentleman himself.

But a mass-meeting I waited long and in vain to see. At length my opportunity came. "A ratification meeting" was to be held in Union Square one Thursday in September, tentative and preparatory to the grander mass-meeting which was to take place on the 17th of the same month. The Americans, on the principle that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, are grand at rehearsals, even of public meetings and the lions.* Indeed, they seem to be rehearsing all their lives through, always with a hope to culminate in that grand performance on some Ides of March to come, when, from the steps of the Capitol at Washing-

* Napoleon, in Arkansas, a town on the Mississippi, is the place where, according to traditional report, there is always either a fight or a funeral going on. The which "reminds me of a little story," which I give for what it is worth, warning you that it is a "Yankee notion," and as such very likely to be as mendacious as a wooden nutmeg. Napoleon, in Arkansas, was a station where the steamers stopped to take in wood. On the occasion of one of these stoppages, which generally averaged under half an hour in duration, one of the passengers went on shore. He ran on board just as the

ton, they shall deliver their inaugural discourse as President of the United States of America. The railway conductor who declines to give you a civil answer, or the shopman who doesn't say "thank you" when you buy a pair of gloves from him, may not naturally or necessarily be a morose and mannerless hog. He is very possibly an educated and intelligent person, and after business hours will spend half the night in reading John Stuart Mill or Herbert Spencer. *But he knows his value; he feels his own dignity.* Yes, sir. In other words, his intense egotism and conceit absorb and preoccupy his mind, and make paramount therein a notion that he is destined some day to be Chief Magistrate of the Republic. While he is scowling at you, or affecting not to hear what you are saying, he is in all probability muttering to himself, "Who is this 'cuss?' I'm a deal better than he is. Why should I be civil to him? He doesn't look as if he could read John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. I get them from the Mercantile Library. I can understand them. Some. I am good. I am great. I am beautiful." Every Yankee thinks himself an Adonis, and is so notoriously addicted to "fixing himself up" whenever there is a mirror in the way, that I recently saw it gravely proposed in a newspaper that, in case of steamboat accidents, a notice of where the life-belts were to be found

departure bell had ceased to ring, and, with a blithe expression of countenance, exclaimed, "Who said Napoleon was a one-horse concern? Why, it's quite a place. Never had such a good time in my life." Whereupon he pulled from the pocket of his vest and pants a human ear, most scientifically bitten off, the bridge of a nose (Roman), an eye, and a couple of double teeth:— exhibiting which triumphantly, he cried, "And all that in twenty-six minutes!"

should always be kept pasted on the looking-glass. "I am considerable smart. I reckon I shall be a delegate. I shall stump my State. I shall enter the Legislature. I shall run for Congress. I shall be chosen for Senator. I shall be nominated on an irresistible ticket. I shall be President." "I occupy this White House now," said Mr. Lincoln to an Ohio regiment the other day; "but any one of your children may aspire to the position held by my father's son." Imagine, for the sake of contrast, such language being held to the privates of the First Battalion of her Majesty's Grenadier Guards. And yet there was once a private English sentinel, who had been a ploughboy, who taught himself grammar, who wrote the best grammar in the English language, who became one of the foremost writers of the English press, who died member of Parliament for Oldham, and of whom it was said that he might have done almost everything he liked in England if he had only been an honest man. There was once a barber's son who became Lord Chancellor; there was once a Cornish apothecary's boy who became President of the Royal Society; there was once a journeyman book-binder who refused a baronetcy, and whom the most illustrious in Europe are glad to call brother; but how was this advancement attained—how was this greatness achieved? By rightly-directed capacity, by singleness of mind, by tenacity of labour, by force of will; not by windy verbiage, not by vehement demagogism, not by corrupt intrigue, not by the stump—not by rolling the log, nor laying the pipe, nor pulling the wire. Mr. Lincoln did not tell his hearers that eminence was to be achieved by strenuous labour, by con-

sistent self-denial; he merely pointed out to them that, through universal suffrage and unmitigated democratic institutions, the stone which the builders refused might become the head of the corner. He merely held out a bait to their ambition, their selfishness, and their cupidity. He did not say, "Learn to labour and to wait." He the rather inferred, "Learn to be prominent and to grasp." And this is the Psalm of American political life. The race is to the loud-mouthed, and the battle to the impudent.

Now, it is obvious that, in a country where every citizen has set his mind on becoming "boss," or chief magistrate, there will sometimes occur a difficulty in finding unambitious persons of a laborious turn of mind—"proletarians," I think is the genteel name for them—who, for a certain stipend, say a dollar and a half a day, will condescend to build the houses, dig the sewers, scrub the door-step, make the beds, wait at table, and take down the shutters. So, when the American citizen began to know his own value and feel his own dignity, he called in Paddy from Cork to be his Helot—to hew his wood and draw his water. But, somehow, from his dollar and a half the Helot contrived not only to eat meat three times a day, but to save many dollars; and then all at once up rose Paddy from Cork, brandishing a shillelagh in one hand and his naturalisation papers in the other, and crying, "Arrah, but it's meself that's as good as you, and a great deal betther. It's meself that can recite pomes and understhand Mr. John Stuart Spencer and Mr. Herbert Mill. It's meself that manes to sthomp the State and run for Congress, an' ud make a most illigant Presidhent. Whoo!"

Whereupon he knocks down somebody, and there is a row. Whence trouble and perplexity, and many premonitory symptoms of general collapse and universal smash. For it is clear, I apprehend, that there can't be twenty-two millions of Presidents, and that there must be somebody left to wait at table and take down the shutters.

I happened to pass through Union Square twice during Thursday afternoon, and watched with great interest the progress of the preparations for the meeting. You might have fancied that a Cremorne *fête* was about to come off. Platforms and firework galleries had sprung up as if by magic; horizontal beams were hung with festoons of parti-coloured Chinese lanterns; and banners, and transparencies, and flowery devices, as yet unlit, abounded. "Who provides the funds for all this gimcrackery?" I whispered to a discreet friend. "Well, there is a Democratic Committee," he answered with diplomatic frankness. "Do they pay for the flags and banners and illuminations?" "Nary red." "Who then?" "The people behind the curtain—the people who are never seen—the politicians who never make speeches, but who have a purpose to serve, an axe to grind, an end to gain, and who appreciate to the full Mr. J. C. Calhoun's aphorism as to the 'cohesive power of the public plunder,' and have a capital appetite for five loaves and two fishes." I was satisfied with this, and forbore to seek any further explanation, for the Americans are apt to grow tetchy if you ask too many questions, and tell you pettishly that you don't understand their institutions.

I came back after dinner, and when it was quite dark.

The square was broken into patches of "brilliant coruscations of light," and presented a really beautiful and picturesque spectacle. Every platform was garlanded by the Chinese lanterns I have spoken of, and the gas lamps had, besides, been unscrewed from their posts, and hung to the sides of the scaffolds, to give light to the reporters. There was the grand stand, whence the great guns of the Democracy were to orate, and a number of smaller platforms for the less shining lights; and a German stand, whence the young ravens of Fatherland could be fed with interminable jobations ending in "*ig*" and "*ert*." There was no particular Irish stand. Ireland in the United States is everywhere.

At eight o'clock artillery—yes, artillery—began to roar from the enclosures of the square. Many brass bands then began to bray. The "Star-spangled Banner" blended with the waltz from *Faust*. A big eagle in gas suddenly spread his dazzling wings over the portal of the Maison Dorée. Delmonico's, which is not fifty yards from the square, was illuminated from roof to basement. The waiters rushed about nervously. They had a heavy night before them. The orators "change their breath" before they speak, and sup afterwards. The neighbouring bars were full to overflowing; the hackney coach-horses champed in the first-floors of the livery stables—for in this city horses go upstairs to bed like Christians. Small boys filled the branches of the trees; no policemen ordered them to come down. The Broadway squad were clustered round the different stands; while, from the corner of Fourteenth Street, which is at right angles with the square, a blinding ray from a calcium

light apparatus shot right across for many hundred feet—a bridge of radiance. Now what on earth had the calcium light to do with a M'Clellan mass-meeting? It was no business of mine to inquire any more than what reference, immediate or remote, such things as Chinese lanterns and brass bands had to the grave business on hand. It is *un costumbre del país.* It is the way the Yankees have. We had it too, of old time. Not so many years have passed away since in England a knight of the shire could not be chosen to sit in Parliament without brass bands, flags, streamers, open carriages with white horses, and abusive placards—without the punching of heads, the blackening of eyes, and the phlebotomising of noses. And there are many good and worthy souls in England who regret that parliamentary elections have been divested of all their rubbishing paraphernalia.

Our cousins preserve these undoubted relics of the manners of their fathers; but they have added to them strange accompaniments and supplements, for many of which the Germans are responsible. Thus, a nocturnal out-door mass-meeting presents in its external aspect a curious combination of Hogarth's "Four Scenes of an Election," and a German *Lustgarten* on a holiday. And throughout the whole giant city you will find the same odd mixture of English and Teutonic elements of civilisation—the grogshop grafted on to the *Gesellschaftshaus;* the rowdy getting drunk on whisky and sobering himself on lager-beer; the impulsiveness of the Yankee neutralised by the stolidity of the Dutchman.

There was a splendid display of fireworks before the pro-

cessions of the "Wards" entered the square. Rockets went whizzing about in every direction, making one feel rather anxious as to the particular direction in which the sticks might fall. Behind me, watching the dark and dense groups on which from moment to moment the lurid glow of the fireworks fell, and who were cleft in twain by that blinding cord of calcium light, stood a knot of European diplomatists. There was an Excellency from Guatemala also, I think. I wonder what impression the scene made upon one *blasé* with *pronunciamientos*. These *funciones* in South America generally end by some one being shot; and, sure enough, before the termination of the proceedings on Thursday night, a pistol went off in the outskirts of the crowd, and a young man was shot in the leg by an unknown assailant. With this exception, and one which I shall presently have occasion to mention, the meeting passed off in perfect peace and harmony. There may have been at one period thirty-five thousand persons present; but I did not see a blow struck, nor hear an angry word spoken. The same predominance of good behaviour was visible, you will remember, at Tammany, on the glorious Fourth. In the Great Wigwam at Chicago, at the end of last month, there were fifteen thousand persons, among whom there must have been not a few "hard cases;" but the Chicago Convention was brought to a close without the slightest disturbance. I revert to this subject for the reason that there is no mistake into which foreigners are more likely to fall than that which assumes that the normal condition of American popular assemblages is one of riot and confusion. What experience I have had, leads me

the rather to believe that such condition is, on the contrary, and almost invariably, orderly and tranquil. We hear so much at home about gouging and bowie-kniving, "free fights," and "difficulties," that we come to the States prepared to find violence and lawlessness rife at every large gathering; nor, considering what we have read of the dreadful excesses during the "bloody week" last July, would it be irrational to infer that of all American mobs, a New York one is the most ferocious and the most sanguinary. This is, I am fully persuaded, not the case. The New York conscription riots were a wholly phenomenal and exceptional outbreak. They had their origin in political, just as the riots in London in 1780 had theirs in religious feeling; but, in the one case, as in the other, the politicians withdrew very early from the conflict, terrified at the monster they had themselves evoked, and the real and most frightful outrages were committed by the very scum and offscourings of the city, bandits by predilection and murderers by trade, whose only hope was anarchy, and whose only creed was plunder. Baltimore, again, has long enjoyed an unenviable repute for rioting; and Southern mobs—witness the blackguards who insulted the Prince of Wales at Richmond—have always in coarseness and rowdyism far surpassed their Northern brethren.

A few years since, New York was infested by gangs of "loafers," "Bowery boys," and "shoulder-hitters," whose cowardly and brutal ruffianism made them a pest and nuisance to the law-abiding inhabitants. A good many of these scoundrels were killed off in the Macready-Forrest

disturbance; a great many more were shot in the "Dead Rabbit" riots, when the rowdies barricaded themselves in the streets, and fought the volunteers for three days; and the residue, thanks to the organisation of Colonel Billy Wilson's Zouaves—that great *refugium peccatorum*—have been mainly comfortably disposed of by pestilence, by starvation, by Confederate bullets, and by Federal halters. In the exclusively Irish quarters of the city, commotions are common and chronic, as they are in every city in the world where Irish people congregate; but the behaviour of the American people at large is, in the great majority of cases, most quiet, decorous, and peaceable. Indeed, the most serious disturbance which has taken place in the many meetings held here during the last nine months was among the ladies at the Dress Reform Movement Convention. The admirable behaviour of the Americans in their popular assemblages is easily to be accounted for. In the first place, they are, from their youth upwards, well broken to the harness of public meetings, and "bridle wise" to the control of the chairman. They know that if they do not allow others to spout they will have no chance of spouting themselves; and, moreover, they derive an absolute physical pleasure from listening to the spouters. They snuff up the "highfalutin'," drink in the "bunkum," and smack their lips over the "tall talk," and are, consequently, no more disposed to tolerate unseemly interruption than a theatrical audience would be to suffer one of Shakspeare's plays to be rendered inaudible by imitations of the crowing of cocks and the lowing of bulls. I noted their fondness for the oratory of public meetings when I first

came here, and a somewhat lengthened residence among them has confirmed me in the opinion I then advanced. But so strangely are our cousins our opposites, both politically and socially, that, whereas you cannot induce one Englishman in a hundred to attend a public meeting, and not one in a thousand to open his lips thereat—and whereas you shall scarcely get half a dozen Englishmen together at a dinner or supper party without one of them getting on his legs and making a speech, which ends by everybody's health being proposed and acknowledged half a dozen times over—you will find, on the other hand, that in America every man attends public meetings, and every other man spouts at them, but that when Americans get together for convivial purposes, it is a matter of the extremest rarity to hear anything approaching a speech made. The fact is, that they are naturally a shy and uneasy people, meagre conversationalists, and incapable of abiding long in any one place. They are shy and uneasy, however, after their own peculiar fashion. They can ascend a platform, face an audience of two or three thousand persons, bellow forth bunkum for the half-hour together, or carry a flag or a lantern in a procession; but in private they are nervous, restless, and reserved; and indeed, with some cultivated exceptions I have had the honour to know, the average American among a small knot of his fellow-men, seems seldom at his ease until he is tipsy. In their drinking customs they exhibit in a very marked manner this nervous restlessness. They cannot drink, smoke, and cogitate at the same time. When they feel inclined to be quiet, they ensconce themselves in a corner, hitch their legs above the

level of their heads, and smoke or chew, dry, and in silence. If you shut your eyes, you may become aware of their presence by the noise of their expectoration; but they don't speak. When they feel inclined to be Bacchanalian, they drink in a rapid, spasmodic manner, as though they were taking physic. The English squire, sitting solemnly over his bottle of port, and then as solemnly ringing the bell for claret; the English tradesman, taking his one or two glasses of toddy and his one or two pipes, and then unfurling his umbrella and marching gravely home; the English dandy in the club smoking-room, apportioning two mild Havannahs to one tumbler of seltzer and sherry, would not be understood in the States. When seltzer and sherry are taken, they are gulped down early in the morning, to cure the ailments known as "hot coppers" or "whisky in the hair." As a rule, our cousins loathe the very sight of port wine; but they drink it sometimes, because it is very dear and sounds grand. Hot grog is sometimes imbibed in the winter time, but it is taken standing—and gulped, not sipped. Much as you may have heard about mint juleps, egg noggs, cobblers, smashes, Windsor-coolers, skins, morning glory, Tom and Jerry, private smiles, corpse revivers, fiscal agents, four-forty-four, Jersey lightning, monitor, swamp-angel, eye-opener, moustache-twister, gin-sling, timble doodle, stone fence, with other professed "American drinks"—there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five of them, one for every day in the year—the majority of these high-sounding beverages are of a purely "fancy" order, devised by cunning bar-keepers down town to puff their establishments, and others are purely

mythical. In very hot weather a cobbler or a julep is occasionally taken; but throughout the States, and in all classes of society, the two universal drinks are, early in the morning, the cocktail—a mixture of alcohol, bitters, and sugar—and at any period of the day or night a dram of Bourbon whisky very slightly diluted with ice-water. The drinkers rush into a bar; the bar-keeper hands them the whisky bottle; they pour out as much or as little as they choose, add a dash of water, and swallow the mixture as though it were a seidlitz powder. No other mystery is there in the grand ceremony of "taking the oath," "putting oneself outside suthin'," or "liquoring up." And then they bolt away from the bar, to meet perhaps on the threshold a friend, with whom they immediately return, and "take the oath," or "put themselves outside sutbin'" again.

To revert to the exemplary conduct which ordinarily prevails at public meetings, let me finally add that the order preserved is mainly due to the greater number of the spectators being educated and intelligent persons, not given to "taking the oath" immoderately, and very many of whom never take it at all. At the first blush, the Americans strike a foreigner as being an exceedingly drunken people. You hear of cabinet ministers, clergymen, judges, barristers, senators, members of the Legislature, being habitually "tight." You cannot fail to observe an immense amount of "tightness" during your walks abroad. But, on closer acquaintance, you become aware of the existence of a very large section of the community who are total abstainers from every kind of fermented beverage. Nor are they necessarily tem-

perance orators or professed teetotallers. They don't drink, that is all. Drinking and "taking tobacco" are looked upon in decent society in the country towns as simply vicious and shameful habits, and nothing is commoner than to hear a person spoken of as "having no vices," meaning that he neither drinks, smokes, nor chews. As regards the other sex, ninety-nine women out of a hundred never touch anything stronger than iced-water, tea, and coffee, whence, among other causes, their wasted forms, their pallid complexions, and the unhealthiness of their children. Given, then, this very strong element of sobriety, and this stronger one of education and intelligence, among an auditory, it is plain that the noisy and the unruly can have but a very slender chance of indulging in their vagaries. The discipline which prevails in the body of the meeting is, nevertheless, quite consonant with the disorder which often reigns in its purlieus and after its termination. The rowdy who has been forced to behave himself for a whole hour and a half hurries to a bar, and takes the oath until he is mad drunk. The citizen who shot the young man in Union Square had probably been "putting himself outside" Bourbon until he "felt his liquor," and experienced the necessity of "having a crack at somebody." It is under these circumstances that you must beware of the Yankee. In an underground bar, "tight," and with a pistol or a knife in his pocket, he is about the savagest creature to be found out of the country of the gorillas. And, concerning pistols and bowie-knives, I know perfectly well that English travellers have fallen into very absurd errors as regards the American habit of carrying deadly weapons. I know that

the warning as to the expediency of either shooting or skedaddling so soon as the adversary with whom you are holding an argument puts his hand in his coat-tail pocket, or begins to scratch his neck in the vicinity of his vest collar, is a bit of fun, and nothing more. There are cowardly ruffians all the world over who will shoot or stab an unarmed person unawares; but in the settled part of the States such dastardly bravoes are not more plentiful than they are in Europe. Even in San Francisco, the habit of carrying firearms is dying out; and a gentleman, recently arrived from thence, told me that in the course of a year's sojourn he had not fired a pistol in anger half-a-dozen times. At a Boston dinner-table, however strong my British prejudices may have been upon me, I never expected my opposite neighbour to level a six-shooter at my head because I differed with him on the question of miscegenation; and at a New York club you do not see the loungers picking their teeth with bowie-knives, or offering to rip you up because you are not a member of the Loyal League. A well-educated American gentleman would as soon think of painting his face, or scalping the hack-driver who overcharged him, as of carrying pistols and daggers on his person. But among the lower classes—among the "roughs" and "hard-cases"—the habit is shamefully frequent. Scarcely a day passes without a police report of some fatal shooting or stabbing affray down town, and very often a perfectly innocent person is killed or wounded in this frenzied chance-medley. In the crowded streets by the water-side there is another peril which it would be as well to avoid. Handcuffed deserters are being taken under military escort

along the foot pavement at all hours. Very often the prisoners attempt to escape, and then the escort "shoot them down" on the spot, an inoffensive passer-by not unfrequently receiving the bullet which was intended for the fugitive.

It is not my intention—did even the limits of this letter permit me—to weary you with an account of the oratory at the M'Clellan mass-meeting. It was of the ordinary and duly-approved pattern, and needs no further comment. I wandered from stand to stand, and picked up crumbs of rhetoric here and there, which, woven together as I snatched them, would have made a not more than usually incoherent harangue. "This great country . . . . momentous crisis . . . . destinies of the Republic . . . . backbone of the rebellion . . . . waning hopes of traitors . . . . simulated neutrality of England, our hereditary enemies . . . . (cheers, the last in "tigers") . . . . incompetence, venality, and corruption of the Administration . . . . destruction of our liberties . . . . flag of our fathers . . . . commanding position among the nations of the earth." Of such was the warp. Let those supply the woof who list. There were two fragments of phrases, however, which I heard at every stand, and which were continually turning up . . . . "the honoured name of George B. M'Clellan" . . . . (tremendous cheering) . . . . "graduated at West Point." (Renewed applause.) One is apt to grow rather tired of this incessant laudation of West Point. It is a highly respectable military academy, no doubt; but you hear it so perpetually puffed that you begin to think, at last, of the hen with one chick.

In the middle of one of the speeches the calcium light

apparatus in Fourteenth Street blew up. A poor Irish girl was killed on the spot, and another woman is said to have since died from the injuries she received. Other persons standing by received hurts of more or less severity. A coroner's inquest has been held on the dead woman. The proprietor of the calcium light apparatus attended, and exhibited some highly interesting models of his gas-generator; and the jury returned a verdict setting forth, in effect, that the woman was dead, and that there was nobody to blame. We don't trouble ourselves much about individual casualties in these latitudes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

In the window of a fashionable bookseller's shop on Broadway, New York, there has been exhibited for many months a most horrifying photograph. It is of large size, and its artistic *pose*, and the skilful management of light and shade displayed in its execution, prove it to be the work of a skilful operator. But a ghastlier work of art, out of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, I certainly never saw. The camera obscura has been converted, for the production of this photograph, into a Chamber of Horrors. We are bidden to look upon the portrait of a young man, very nearly naked—at least he might have been young, and a man before he was converted into an anatomical preparation. The head is just a grinning skull, loosely covered with wrinkled skin. The craniologist might revel in the array of bumps he displays. The *os frontis*, the *os parietale*, the *os temporalis*—are all defined in painful salience; the maxillaries are prodigiously obtrusive. Then, when we come to his neck and chest, the anatomist might deliver a lecture on the prominence of his clavicles, the protrusion of his *sternum*, the marking of his seven true and five false ribs, the inser-

tion of the condyles of the *humerus* in the hollow of the *scapula*, and the facility with which the protuberances of the *radius* and the *ulna* can be defined. When we come to the great bones of the *pelvis*, to the *os ilium*, the *os ischium*, the external condyles of the *femur*—but enough; it is not my intention to deliver a lecture on anatomy. Suffice it to say that the portrait is merely that of a poor wretch who is a bag of bones. Dr. Quain or Professor Owen might dilate on his osteological development; and Barnum, were he in straits for novelties, might offer him sumptuous terms as a successor to the Living Skeleton. The poor creature is only deficient in muscles. You seek in vain for *biceps*, or *flexor*, or *extensor*, or *sartorius*, or *serratus*. "Nary flesh" has the unhappy one. The "vile jellies" of his eyes are deep-sunk in grisly sockets. His tongue lies withered and inert in its cavity like a piece of dead wood. There are some veins visible; but where his tissues are gone I do not know. The pit of his stomach seems bottomless. As to its coats, they have departed, I should imagine, long since. Whether he has any gristle remaining, or whether his bones are wired together, must be left to conjecture. But the portrait is not one of a corpse. This most forlorn and woe-begone object still lives. He breathes and groans and suffers, and regards you with a most dolorous and pitiful expression; that is all. His limbs have the flaccidity of exhaustion, not the rigidity of the grave. He is at death's door, and has rung feebly, perchance, at that last of goals; but the porter to the King of Terrors has not yet arisen to let him in. An inscription beneath the portrait informs us

it is that of a Federal soldier, confined for many months in the Libby Prison.

This most miserable creature has for a long period served an analogous purpose to that which, as I lately told you, the ingenious Mr. Thurlow Weed once applied a presumably murdered freemason. He is "starved Morgan enough" to suit political ends. His cadaverous presentment is put into the Broadway bookseller's window, to excite sentiments of hatred and vengeance against the wicked and cruel South. The argument runs in this wise: Behold how our prisoners are treated. See what a work the remorseless rebels have made of our courageous and loyal soldier of the North. Observe the skin, lapping pendulous about his bones. What a mere spectre and shadow the once brawny and stalwart warrior has become? Is it not a sin and a shame that he should have been so treated? Yet thousands upon thousands of his fellows have been used as scandalously, and worse. He is a victim of Southern brutality and malignity. He has been slowly and deliberately starved to within an inch of his life. It would have been better to have murdered him outright, to have shot him down like a useless horse or stuck him like a pig, than to have brought him to the verge of the grave by this systematic and inhuman torture. This is the lot of all Northern soldiers in Southern prisons. This is what our gallant defenders have had to suffer in the Libby and Castle Thunder—at Macon and Andersonville, at Charleston and Mobile, and Augusta. The demoniacal rebels have not dared to kill them in cold blood. They dreaded our reprisals. They have adopted the safer and

more Satanic system of starving them. They have allowed them food scandalously inadequate in quantity and shamefully inferior in quality; they have kept them without raiment, without shelter, without proper medical attendance; they have subjected them to every conceivable form of insult and outrage, short of scourging and branding; they have suffered them to fade away in atrophy, or die like sheep with the rot of pestilential diseases; and yet they have the face to talk about and to protest against Northern excesses in the conduct of the war."

There is a great deal to be said on both sides as to every salient topic growing out of this most monstrous and most horrible contest—a contest which, when we survey its present aspect and remember its origin, would really seem to have been begun by madmen and carried on by devils. The portrait of the unhappy being in the shop on Broadway may be that of an exceptional case of suffering. The original may have been selected from among a number of less emaciated invalids brought down from Southern prisons by flag-of-truce boat to Fortress Monroe, and his appearance may have been so horribly phenomenal as to cause his being at once fixed upon by the Federal surgeons and philanthropists as a capital subject to exemplify, by means of photography, the effects of Southern prison diet on the Northern frame. In war, we know, the weakest literally "go to the wall:" the deaths in the hospital far outnumber those which take place in the field. Fever and dysentery are formidable rivals, or rather the zealous co-labourers, with shot and shell. *Plures crapula quam gladius;* and disease, and dirt, and

destitution are more consumptive than the sword. How many mother's darlings, the joy of the household, the pet of the regiment—how many dandy young subalterns, with hearts of steel, but with skins of silk and muscles of wax—were spared from the fiery hail of the Alma and the Tchernaya and the Redan, only to die, utterly broken down and worn out, in the hospitals at Scutari? This American quarrel has sent into the field tens of thousands of young men utterly unfitted, both by physical constitution and by previous habits, for a military career. Striplings enervated by the dissipations of city life, by sedentary occupations, by unhealthy trades, by premature indulgence in smoking and chewing, and drinking—beardless hobbledehoys, the weakly children of weakly parents, unaccustomed to exposure, unused to hardship, ignorant of athletic exercise, actuated by patriotic feelings, which if mistaken were at least sincere—rushed into the ranks of the army. The reflex of that feeling, which was at its acme after the firing on Fort Sumter, but which has been for a long time, I fear, considerably on the decrease, is manifest on scores of walls decorated with the popular lyrics of the Americans, where you may read the mournful ballads of "When this cruel war is over," "Who will care for Mother now?" "Will you kiss him for his mother?" and "Mother, I've come home to die." You see there the beginning and the end of the war-craze—of the struggle which was to last but for sixty days, which has gone on, growing more furious and more envenomed, for four years, and which may go on, for anything the wisest can predict to the contrary, for forty years more. The weakest as well as

the strongest, have gone to the wars, and thence "to the wall." The "veterans" of the Federal armies who have not been killed are countrymen of iron frame, or else those cosmopolitan vagabonds acclimatised to every species of disease, and, it would seem, insured against every possible peril except hanging. They swing at last; but the rope is a long time in coming. The poor town-bred boys have long since withered out of the ranks of active service. Their patriotic ardour damped by defeat, they have been the likeliest, at all times, to straggle, to skedaddle, or to be captured in droves like the cattle in the great beef-raid before Petersburg. It may have been the portrait of such a poor town-bred lad that stared us in the face with such lugubrious intensity, aggravated by the Rembrandtesque chiaroscura of photography, in Broadway. It is, as I have remarked, extremely questionable whether the majority, or even any considerable number, of Northern prisoners in Southern hands have been reduced by maltreatment or insufficient rations to such a lamentable state of body, or whether it is precisely fair to photograph notorious valetudinarians discharged from custody on the ground of their health being hopelessly ruined, as types of a prison population in the Southern lines, which must number from thirty to forty thousand. I cannot, indeed, without being guilty of gross partiality, shut my eyes to the repeated statements as to the sufferings of the Union captives in Secessia. I cannot ignore the fact that the lamentably reduced state of soldiers who have returned from Southern bondage has been vouched for by Miss Delia Dix, the Florence Nightingale of the

North. I have no desire to palliate any atrocities alleged to have been committed; but it may be expedient to inquire whether the blame of a certainly dreadful state of things is to be wholly imputed to one party, and whether the responsibility which accrues from it might not be most equitably divided between both.

There has been lately printed in Massachusetts the narrative of the slow agonies endured by an exchanged Union prisoner, of a nature to make the blood run cold. The brother of Mr. John Elliot Packman, late captain's clerk of the United States ship Aries, was captured by a body of Georgia cavalry on the seventh of January last, his boat being cast on shore. He and his companions were confined on the first night in a negro-house, and, after remaining wholly without food for a period of twenty-four hours, were marched to Charleston, where they arrived on the twelfth. Those who dropped from exhaustion were placed on carts. The Confederate commandant was harsh and unfeeling; but several of the escort secretly avowed themselves to be Union men, and supplied the prisoners with tobacco. At Charleston they were placed in the State Prison, in a room where all the glass was broken from the windows, and where, as they were destitute of blankets, the cold at night was very severe. Neither here nor elsewhere, save in one single instance, was straw or any substitute for it allowed them to rest upon. Their dungeon was full of vermin of all kinds.

In Charleston their food was a dish of mush, made of coarse corn-meal, often sour. In the centre of this was placed a lump of fat pork, or other meat. The dish was

seldom or never washed, and was thrust into their prison-house once a day, where they shared it as best they could, without plate, cup, spoon, knife, or fork. At the end of three weeks a female relative of the gaoler, learning their condition, and having, it is to be presumed, read that supplication in the Litany which relates to prisoners and captives, brought them plates and spoons of her own, and washed these daily. They were one hundred and twenty-five days in this miserable durance at Charleston. For exercise they were permitted to pace for an hour or so every day a small yard, in which they were only separated by a line of sentinels from a mob of convicts and deserters. They were then sent to Macon, where they arrived on the 16th of May. Six hundred prisoners had arrived from Richmond the day before, and subsequent arrivals soon swelled the number to about one thousand five hundred, all officers. They were enclosed in a space of two and a-half acres, surrounded by a high fence of boards, with a platform near the top for the sentries. Within this fence, and distant from it ten or fifteen feet, was a rope, and in some parts a wooden railing. This was called the "dead rope," and the sentinels had orders to shoot any prisoners who should touch it. On one occasion a Federal officer was shot through the back and instantly killed, although when he received the ball he was two or three paces distant from the "dead rope." Within the enclosure there was a rickety wooden barrack, where some officers of high rank were allowed to sleep; and a shed, open at all sides, which sheltered a few more. Beyond this there was nothing to cover them. The heat of the sun

was intense; and it is to be remembered that they were in the midst of summer, and of the almost torrid Georgia. There were occasional heavy rains, which flooded the area, compelling the prisoners to sleep, if they slept at all, in the mud. The condition of the private soldiers, prisoners at Andersonville, was incomparably worse; more than thirty thousand men being packed in a space scarcely large enough to permit motion, and exposed without shelter to all the intensity of a Southern sun. Death, insanity, and idiotcy were rife among these wretched beings. Men often seized the "dead-rope" with both hands, and called upon the sentinels to shoot. They were taken at their word. At Macon the prisoner's ration was one pint of coarse Indian meal, one-third of a pound of bacon, rancid, and often full of worms, a handful of "cow-peas" and rice, and a little salt. To every mess of ten was given a few cooking utensils. Those who had money might buy a frying-pan for five dollars. Escapes of prisoners were not unfrequent; but, by means of trained dogs, all were captured, At the end of August the prisoners were taken back to Charleston. They were conveyed by rail in cattle-cars, where there was no room for all to lie down, and many were compelled to remain in a half-sitting, half-kneeling posture, for two whole days and nights. Near Charleston eighty men escaped. They were all caught and brought back within ten days, having been hunted through the swamps by bloodhounds. Their appearance, when recaptured, was frightful. Their clothes were torn to shreds, their faces lacerated by briars, their skin blistered with the heat, and their hands and feet swollen

with musquito bites. Many had been severely bitten by the ferocious dogs employed to hunt them. At Charleston 600 men were confined in the gaol-yards, and for the most part without shelter. The crowd was suffocating, and the heat intolerable. The thermometer stood at a hundred degrees. In a week's time they were removed to a negro workhouse, which was filthy, yet comparatively endurable. Thence they were taken to the Roper Hospital. In that asylum those who would give their parole were allowed to remain; the rest were sent to a convict gaol. At the hospital the shelter and accommodation were admitted to be good, and here Mr. Packman continued until his exchange, early in September. The only alleviation to the dire misery of their situation was one which they procured for themselves on the fourth of July at Macon. They celebrated the national anniversary with considerable *éclat*. They had contrived to smuggle a small American flag into the enclosure. This was carefully stowed away until the morning of Independence Day, when it was hoisted on a stick. Speeches were made, "sentiments" spoken to, repeated cheers given, and the "Star-spangled Banner" sung by the entire assemblage. Other national airs followed. Rough Tennesseeans and sturdy officers from the North-west burst into tears. The Confederates, although greatly exasperated, dared not, according to Mr. Packman, attempt any other interference than remonstrance; and here, I think, the otherwise candid narrative of the Union officer breaks down in *vraisemblance*. The Confederates could not have been such hardened monsters of brutality as he would strive to

represent them if they permitted, "without any other interference than remonstrance," the holding of an assembly which might have ended in a mutiny. Had they been wantonly and wickedly cruel; they might at once have sequestered the Union flag, and dispersed the Union sympathisers at the bayonet point. Still there is something to me very suggestive in this account of a Fourth of July celebration under the most adverse of circumstances. It adds another to the list of half-melancholy, half-grotesque anomalies and incongruities with which the history of this war is replete. One scarcely knows whether to find more droll or more pathetic the ruling passion for "flag-raising," strong even at the gate of death. In sickness and in health, in good and evil report, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, the Yankee must have his flag, and spout under its folds. I remember once meeting in the middle of Russia an American who was going through the wilds of Siberia to the Amoor River, and who told me that he had had the stars and stripes made up as an umbrella. There, in the pestilential coral at Macon, with bloodhounds at their throats, with muskets pointed at them, without bread to eat or a roof to cover them, these poor men took refuge and found consolation in patriotism—in the old windy verbiage, in the old "tall talk," in the old political psalmody—and bondage was trampled underfoot, for the time, by Buncombe. Anomalies and inconsistencies! Would it be easy to find anything more anomalous and incongruous than the facts that the Georgian soldiers who guarded them were the descendants of those who gave the best and bravest generals to the War

of Independence; that four years since those Georgians too, and the Carolinians, and the Alabamians, and all the seceding States, were celebrating this same 4th of July; and that this very song of "The Star-spangled Banner," which in the gaolers' eyes was almost a seditious ditty, was written by a Southern man detained as a prisoner of war in England. *His* son was arrested only the other day in Baltimore, as a Secessionist.*

* On the whole I think the philosophy of the question as to how prisoners have been treated, both North and South, resolves itself into this:—That there is as much to be said on one side as on the other; that Confederate prisoners in the North have suffered much, and that Federal prisoners in the South have suffered a great deal more—from insufficient shelter, want of clothing, and scarcity of food; but that the responsibility of these sufferings lies mainly at the door of the North, who, in a spirit of cruel and wicked obstinacy, for a long time refused to entertain the project of an equitable cartel of exchange, and wilfully hampered the progress of all negotiations to that effect by putting the business of exchange in the hands of the infamous Benjamin Franklin Butler, a man who, for his crimes against humanity, had been outlawed by the Confederate Government.

Moreover, under all circumstances a prisoner of war is a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a bore; and he has been so in all ages. You cannot kill him, and you cannot set him to hard labour like a felon. He is neither flesh nor fowl. He has to be left to himself, to idle away his time, and to rot, mentally or physically. Precisely the same complaints which have been banded between North and South were common between the French and English in the last great war. They accused us of starving French prisoners on board our hulks and at Dartmoor; we accused them of starving English captives at Verdun and Biche.

CHAPTER XIV.

"PHERNANDIWUD."

On almost every bookstall in the United States there is to be found exposed for public sale a thin pamphlet, in a crimson cover, entitled "The New Gospel of Peace, according to St. Benjamin." This pamphlet contains but forty-two pages, and is full of shrewd satire, not unmixed with humour, albeit marred in its very form and diction by an audacious irreverence which nearly approaches blasphemy. It is in truth, throughout, a parody of the sublime language in which the Scriptures are written. We English must not be too ready, in face of such a production, to cry "Shame!" You may recollect the "Political Catechism" of William Hone, for publishing which he was tried three times—the last before the cruel Ellenborough—and as many times acquitted. You may remember the late Archbishop Whately's curious and clever adaptation of Scriptural style to modern narrative in the "Historic Doubts relative to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte." The good prelate of the Irish Church and the sardonic English Radical were at opposite poles of intention in their parodies. Whately wished to strengthen faith in Christianity; Hone panted to pull down royalty and religion together. It is difficult to determine what precise object the

author of the "New Gospel of Peace" had in view, unless, indeed, he wished to express in a fantastic form *that for writing which in sober newspaper style he might have been sent to Fort Lafayette.* America is a free country; but a bird in the air may carry the matter you are inditing to authorities who will at once and blithely issue *lettres de cachet* for your arrest. Very many thousand copies of the "New Gospel of Peace" have been sold. The success of the work has raised a cloud of imitations, most of them as trashy as they are vile. There is a second part to the gospel itself. There is a "Book of the Prophet Stephen;" there are "Revelations," and a most scandalous apocalypse those "Revelations" are; but the crimson-bound pamphlet, atrocious as it is, will take rank with the most salient productions of American humour.

There is little ground for astonishment that a burlesque of the Bible should become popular among this people of five hundred sects and no faith. Familiarity with the sacred writings has begotten contempt for them. Not a mountebank who gets up a spiritualist lecture but prefaces his imposture by a hymn and a prayer, and some attempt at a counterfeit liturgy. The hymns themselves are drolly devotional. It is somewhat unfair, perhaps, to instance such a one as the following—

Chase de debbil round the stump:
Glory Hallelujah!
Gib him a kick at ebbery jump:
Glory Hallelujah!—

seeing that, although quite *bonâ fide*, it is a nigger hymn, and the darkies—poor creatures!—are a funny but unlettered people, unversed in abstract theology.

We had a volcanic politician at Saratoga last summer, who was "watering-place" correspondent to the *New York Express*, and contributed the most astounding lucubrations to that journal—lucubrations such as in our benighted and prosaic country would induce the belief that the writer was a candidate for Hanwell or Colney Hatch. Yet the *Express*, which is really a respectable kind of journal, and is edited by a member of Congress, continued to print these Bedlamite tirades, and evidently thought them quite a feature. The mad gentleman wrote under the signature of "A Voice from the Pit," or "over" the signature, to be more American and more correct. Our cousins are, you may be aware, the rigidist of grammatical purists, and tremendous sticklers for accuracy in our or their language. Well, our crazy friend preached what he termed a "shoddy sermon" to the Saratogians. Thus ran his text: "*And he playcd on a shoddy harp of a thousand shoddy strings: the spirit of the shoddy just made perfect.*" "And it came to pass," said our lunatic, "in the days of M'Clellan the General, Butler the Beast, Banks the Retreater, Sigel the Ruhaway, Wood the Mayor, Seymour the Governor, Seward the Fox, Chase the Disgraced, and Abraham the Retailer of obscene jokes, that the Pit visited Saratoga; and when the Seventh Day came the Dress Circle sent in petitions to preach, and lo! the Pit was not afraid, and in the presence of Wealth and Beauty, lovely Women and Brave Men, the Pit Minister spoke something like this: 'The moment the Donkey entered into conversation with his master, Balaam was disgusted, and ever after rode a horse. What ye shall eat is shoddy, what ye shall

drink is shoddy, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed is shoddy. Society is organised hypocrisy. Crime is not in the act, but in getting found out. . . . Lo, this is the age of shoddy. Men make shoddy fortunes, build shoddy stables for shoddy tandems, marry shoddy wives, and unto them are born shoddy children. On, shoddy, on! Charge (four dollars a day)! were the last words of the shoddy Marmion. *E pluribus*, &c. Towler was a priest, Floyd a disciple, Buchanan a saint, compared to the Aminadab Sleeks that live in the age of shoddy. Cease scraping the hair of the shoddy horse against the bowels of the shoddy cat. Ten glasses of Congress water would have no effect on Father Abraham. (Laughter from Fremonters.) . . . . All who refuse to believe in the leopard changing his spots and the Ethiopian his smell are not in the councils of shoddy. Shoddy intends to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, and ignorance, intolerance, bigotry, and evil passions met at Baltimore to arrange it. About four hundred men—all who were in debt, and heavily laden, and interested in the reign of shoddy—met at the request of Father Abraham, who got Morton M'Michael for seventeen hundred dollars to row the Union League of Philadelphia, seventeen men, over to the Baltimore party, and leave Chase upon the Banks. . . . . Saratoga is gay. *There are five hundred thousand orphans in the land.* Oh, how the ladies dance, and dress, and flirt! *There are one hundred thousand widows in America.* Hurrah for the dance! Let joy be unconfined! Adam fell, and the Pilgrims landed, said Howell Cobb. Give us another polka. *Fifteen hundred braves have fallen for three electoral votes.*

A redowa, a waltz, a quadrille. *Vive la danse!* How gay! All is sunshine. There was a sound of revelry by night. The constitution has been torn to shreds over the graves of thousands. One murder makes a villain, millions a hero, for of such is the kingdom of shoddy. Saw the arms off; slice the legs! A hecatomb of white men—a swath mown through fathers, brothers, lovers, sons, to let the happy bondman pass through to be an exile, a pauper on the State. *For he played on a shoddy harp of a thousand shoddy strings: the spirit of the shoddy just made perfect.*" But enough of this balderdash. I merely quote it to show what is said, and written, and tolerated in the freest country in the world.

The Americans have by this time come to the ridiculous phase of that devotional fullness which graced the army list of the Puritans with names taken out of the lamentations of Jeremiah and the prophecies of Habakkuk. The most popular and favourite jokes of our curious cousins are ineffably blasphemous.* Fortunately, with Archbishop

* Here is a very mild sample. I have "wrapped it up" as well as I could. The jester is supposed to be discoursing on the amazing shrewdness of the inhabitants of a village near New York. "The people of West Weehawken, sir, they air so almighty smart that they'll never be reconverted, they won't. No, sir; if the angel was to come round, waking of 'em up, *they'd chizzle him out of his trumpet before he'd got to the first toot.*" References to the infernal regions are an indispensable condiment to most jocular stories, and indeed to most conversation. "I gave him perticlar h—." "I'd make him smell h—." There is a very droll story of a doctor who went to settle in a village out west, and the first night of his arrival was sent for to attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion. "This hyar babe's got the small pox; and I ain't posted up on pustules. *We must approach this case by circular treatment.* You give the little cuss this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me. *I'm Hell on fits.*" To be h— on any-

Whately for a precedent, I may give a discreet extract from the "New Gospel of Peace." It may astound, but it will not shock English ears, I trust. "5. It came to pass in those days that in the country of Manatton, in the city which is called Gotham, that is over against Jarzee, as thou goest down by the great river, the Hutzon, to Communipah, there was a man whose name was Phernandiwud. 6. And he was a just man, and a righteous; and he walked uprightly before the world. But when he was not before the world his walk was slantindicular." Here follows half a chapter, accusing Phernandiwud of having swindled one Marahorne out of a large sum of money in connection with a trading speculation in California. The Gospeller then goes on: "Now it came to pass that, in the city of Gotham were many Pahdees, like unto locusts for multitude, and they were not of the land of Unculpsam, but came from an island beyond the great sea; a land of famine and oppression. And they knew nothing. They read not, neither did they write; and, like the multitudes of Nineveh, many of them did not know their right

thing means to be what we call a "dab" at it. There is a story of a man who had just started an inn in the White Mountains, and who wanting a tocsin to call his guests to meals, wrote to a brass-founders' firm in New York in the following terms:—"Gents, please send me one of those d—d things that kicks up such a h— of a row round a hotel. Yours &c. P.S. I think they call them goings." He meant a gong. I may be asked, "why relate stories couched in such shocking language?" I plead in reply, that I went to America to describe things that had not been written about before, that the stories I heard (if they could be printed without violating the laws of common decency, and many I know I dare not relate) were not meant to be retailed only at the dinner-table when the ladies have left, or the club smoking-room. *These stories belong to the actual state of American manners;* but the main part of their humour is in their phraseology; and divested of the shocking language, they are often trite and dull.

hand from their left. 2. Therefore, the men of Unculpsam, who dwelt in Gotham, troubled themselves very little to govern the city, and paid the Pahdees richly to govern it for them. 3. For the men of Gotham were great merchants and artificers, trading to the ends of the earth; diligent and cunning in their business, wise and orderly in their households; and they got great gain, and the fame of their wisdom and their diligence was spread abroad. Wherefore they said, Wherefore shall we leave our crafts and our merchandise, and our ships, and our feasts, and the gathering together of our wives and daughters, and our men-singers and our women-singers, to give our time to ruling the city? Behold, here are the Pahdees, who know nothing, who read not, neither do they write, and who know not their right hand from their left, and who have never governed even themselves, and who will be glad to govern the city in our stead. 4. Wherefore the men of Unculpsam, who dwelt in Gotham, went the one to his craft, the other to his ships, and the other to his merchandise, and the Pahdees governed Gotham. 5. Now Phernandiwud saw that the men whom the Pahdees appointed to be officers in Gotham fed at the public crib, and waxed fat, and increased in substance. Moreover, so great and mighty was the city of Gotham, that they who ruled it were powerful in the land of Unculpsam; stretching out their hands from the north even unto the south, and from the east even unto the west; but most of all were they powerful with the men of the south. 6. And Phernandiwud said within himself, Shall I not feed at the public crib, and wax fat, and increase in substance, and

become a man of power in the land of Unculpsam? 7. So he made friends unto himself among the Pahdees, and of certain men of Unculpsam who had joined themselves unto the Pahdees, and who called themselves Dimmichrats. 8. And he became a great man among them. And they made him chief ruler of the city. And it was of the Pahdees that he was first called Phernandiwud. 9. Now when Phernandiwud was chief ruler of Gotham, the Pahdees, and the men of Unculpsam, which were also Dimmichrats, did what was right in their own eyes, and they worked confusion in the city, and devoured the substance of the men of Gotham. And the watchmen of the city were as clay in the hands of Phernandiwud." There is, few pages on, a very quaint passage, setting forth how the Dimmichrats had counsel at the house of one Hiram the Publican (the New York Hotel), and how fasting and prayer were recommended; "but Hiram the Publican" (Mr. Cranston) said that fasting was unprofitable.

But I will not pursue this stuff to satiety. I have given you a sufficient taste of St. Benjamin's quality. The cleverness of the parody can scarcely be denied, execrable as may be the taste in which it is conceived. But little explanation is needed to unveil the proper names and things alluded to. Gotham is New York; Jarzee, New Jersey; Unculpsam, Uncle Sam, or the Federal Government. The Pahdees are, of course, the Irish; the Dimmichrats, the Democrats; and Phernandiwud is no other than Mr. Fernando Wood, who was Mayor of New York when the Prince of Wales visited America, and who, in his official capacity, courteously received

and splendidly entertained the heir to the British Crown. Mr. Fernando Wood was at Washington last winter. He was a member of the House of Representatives. He lives largely, and has his clients, his satellites, and his "ring." He gave, while I was in the Federal capital, a sumptuous "At Home," to which I had the honour of being invited. I was unwell, and, to my great annoyance, could not go, but I heard that the festival was a triumphant success, the dancing brilliant, the supper gorgeous, the attendance numerous and distinguished, including more than one foreign ambassador. Here is a man high in position, rich, influential, a lawgiver, feasting statesmen and diplomatists, and yet publicly branded as an extortioner. No criminal information hangs over the head of the printer of the scandalous lampoon I have quoted from. No action for slander is brought against Mr. Fernando Wood's detractors. That which is said against him is not confined to hostile editorials or anonymous pamphlets. Openly, on the street, or at clubs, people relate to you how he acquired wealth by means the most disreputable. I am not, of course, adopting and confirming this gossip; I am not sitting in judgment on a man who has not been tried, and may be prevented from defending himself simply by pride, and by a contempt for his accusers. I am only repeating the scandal as an illustration of the way in which Americans heedlessly make such charges, and as heedlessly pass them by. Nobody seems to think that there is anything shameful or scandalous in such a career as that imputed to Mr. Wood, or any one else; no one seems to think a refutation necessary. "The Thane of

Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman." Only be clever enough to keep out of the States' prison, and you may do anything in America which, if right were right and rogues were always trounced, would get you into Sing-Sing a hundred times over. The Spartans punished the thief, not for his theft, but for being found out. There is not one thing, I declare, so lamentable and so shocking in American society as the easy and jaunty manner in which your friends tell you that men, certainly of substance and seemingly of probity, are common knaves and cozeners. You admire such a one's pictures, statues, library, his pretty wife, his blooming children. "Ah, yes," somebody says; "a smart man that. The way he chizzled his father-in-law out of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars was most remarkable. I'll tell you the story." But you don't want to hear the story. You don't want to believe it. You turn away sick and sorry. You look at another occupying a high post of trust under Government; you think him the sternest and uprightest of men. You are informed that he is a bankrupt New York bath-keeper; that he impudently defrauded his creditors: yet he has now the handling of millions of the public money. Go where you will, it is the same old intolerable story of robbers sitting in high places; of officials being known to have done deeds which in Europe would be thought worthy of the scourge and the branding-iron; of politicians making a market of their opinions and selling their votes to the highest bitter; of Cacus—enriched by many beef contracts—on the bench, and the Just Man in the dock.

"The just man!" Ah, where is he? He must be somewhere. Surely this is not wholly a shadowy land, where all things wear an aspect not their own. Surely in this magnificent country, over which the Almighty has, with free bounty, scattered material blessings broadcast; in which none but the idle and the dissolute can ever lack bread; in which the sick and infirm are cared for with infinite pity and tenderness; in which even the errant and the perverse are protected—for there are asylums for the "inebriate" as well as the insane;—in which the claims and the rights of labour are amply met and fully recognised; in which the inestimable boon of gratuitous education is given in frankalmoign to every man, woman, and child; in which birth can take no precedence, and rank no monopoly; in which the voice of the people, and not the caprices of monarchs or the intrigues of courtiers, elects the rulers of the State—surely in this America, rich by nature and rich by industry, enlightened, practical, healthy, and strong and young, a marvel to the nations not so blessed as she, and the whilom hope and pride of every friend of liberty throughout the world—surely on this glorious continent, where an experiment, the noblest and the grandest ever essayed by man, that of purely free government, has been on trial these eighty years past, there must be that Just and Upright Man, walking fearlessly in the straight path, telling no lies, clutching at no contracts, pulling no wires, rolling no logs, hating corruption, eschewing calumny, forswearing cabal, scorning the low and shifty arts by which the common herd rise to fill

Treasury Buildings and Departments of State. Where are these just ones? Shall we look for them in the trim well-swept towns of New England, or the well-ordered homes of Pennsylvania; or must we go farther afield, and roam over the trackless prairies or plunge into the dark forests of the West? There was a hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin once; are there any descendants of M. de Jouy in New York—hermits of Staten Island, anchorites of Fifth Avenue, recluses of Hoboken, ascetics of Jersey City, Simeon Stylites of the Croton Aqueduct? I seem, during my stay in this republic, to have met with a few such men; I hope, if ever I return to America, to meet with many more. I never nursed myself, please Goodness! in a vain delusion when I thought it a high and inestimable privilege to become acquainted with American gentlemen, cultivated, refined, and noble in thought and word and deed—men who hold in utter loathing and disdain the bedlam pranks or the cutpurse tricks that are being done every hour by those who write themselves "honourable," and mouth and rant in the Capitol at Washington—men who deplore the follies and the crimes of the day,—who are too sensitive and too high-minded to descend into the arena and mingle in the dirty strife, but who are too patriotic to quit their country in disgust, and seek for more congenial fellowship in Europe. I do not know what party these hermits belong to. I do not know whether they can be classed with any party. They may be Copperheads, and they may be Republicans, but I am certain they are gentlemen.

Failing, nevertheless, the appearance of the Anchorite party in public, those politicians who have sense and courage enough to oppose the policy of the faction now in power were forced to fall back on Mr. Fernando Wood. He is out of Congress now, and since the split in the peace party, which took place prior to the Chicago Convention, has lost much of his influence. Abraham, the great axe-wielder, has not split more rails than the Democrats have split their party into. There are those who believe in Senator Bayard, and those who hold with Senator Davis—the same legislator who once publicly threatened that if he were expelled the Senate he would "go home and raise H—— in Kentucky." There are those who swear by Mr. Cox, of Ohio; and there is the great Western Copperhead peace party who sit at the feet of Mr. Vallandigham. Even George Francis Train prefers to be a Democrat, and has his tail. Fernando Wood, in February, '64, still represented an able and influential section of the Democratic party. He spoke with authority, and his speeches commanded attention. He was bold enough once to speak, in the House of Representatives, of Peace. The very word Peace has generally, on the Northern mind, an effect analogous to that usually produced by a lighted lucifer match on a barrel of gunpowder. Wave the red rag of Peace, and the Yankee Bull goes mad. Say that the war has lasted too long, and you will find yourself denounced as a spy, a Copperhead, or a rebel. Fernando has braved all these perils. He spoke out boldly in denunciation of the general course of conduct pursued by the

faction in power. He argued forcibly against the Confiscation Act. He said the Southern States were either within or without the Union. If within the Union, the people of the revolting States were not deprived of the protection nor exempt from the operation of the constitution; but if without the Union, they were belligerents, a foreign power at war with the United States, and were entitled to all the immunities which the law of nations recognises. He pointed out that, early in the session, he had proposed the appointment of commissioners to treat with the Confederate Government. Such had always been the practice of the United States. They had done so with the Barbary Powers, with England in 1815, and with Mexico in 1843; and even in the case of civil war they had treated by commissioners with the leaders of the Shay rebellion in 1786; in the whisky rebellion of 1795, when Washington and Alexander Hamilton proceeded to Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, to negotiate in person with the rebels; and again in the Mormon revolt of 1857, when the President appointed Governor Powell and Colonel M'Culloch to effect a pacification of those "profligate outcasts." "But," continued Mr. Wood—and herein lay, I think, the point of his address—"the Administration and party in power were opposed to the restoration of the Union, and desired a continuance of the war, by which to accomplish designs of partizan advantage. The ruling elements were fanaticism and corruption. Thus the war was sustained. Under the plea of patriotism the most damnable deeds were being perpetrated. The war must cease. It

was commenced without cause, had been prosecuted without glory, and would end in national poverty, disintegration, and ruin. Those who favoured this war favoured disunion. Peace was the only hope of restoration. It was idle to talk of the politics of the war. It made no difference what were the politics. The result would be the subversion of republican institutions and utter destruction."

There is much in the foregoing sentence that will strike the English reader as being dictated by plain and logical common sense. Mr. Wood was not, however, content with simple statement and exposition. In America, it would seem, no modern orator thinks his harangue complete without "speaking a piece" by way of peroration. The Americans are ready to cast their garments, like the Athenians of old, upon him who can "speak a piece" or "tip them a bit of Enfield's Speaker." Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Rufus Choate—the great old dead men—rarely spoke "a piece." But now-a-days the counsel cannot conclude his address for the defence—the politician cannot wind up his stump oration—the lady medium cannot close her discourse on the origin of evil—the clergyman cannot let doxology follow sermon—the criminal cannot show cause why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, without "speaking a piece." "Peace!" shouted Mr. Fernando Wood,

> Peace, peace. God of our fathers, grant us peace;
> Peace in our hearts—and at Thine altars peace;
> Peace on red waters and their blighted shores;
> Peace for the leaguered cities and their hosts,
> That watch and bleed around them and within;

> Peace for the homeless and the fatherless,
> Peace for the captive on his weary way.

It afterwards came about, in the summer of the same year, that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Fernando Wood, and spent a very pleasant afternoon with him; not in his own house (or I should not say a word about it), but at a water party on the lake of Saratoga. You drive from the springs to the lake—some five or six miles—to boat if you choose, to fish if you have a mind thereto, to dine on game and fresh trout if your taste lie that way, to enjoy from the shores of the lake, if you are fond of the picturesque, one of the most charming prospects in the world: but, in any case, to eat fried potatoes. These potatoes are the *specialité* of the place—the "maids of honour," the whitebait of Saratoga. They are first cut, or rather shaved, into extremely thin strips by a machine; then steeped for a considerable number of hours in iced water, which effectually closes all their pores, and are then plunged into cauldrons of boiling grease, just a sufficient time to allow them to assume a delightfully golden hue. You begin to eat fried potatoes so soon as you arrive at the Lake; you continually eat them till you depart; and I have heard of ladies who have taken French cambric pocket-handkerchiefs full of fried potatoes home with them, and kept them under their pillows, *en cas de nuit.* I have seen them eaten by ladies with lavendar kid gloves on, and they are so crisp and *croquant* and so clean-looking, that you generally dispense with a plate while eating them at dinner, and keep a pile of fried potatoes on the table-cloth by your side. They are eaten with fish, they are eaten with

game, they are eaten with sherry-coblers, and they are eaten with ice-creams. The party of which Mr. Fernando Wood was one did ample justice to these most delicious *pommes frites*. Then we went for a trip on a charming little toy steamer, of one-Shetland-pony-power, called the "Addie Smith"—she was christened after the young lady who had presented her with her ensign—just such a little tiny bark as Mr. Tennyson describes in *The Princess*: only, why does he call her a "clock-work steamer"? Surely this is a pleonasm. If she went by clock-work, she wouldn't want steam. We had a whole coterie of political notabilities with us, besides Fernando, and were very merry on board the "Addie Smith." There was an album in the cabin, in which tourists inscribed their names, with appropriate "sentiments" beneath. One of our party—he was a United States judge—appended to his autograph a free version of General Dix's famous telegram anent the American flag, in this wise: "Whoever attempts to pull down the flag of the 'Addie Smith,' fine him drinks round on the spot." When it came to my turn, I remembered President Lincoln's sage dictum of the inexpediency of swapping horses when crossing a stream, and ventured to paraphrase it so far as to hint that it was best not to swap steamers when crossing the Lake of Saratoga. The Indians declare that it has no bottom. We came at sundown to the Lake house; dined; had a great time, and drove back to the springs in the bright moonlight, "holloaing and signing of anthems," Fernando as well as the rest, till we nearly lost our voices. I had a long talk to the ex-Mayor. By-the-way, all his companions

addressed him habitually as "Mayor," just as I have hinted that Mr. Seward's friends addressed him as "Governor." Fernando Wood interested me much. He had a remarkably curious and copious acquaintance with the old English poets, and seemed to know Shakspeare and Milton by heart —a description of lore you would not expect from one who is accused of having made his fortune by a kind of "financeering," a little better than Peter Morrison's, and a little worse than Colonel Waugh's. However, I had nothing to do with Fernando's morality. He was very civil to the me; and he was, in any case, a very noticeable man, quite self-made, originally a poor office-lad, then a cigar dealer (but no smoker), and even, as some people say, the keeper of a bar down town. As Mayor of New York he rendered excellent service to his fellow-citizens by entirely remodelling the police force, and making his municipality a terror to the "shoulder-hitters," "plug-uglies," and "dead rabbits," who then infested the Empire City. Fernando has a brother, Ben Wood, the proprietor of a strong pro-Southern paper, called the *Daily News*. Its advertising columns are an open medium for the exchange of communications between North and South. These communications are, of course, supposed to have reference strictly to private and personal matters. Thus people in New York can learn tidings of their relatives and friends confined in Southern prisons, and *vice versâ*; but it is not difficult, I should think, to introduce a good deal of dangerous political matters into advertisements veiled, as many of these are, in enigmatical language. "Sarah is well. Piggy will be

home soon," may mean a hundred perilous things, as the old Jacobite despatches tell us. I never could understand how it was that Mr. Seward or Mr. Stanton kept their hands off the *New York Daily News*. It may be that they too have a "Marowsky" language of their own, and use it in the columns of the paper which is so bitterly opposed to them.

CHAPTER XV.

SECESH WOMEN.

THERE was a great outcry in the North, in July, 1864, at the time of the invasion by the Confederates of the Middle States, against the ladies of Maryland. "Lady," indeed, is a term which the indignant loyalists refuse to apply to a Baltimore belle. "Secesh woman" is good enough for her. It was a "Secesh woman," they say, who pointed out General Franklin—who afterwards made his escape—to Harry Gilmore; they were Secesh women who stretched their lily hands from the carriage windows at Magnolia to clasp the rugged paws of the Confederate troopers. It is difficult, in truth, to say how many husbands, brothers, sweethearts, those "Secesh women" may have had among the rebel hordes. That they did so sympathise with them is certain; and the invasion of Maryland was probably known as an "event to come off" many days before the Government at Washington had the slightest inkling of the scheme. One cannot be angry with the Unionists for feeling irate with these incorrigibly perverse fair ones. They are twenty times more dangerous than the Jacobite ladies of the '45. The Scottish lady who sheltered under her hoop the fugitive from Cumberland's dragoons was thought

to have gone very far; but the Secesh ladies of America will smuggle rebel mails in their bouquets, and whole arsenals of six-shooters in their crinolines. Expectoration on the side walk—to think of their soiling their cherry lips in so sorry a manner!—was, you may be aware, one of the methods adopted by the ladies of Baltimore to testify their disgust and contempt for the Yankees. So, at least, they say North. The subject is not a savoury one; but I did not come here to write smooth conventionalities or "make things comfortable" to either party. I have before me a caricature, in which one Baltimore young lady, paraphrasing a well-known sketch by Mr. Leech, says to her companion, "Come to-morrow, dear, and we'll spend a nice long day together, *and in the evening we'll go out spitting.*" There is another humorous cartoon in which one lady with an aquiline nose says to another whose nasal organ is decidedly *retroussé*, "What a beautiful nose you have for contempt, dear! *I'm obliged to tie mine up with string to be able to insult the Federal officers.*" Allowing for all the exaggerations of these lampoons, there can be no doubt that the disdain expressed by the Secesh ladies for the Federal officers nearly drove those warriors crazy. The American is naturally a ladies' man, for he is naturally kind-hearted and simple-minded. He is always dangling and foozling after women; he is not only patriotically vain-glorious, but personally the vainest and most conceited creature it is possible to imagine. To be shunned or contemned by the sex whom he worships, on whom he heaps adulation, whom he pets and pampers and smothers with kindness and sugar-

candy, is worse than insult, worse than injury—it is outrage. The sorest point with the North throughout this quarrel has been the antagonism of the women of the South. I have heard of a Federal officer who all but burst into tears because a Secesh lady *made a face* at him in the street; and I really do not think that Benjamin Butler would have harried the people of New Orleans half so much had the ladies only consented to be conciliated. In early life B. B. was the chosen advocate of the female factory operatives at Lowell, to whom he really did good service, and earned the distinguished title of "the girls' lawyer:" and it was gall and wormwood to him to be subject to the contumely of the "be-jewelled and be-laced creatures," as he called them in his wrath, of the Crescent City. There is an amusing story of how B. B. in the height of his high-handed power was "sold" in the matter of femininity. Two beautiful young ladies, fair-haired, accomplished, and fashionably dressed, waited upon him one morning, and solicited permission to present a flag of their own embroidering to one of the regiments under his command. B. B. was fit to jump out of his skin for joy. At length he thought the intractable beauties of Louisiana were coming round. But had they their father's consent to such a proceeding? he asked. Yes; their papa, a most venerable old gentleman, highly approved of the step. A dress parade was ordered. B. B. mounted his hat with the white plumes—"*Suivez mon panache blanc; vous le trouverez toujours sur le chemin de l'honneur*," quoth Henri Quatre. The flags were presented, neat speeches were made, and there was great rejoicing. But the next day

appeared a letter in one of the papers, thanking the commanding general for the condescending kindness he had extended to the "oppressed and despised coloured race." *The two fair-haired and fashionably dressed young ladies were "yaller gals"—slave-born, and the daughters of a mulatto;* and the whole thing was a malicious conspiracy on the part of the Secesh creoles. The general never discovered the conspirators, or Ship Island would surely have had some more tenants. Lest I should be accused, as I *have* been accused by a worthless New York rag, of "ascending the Munchausen pedestal" of a deceased newspaper writer *apropos* of my remarks on the extravagant toilettes of New York, I will quote my authority for this story. It is Mr. James Parton, the professional apologist—to the extent of four hundred closely-printed pages—of Major-General Benjamin Franklin Butler. I will conclude with another Baltimore anecdote, related to me by an eye-witness, but which, though meant only as a practical joke, might have brought serious consequences on the head of one of the parties concerned. A Federal regiment was passing through Baltimore, and a well-dressed woman, wearing a Union badge in her bosom, came out of a house, and invited several of the vanguard to drink. The soldiers, taking her to be loyal, quaffed abundant libations from what appeared to be right Bourbon. Thereupon she threw away the bottle, crying, "Hurrah for Dixie! There are six of you dead men at least." The bottle was picked up, and was found to be labelled "poison." The Brinvilliers of Baltimore was arrested, and the soldiers, in their rage and terror, might have proceeded to the most

violent extremities against her; but the commanding officer discreetly caused the contents of the bottle to be analysed, and they were found to contain nothing more noxious than whisky, coloured with a decoction of sarsaparilla. The soldiers were quit for a good "scare."

It "riles" the North even more bitterly to know that the anti-Union feeling among the ladies is not confined to those of Southern birth, but that it is shared by the majority of the Northern girls who have gone South to reside in Southern families as governesses and companions. There they have imbibed the most treasonable sentiments, and, when they pay flying visits to their old homes in the Northern States, do their best politically to demoralise their friends and relations. The North is protesting that a stop must be put to this state of things. "These Secesh women have worn gold bracelets long enough," writes one exasperated loyalist; "it is time to adjust bracelets of steel to their wrists." The Government is urged to adopt measures of severity towards the fair sex. But what kind of measures? "There used to be handcuffs," cried the Reverend Mrs. Crawley, in "Vanity Fair," when she wished to deal with a refractory housemaid; but it is scarcely feasible to put the "darbies" on the delicate wrists of a fair Secesher. It is astonishing, when ladies throw aside all scruples in the exercise of the immunities conceded to their sex, how completely they can baffle and perplex the most resolute men. I remember in the West India mail-packet "Clyde" a lady—an Englishwoman, who claimed to have been five times round the world alone, and whom, had I not been

aware that Madame Ida Pfeiffer was dead, I might have mistaken for that heroine of travel—who came on board at Vera Cruz, and, without troubling herself to ask the purser about her berth, marched into the first double state-room she found unoccupied, hung up her shawl, and established herself there, bag and baggage. In vain they told her this cabin was engaged; she would not budge; nary step. The purser, the chief officer, the head steward, the stewardess, had repeated interviews with her at the door of the apartment of which she had forcibly taken possession. At length they hinted that if she refused to listen to reason, Cæsar must be appealed to, and the captain sent for. Then she threw up her arms after the manner of Boadicea addressing the Iceni: "Send for the captain," she said; "send for him this moment; do you hear? Let him put me in chains; yes, let me be put in irons—in irons!" and she exhibited, as though eager to be fettered, a pair of very symmetrical ankles. The captain came, but that discreet commander shook his head, and agreed that there was nothing to be done. "We might lock the door, and starve her into surrender," he said; "but then she might commit suicide, or scream the quarter-deck off; and the newspapers, when we got home, would be full of 'Atrocious cruelty to a lady in the West Indies. Infamous conduct of the captain of a steamer.' Best let her be, Mr. Purser." The lady carried her point, and was let alone; and she was subsequently good enough to inform me that she considered the accommodation on board the West India mail packets to be very superior indeed.

I am quite willing to believe that the Federal Government desires nothing better than to let the Secesh ladies alone; and, leaving Butlerism and Turchinism out of the question, it must be admitted that the Washington authorities have hitherto treated their female opponents with considerable lenity. We know what the French did, during their great revolution, with ladies who did not agree with them; they cut their heads off. We know what the Austrians did in Lombardy and in Hungary with the fair Italians and Magyars who could not see that the government of the Kaiser was the best in the world; they brutally flogged them. To the same disgraceful treatment numbers of Polish ladies are said to have been subjected by the Russian authorities, even within these latter days. But the gravest punishment hitherto governmentally inflicted on the American Secesh ladies has been to send them South. They come back again, however, more virulent than ever. The hotels and boarding-houses of New York are full of them. I have heard of female blockade-runners disguised in boys' clothes. You cannot put the lady Seceshers down, and the signs of a re-action towards severity in their treatment seem to be imminent. At St. Louis there is a place of durance bearing the significant name of the "Female Military Prison," and its latest occupant is said to be a Mrs. Nina E. Hough, of Jefferson City, Missouri, a lady who has a husband fighting in the Confederate service, and among whose effects, when she was arrested, was found a human skull, labelled "December 31, 1861—Wilson's Creek." This cranium was not necessarily that of a Federal soldier; but the inference was

unpleasantly obvious. I wonder is Mrs. Nina E. Hough any relative of a young lady with whom a friend of mine made, last winter, a passage across the Atlantic, and who had the end-joint of a little-finger bone, belonging to a slain Yankee, neatly mounted in gold, as one of the "charms" hanging to her watch-chain.

Are these tales true, or lies? *Quien sabe?* For such as I have upon authority I vouch; for the rest I merely record what I read, or tell that which has been told to me. "*Tôt ou tard tout se sait,*" wrote Madame de Genlis; and in the end some Niebuhr yet unborn may eliminate the true from the false. At present it seems to be six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. I read in a Western paper a horrible story of the liberation from the Penitentiary at Frankfort, Kentucky, of a clergyman, the Rev. Calvin Fairbank, who had been imprisoned there for twelve years for the offence of assisting a slave girl to escape. He was treated with the grossest indignity, put to the hardest and most repulsive labour, and, when from his weakly constitution, he was unable to perform the task exacted from him, he was made to strip, to lean across a bench, and in that state he was beaten, sometimes to the extent of a hundred lashes, with a heavy strap soaked in water. He states that he was flogged in this manner, during his twelve years' incarceration, over one thousand times. Is this atrocious tale to be credited? Then, side by side with this, I read of a negro soldier, belonging to a regiment of Massachusetts' cavalry, being tied up in the sun, and by his thumbs, with ligatures of seagrass twine—which cut like razors—to a pole, his toes barely

touching the ground. The process of "tying up" I have already explained in my notes from the army of the Potomac. *It is neither more nor less than crucifixion, minus the nails.* Good Heaven! Can it be true that these abominations are perpetrated in the nineteenth century, and in a nation which claims to be Christian, and to have fellowship with those who for hundreds of years have remitted, in remembrance of His agony, the use of one awful infliction from among the tortures they wreak upon their kind? "A complete catalogue of human punishments," wrote Diderot, in the "Encyclopédie," "would fill half this work;" but the philosopher ignores the art and mystery of "tying up."

The women of Carthage, when the Romans were at the gate, gave their hair to be made into bowstrings; the Countess Isabelle vowed never to change her chemise until the besiegers had been driven from her ramparts; and the butchers' wives of Newgate Market declared they would drink no more burnt sack until King Charles's head was cut off; but I question whether either ancient or modern history can furnish an example of a conflict which was so much of a "Woman's war" as this. The bitterest, most vengeful of politicians in this ensanguined controversy are the ladies. They differ in opinion, but in exasperation and implacability they are unanimous. You have on the one side, if you please, the pretty, timid, shrinking Puritan Alice Bridgenorth—the pious, well-meaning, tract-distributing, flannel-petticoat-sewing, novel-writing, poety-reading, chapel-haunting, parson-petting, negro-loving lady of New England, transformed into a termagant and a virago; and, on the

other side, you have the haughty and defiant Flora M'Ivor, the embodiment of the indomitable will and the constant mind of the South, ready to fasten the white cockade to the bonnet of her lover as he rides down the Canongate with Prince Charlie; but just as ready, and with fingers as firm, to stitch at the shroud which is to enwrap the mangled remnants of that lover after he has been hanged and drawn and quartered at Carlisle. There may be a ludicrous side to the devotedness of the sex in this strife, as when we hear of a fresh corps of female nurses organised in the North, who are to wear "jackets with bright buttons, tunics without hoops, and pants;"* or when we read of "starvation parties" and

* The Yankees, who are outwardly of a most melancholy and saturnine temperament, but who inwardly are much given to the indulgence of sardonic humour, and will grin *sous capot* at almost everything, human or Divine, do not appear to be much impressed with the admirable spirit of philanthropy and abnegation of self which has led so many tenderly nurtured Northern ladies to leave their luxurious homes to nurse the wounded in pestiferous hospitals. The war has brought forth one really droll and witty book—"The Orpheus C. Kerr (office-seeker) Papers;" and the exploits of the General of the Mackerel Brigade, the doings of Captain William Brown, and the tremendous naval engagement on Duck Lake, are almost fit to rank with the achievements recorded by the immortal Diedrich Knickerbocker. Yet it jars upon the feelings, even of the most case-hardened observer to come upon such a passage as the following. It is a description of an army hospital: "And woman, lovely woman, was there, administering hot drinks to the fevered head, bathing with iced water the brows of those shivering with the cruel ague, pouring rich gruel over the neck and chin of the nervous sufferer, and reading good books to the raving and delirious. It was with a species of holy awe that I beheld one of these human angels stand a hot coffee-pot upon the upturned face of an invalid, while she hastily flew to fill the right ear of a more urgent sufferer with Cologne-water. And then to see her place one of the portable stoves upon a very sick Mackerel's stomach whilst she warmed the water with which his beloved head was presently to be shaved; and to see her bending over to ask one of the more dangerously sick ones if he would not like a nice fat piece of fresh pork, while the other end of her crinoline was scraping the head of the Mackerel on the opposite rail." Now all this is, of course,

"homespun balls" in the South; but the bitter, persistent "dering do" has never for one moment faltered among the women on either side. I do believe that were Richmond, Petersburg, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston to fall, and were the armies of Lee and Johnson annihilated, the ladies of the South would buckle on sword and pistol, and head their negroes to continue the contest. All that mothers, wives, sisters, lovers hold dear, the women of America, North as well as South, have shown themselves ready to abandon. You remember that story of the country-house past which I drove near Jamaica Plain. Yet, the South can furnish stories of devotion as heroic, of sacrifices as sorrowful. In the history of the war there is not an episode more piteous than that of the poor working woman in Georgia who had four sons. Three of them went to the war, on the Confederate side, and were killed. The case of this bereaved mother was held to be so exceptionally cruel, that General Polk went to visit her, to pray with and console her. She heard him, and then looked at him with a steady eye. "I'm a lone woman, General, now," she said, "and this house is a deal too big for me. I just want a pair of arms, to help

burlesque, and very clever burlesque, and the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" have gone through many editions; but may I be suffered to ask whether such fiendishly cynical ribaldry would be tolerated in any English publication out of, or even *in*, Holywell-street? We have a great many comic publications at home, some stupid and some scurrilous; but any one which, say during the Crimean war, could have inserted such a "humorous" notice of the efforts of the frequently mistaken, but always admirable ladies, who were anxious to emulate the example of Miss Nightingale, would have been at once squelched by public indignation. *Est modus in rebus;* but our cousins overdo everything, and respect nothing. They would turn—nay, they have turned—the four Gospels into a political squib, and the parable of Dives and Lazarus into a comic song.

me move, and fix me up a few things, *and then you can take Harry too.*" And this Harry, a frail delicate lad, was the last son of his mother, and she was a widow.

The misery and sufferings endured by the non-combatants, and especially the Secesh women, after the fall of Atlanta in the autumn, were as usual most lamentable. Sherman gained very little public plunder by his victory. The military stores had been removed to Macon long since. The railway material, cars, locomotives, and sheds had all been destroyed by Hood before his retreat. His magazines had been blown up. Even the tin roofing of the Union depôt had been stripped off, and converted into canister shot. All the inhabitants who were able fled from before the dreaded Yankees. "Where the Sultan's horse has trod," says the Turkish proverb, "there grows no grass;" and the Federal troops have earned so terrible a name for bringing rapine and desolation with them, that peaceful Southerners rush away from them, as though they were a pestilence wasting by noonday. Sherman, I hear, allows his soldiers to do pretty much as they please, setting bounds only to their license as regards the treatment of women. Any outrage on a female is at once punished by death. The fair Atlantese seem, however, to have shown quite a hysterical haste in getting away from the neighbourhood of Slocum's advance-guard. A wild stampede, ludicrous to the spectator, but agonising to those engaged in it, took place after Hood's withdrawal. "Conveyances were not to be had; and old and young, male and female, left the city on foot; while many a poor helpless being

was abandoned. The women and children hurried from their homes, bearing bundles of inconceivable contents and extraordinary size. Young girls who had never walked more than half-a-mile at a time in all their lives before, marched out in every direction save that which led towards the Yankees. Only one lady—a Miss R——, of Nashville —had the good sense to go northward; and only a few, save the inhabitants of Baker Street (similar to Mercer Street, New York, *i.e.*, full of houses of ill-fame), had the courage to remain. Thus far the Eye-witness." Well might Edmund Burke in an immortal pamphlet declare that the days of chivalry had indeed fled, when the thousands of swords which should have leaped from their scabbards for the protection of Marie Antoinette remained undrawn. But those days of chivalry—did they ever exist? Lord Macaulay was gravely of opinion that they must be held as fabulous as Rome's early story. And yet, when I read of the "women and children bearing bundles of inconceivable contents and extraordinary size," I call to mind a story told by an old, old French chronicler: "The Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged, in the year 1140, Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, in his castle at Wunsburg. When, reduced to extremity, Guelph would fain have capitulated, the Emperor would grant him no easier terms, however basely he humbled himself, than that the ladies (*gentilsfemmes*) who had been beleaguered with him should be allowed to leave the town on foot, their honour safe and sound, and bearing *as much as they could carry with them*. Whereupon, with most magnanimous heart, they

did charge upon their brave backs their husbands, their lovers, their men-at-arms, and the very Duke himself; beholding which, the Emperor did take so much delight in their gentle courage that he wept for joy" (*pleura d'ayse*). It must have been indeed a sight for sore eyes to see a stanch High Dutch dowager, with seventy-nine quarterings to her scutcheon, ambling majestically from beneath the portcullis of Wunsburg with the haughty Duke Guelph *en croupe*. But those chivalric times are indeed fled. Only imagine General Hood on the shoulders of Miss R——, of Nashville! The ladies, as well as the gentlemen, now-a-days, must take their chance, and *bien mauvaise chance* it seems, when I turn from the faded pages of the old chronicler to a pert, unfeeling account, written by some local reporter, of a visit paid to the "Female Military Prison" at Louisville, Kentucky.

Yes, a *female military prison*. To this complexion has it come! There is another female military prison in Connecticut; there may be half-a-dozen more in the North, for aught I know. The gaols of Washington are full of female military prisoners. This is the only civilised war I ever heard of in which ladies were arrested by provost guards, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to incarceration until the termination of the rebellion. If they ever feel musically inclined in their dungeons, they may indeed sing in all sincerity the song, "When this cruel war is over." Mewed up in this Kentucky gaol are nearly two hundred white females, of all states and conditions of life, and of all ages, from the simple country lass to the high-born dame reared

and lapped in luxury; from the old farmer's wife to the young bride. Their offences have been various. Some have been convicted as rebel spies and emissaries; others have harboured or given aid and comfort to the enemy; others have merely been inveterate Secesh women "who have not been able to keep a civil tongue in their heads" in the presence of their victors. But, if their foes are to be believed, there may be found among them more than one Jael who has made the brain of a Yankee Sisera acquainted with a tenpenny nail—more than one Judith who has risen up in the night and swept the head of the sleeping Holofernes from his shoulders. However it may be, they are involved in a common doom. The village gossip who has uttered a few idle words not much more criminal than those of the western housewife when she told King James's officer that she would pay her excise to "King Monmouth," is locked up with the haughty and revengeful partisan woman who has used her blandishments to decoy Union officers to her house, and then delivered them up, bound hand and foot, to the Confederates. There may be at Louisville that formidable Secesh lady among whose baggage the Federal skull was discovered. But there they all are, confined three and four in a cell together; "held to labour for the benefit of Union soldiers"—by which I suppose is meant the making of army shirts and pants—and fed only on "army rations," which, however, the narrator tells us, are cooked in such a manner as to be succulent to the most delicate palate. The commandant is said to be a gentleman, and grants them every indulgence consistent with the strict observance of his

duty. The army rations, though coarse, are plentiful. I dare say that no very stringent amount of labour in the way of needlework is exacted from them. To many of the captives liberty has been offered on condition that they should be transported north of the Ohio River; but they plead that they are unknown and friendless there, and that were they cast out upon the North they would have nothing to expect but destitution and misery. The apparent clemency in such an offer strikes me, by-the-way, as much more nearly resembling infernal cruelty. It is not long since a Federal general made a raid on a factory where several hundreds of young Southern girls were employed; for the hardest manual labour in the South is now done by negro slaves and white women. Strange fellow-workers these! We shall hear of the Secesh ladies forging sword-blades and casting cannon next. The Federal general turned out the factory girls; packed them into a train; "rushed" them over the border, and cast them loose far North. What became of them is nobody's business, I presume. A few found friends and shelter, I hope; but more must have starved, or may have been compelled at last to seek for the bitter, shameful bread to be found in some Northern "Baker-street, similar to Mercer-street, New York." In prison the women are not treated with positive physical cruelty. An observer who impartially studies the traits of this remarkable people—if he have sense enough to see how the most jarring opposites can be co-existent in human character—must ere long be convinced that it is not in the Yankee nature to treat any human beings in durance with systematic

and deliberate severity. It is not in them. They are no more capable of acting towards a man, woman, or child with inexorable and continuous harshness, than they are of relentlessly persecuting a dumb animal. It is very true that they will work a horse off his legs, and abandon him in the gutter to die when he is "played out;" but so long as he is valid, they pet and fondle him; and they never whip their horses—save with the butt-end, and over the head, in a rage. They spoil their children in the most capricious manner; cocker and coddle them; deny them nothing; but when they grow up are very apt to turn them out of doors. Not one American father in a hundred ever lays a finger on a child in the way of correction; but I read yesterday a police report setting forth how a great burly man had knocked down a girl of eleven, kicked her in the head, and broken both her legs. You will understand, now, how a general placability and soft-heartedness may be chequered by short sudden fits of brutal ferocity. Their spasms of fury are transient, but terrible; nor are these anomalies in character anywhere so readily perceptible as in their prison discipline. At the first view, and I am willing to believe as a general rule, nothing can be milder or more merciful than the conduct of the American gaols and penitentiaries. In many places of confinement the rations are luxurious enough to make Lord Carnarvon turn up his eyes in horrified astonishment. What should we think in an English gaol of *an unlimited allowance of bread*, of meat *every day*, of butter, of molasses, of tea and coffee, and of newspapers in the cells? Yet I have seen such things in half-a-dozen American prisons. Müller had

plenty of peaches and newspapers in the Tombs, although he, as "a distinguished foreigner," received perhaps exceptional lenity; but in the town gaol at Boston nearly all the *détenus* committed for trial had the dailies and illustrated weeklies to read. Many other indulgences, which would astound Englishmen, are granted even to convicted criminals. I have heard of the Governor of Massachusetts going down to the States Prison and lecturing the "inmates"—they are rarely called prisoners—on "the higher teachings of misfortune;" and when Sanitary Fairs were the fashion, the "inmates" of several "correctional institutions" were allowed to manufacture articles for those patriotic carnivals. Even in their punishments they are placable. In the women's House of Correction at Deer Island, Boston, I was shown the "dark cells," where refractory prisoners underwent solitary confinement. "How long do you keep them here?" I asked. "Just only till they promise to behave themselves," was the reply; "they may come out in half-an-hour if they pass their word not to be ugly any more." And yet I ascertained that incorrigibly perverse prisoners had been kept in these dark cells *for a whole week*. This was because by holding out they made the keeper "mad." What is this but the foolish capricious justice of a mother who thrusts her naughty child into a dark closet, but lets him out so soon as he begins to howl, "I will be good," but would leave him there all night if he is sulky? In an English gaol twenty-four hours in the "darks" would be a maximum of solitary confinement rarely exceeded; but the offender would undergo the infliction by

solemn sentence, and the sentence once passed would be irrevocable. It is, however, in any case, a moot point whether the "law of kindness," which is certainly the *rule* in the management of Transatlantic prisons, does not work better than our own codified, Home-Office-sanctioned, Visiting-Justices-indorsed, Median-and-Persian system. Instances of insubordination are rare in the kindly-managed American gaols. Now and then the warden has a rough-and-tumble tussle with a rowdy, or a "difficulty" with an ungovernably passionate woman; but when they have "caved in" no more is said about it. The Americans, I cannot help fancying, have come to look upon criminals much as the *employés* of Mr. Womb-well look upon the wild animals in the menagerie. It is better, they deem, to conciliate than to irritate them by severity; so they feed them well and treat them well. But if the lion *will* roar at unseasonable hours—if the black panther of Java *will* persist in clawing up the planks of her den, and the Ossawotamie *will* endeavour to tear out the eyes of the Podasokus—why, the cowhide or the crowbar must be called into requisition and laid on unsparingly: *e. g.*, before the rowdy "caves in," the gaoler has very probably to half-murder him; and to subdue the passionate woman, to whom, if she would only "behave," he would be tenderly indulgent, he sends for a rattan and thrashes her within an inch of her life. It is the wild-beast-show mode of discipline, nothing more—plenty of bullock's liver for the docile, but an abundance of "toco" for the refractory. There are some prisons, the repute of which is well known

in Europe, whose organisation is due to an elaborate and carefully-studied theory, and which are necessarily conducted on one uniform and inflexible plan. The Convict Prison at Sing-Sing and the Penitentiary at Philadelphia may be instanced as theoretically at opposite poles. In the first, although the labour is hard, and in the second, although the agony of solitary captivity must be awful, there are equally to be found mollifying features and virtual indulgences of a nature to perplex the foreigner; but it still remains questionable whether the inflexible system has any great advantage over the happy-go-lucky *régime* of other prisons. The wardens will tell you that the majority of Sing-Sing convicts are hopelessly incorrigible; and that, if the Philadelphian solitary system does succeed in eliminating active criminality from those who have been subjected to its operation, they emerge from the ordeal stupified, inert, and useless. In a new country, with plenty of back settlements, where the apparently worst of "bad eggs" may begin the world afresh, the object of punishment should be obviously less penal than reformatory; and the recognition of such a proposition would seem to favour the mild theory of prison discipline. An offender who has undergone it may go forth into the world again not very indelibly cauterised in his moral feelings—if he has any left; whereas the Sing-Sing convict emerges branded and hardened in every sense, and in shameless bravado is anxious to return to the great cities, there to prey on the society which has already done its worst to him. He can but be caught and sent to Sing-Sing again;

whereas were he to go West he would very probably, and within six months, be hanged by a Vigilance Committee. The chief drawback to the merciful and good-natured plan lies in the uncertainty which, under a purely democratic scheme of government, surrounds the personality of the warden of a gaol. He may be a good, kind, wise, and upright man, a John Howard born in obscurity, a parent, guide, and protector to the unfortunates committed to his charge. But, on the other hand, the blessed institution of universal suffrage may elect to a difficult and responsible office a vulgar, violent, heartless brute; or, in cases where prison functionaries are appointed by boards of governors, the nominee may have been jobbed into the place to serve some dirty purpose of political intrigue; and he may thrash the prisoners, embezzle their rations, and "financeer" their blankets away as much as ever he pleases.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMPLETE ART OF CRIMPING.

THERE are some Conservatives who sigh over the decay of popular types, and assume, quite erroneously, that human characters, as well as human creatures, die. But, let such faint-hearted ones only read the recruiting advertisements in the New York papers, and they will be reassured. Let them visit a few offices "down town," tenanted by the crimps —here politely termed brokers—and they will discover that Ensign Plume and Sergeant Kite still flourish like green bay-trees; that Sir John Falstaff still musters his ragged regiment—declining, however, to march through Coventry, or Broadway, with them—and that he numbers among his followers many defenders of their country who walk wide between the legs, as though they had gyves on, and who, in a scarcity of body-linen, would be glad enough to look for shirts on every hedge. Nor is the historical leaven of younger sons and youngers brothers, broken tapsters, discarded unjust serving-men and hostlers' trade fallen, altogether absent, either from the muster-roll of the rank and file, or from that of the officers. As you shall scarcely find an eminent American statesman who has not been at some time or another of his life a clergyman, a schoolmaster, or a

lawyer—and very often all three; so in the subaltern grades of the regiments recruited in the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard is it difficult to find officers who have not been in youth or in maturity connected in some manner with the liquor traffic. The number of lieutenants and captains who have been pointed out to me as having formerly kept grog-shops, and then "gone into the army," is astonishing. With regard to the antecedents of the recruiting agents, or brokers, or runners, or bringers, or crimps, or whatever may be their proper name, it is difficult to speak positively; but one thing about them is certain—the greater number are consummate scoundrels. The same merry game of lying, swindling, and bullying, which, during our great wars, made the Common Hard at Portsmouth and the public-houses at Charles Street, Westminster, infamous, is in full operation in Broadway and the Bowery. Every day complaints are made by unhappy recruits who have been fleeced and victimised by the soldier's flesh-and-blood mongers. Considering that the total Government State and city bounty for veterans has now risen to eight hundred and fifty-two dollars, and for raw recruits to six hundred and seventy-seven, the brokers would be almost more than mortal if they abstained from clutching at some portion at least of this rich peculium; but in numerous instances recently made public the recruit has been jobbed off with but seventy-five dollars out of three or four hundred, which the broker has drawn on account. This leads, of course, to bad feeling, to quarrelling, and to that generally undesirable state of mind of a man entering the military service of his country with a headache, a heart-

ache, and the conviction that he has been defrauded and ill-treated. Nor is such a feeling, I apprehend, very conducive either to the culture of military valour—a quality that can be cultivated quite as systematically as sweet potatoes—or to the maintenance of military discipline. I used the words "of his country" designedly; for the Americans are very indignant if you hint that a very large proportion of the recruits who are sent to die on their battle-fields, or to rot in their trenches, are foreigners—Irish and German. They would have us believe that the native American element — a very rawboned, strongly set, hard-fighting element it is—is preponderant in the army. This may have been the case in the early days of this hideous war, when "ninety days" was the limit fixed for the duration of the struggle; but in respect to the more recent levies it is certainly curious, if the native element be predominant, that so large a number of the soldiers you pass in the street or meet in the railway cars should disguise their American speech either in the "jackeen" of the Coomb at Dublin, or in the *Plat Deutsch* in the Hanse Towns. Rarely, however, but still sometimes, you will find a candid native willing to admit that Celts and Teutons swarm in the Northern ranks—that half the drunkenness and insubordination is due to the Irish, and that the Germans have been distinguished during the war for two marked peculiarities—first for "skedaddling" in whole *corps d'armée*, flinging down their arms, running away, or surrendering themselves to the enemy when there was the slightest danger; and next for robbing, ravishing, and ravaging right and left when there was none. Character

does not deteriorate. Types do not alter. They were the same Prussians whom Napoleon beat like sacks in a dozen campaigns, and who, when the Austrians and Russians had helped them to get the upper hand, sacked every cottage they entered, stabled their horses in ladies' drawing-rooms, and wanted to blow up the bridge of Jena.

A number of the brokers I have mentioned are in the habit of attending the Tombs, or common Bridewell of New York, every morning, and waiting for the "drunk and disorderly" cases who have been discharged. With a parched tongue and a fevered brain the "bhoy" who has been having a "big drunk" on the previous night falls an easy prey to the crafty crimp, who can ply him with immediate cocktails, and flash prospective greenbacks before his bloodshot eyes. Laying springes for gaol-birds has become quite a popular profession. We are reminded of those halcyon days in our own country, when of the dissolute Englishman it was sung

> "He twice was lagged
> And precious nigh scragged,
> But escaped by a-going for to sea;"

and when the sweepings of the hulks and penitentiaries were emptied into the British fleet. Some of these days, when the supply of "bhoys" shall utterly fail, when congested bounties no longer allure credulous young men to disease and death, and when even the stream of beggarly and half-savage emigration shall be dry, the prisons and workhouses of the North may have to be ransacked for more food for powder. Just now, the vagabonds held incarcerate

by the State have other pursuits on hand. Much discontent exists among the free handicraftsmen of New York at the dimensions assumed by skilled prison labour; and in the cigar trade especially a number of "bosses," or masters, have been indignantly denounced for sending to the prisons large orders for the manufacture of those eminently nasty rolls of tobacco called in New York "domestics."

Before the convicts are enlisted—and let us trust that the Americans will come to their senses ere they are driven to such desperate extremities—the foreigners and the negroes remain to be exhausted. Flaming placards, headed, "Attention, coloured men!" and terminating, "Coloured men, arouse! the great answer to the question, 'Shall you have a place in your country's records,' must be written with the point of the bayonet," are stuck all over the walls. Enlisting negroes are promised three hundred and seventy-five dollars bounty, thirteen dollars per month pay, and an extra allowance of ten dollars to their wives and families. Then, side by side with the "Tombs brokers" has arisen a cloud of "Tombs lawyers," a class of men answering to our Old Bailey pettifoggers, who make the "giving advice" to the intended recruit a branch of their business. "Counsellors at law" advertise that they will protect the soldier against fraud and imposition, quite gratuitously, as "ample compensation is made by Government." Frequently captains, and even colonels, advertise for men, promising liberal "facilities" to "bringers." As a rule they abstain from the ornate style of eloquence; but one shrewd captain of engineers

and artillery prefaces his advertisement by the alluring remark, that there is "no marching nor picket duty" in his corps. This, however, is scarcely equal to one I remember seeing in an old anti-revolutionary newspaper, from a "Capitaine Raccoleur," or recruiting officer in the French army. "In the regiment of Royal Cravate," wrote this clever kidnapper, "on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, they dance; on Sunday they dance and drink too; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, there is just a little fencing exercise;" "*on tire un peu les armes!*"

I have heard it stated that there are not over sixty thousand Irishmen in the Federal service, and that the number of Germans under arms is certainly not greater, and is probably less. Be this as it may, and even admitting that the native American element—that element which assuredly, inspired as it is by a stern determination and an enthusiastic belief in the righteousness of the cause, must be considered the stay and back-bone of the army, is predominant in its ranks—it is useless to conceal the fact, that the supply must ere long begin to run short. I quite believe that the North are ready to fight to the last dollar and the last man. The unhappy South *are fighting with their last men, and without any dollars at all.* The North may go on coining, or rather printing, dollars *ad infinitum*, and so long as faith in the inexhaustible resources of the Union endures, the greenback will be convertible into a certain amount of cash or merchandise. But you can't coin men; you can't engrave flesh-and-blood soldiers on steel plates, and strike them in series at rolling-presses. New England has already arisen as one

man. The *levée en masse* has been resorted to. The *ban* and the *arrière ban* have been called out. Prejudice denies this. Prejudice and arrogance assert that the next draft will sow dragons' teeth, and that half a dozen more armies of the Potomac are ready to start up; and that the State militia, a million strong, and the "Home Guard" are ready to supplement the regulars and the volunteers; but to combat all this prejudice, and all this arrogance, there remain these simple items of fact: that in New York they were giving last year over 800 dollars for a fighting man—that at Newark, New Jersey, *they gave a thousand*—and that the military authorities, who, much to their credit, attempted to put a stop to the swindling practices of the brokers by refusing to recognise their status as intermediaries, and by paying the recruit his bounty at the office and on the nail, were compelled virtually to rescind their resolution, and to come to terms with the crimps, simply because they found that the recruit did not come in willingly, that the brokers alone knew how to lure them to the place of enrolment, and that, without the assistance of these useful but scandalous gentry, the daily enlistments fell fifty per cent. The best blood, the best bone, the best sinew, of the Northern States have already been offered up to this Moloch. There is scarcely a Unionist family, from that of the millionaire merchant to that of the petty farmer and storekeeper, which has not sent a son, a brother, and often even a father and bread-winner, to the war. Many have died; more have been wounded; some must be growing weary of the interminable strife. New York claims to have fifty thousand men at the

front. Since the war began she has perhaps contributed twice as many more. But this drain cannot go on for ever. The enthusiasm may continue, but the enthusiasts themselves will grow few and scattered, and in this, perhaps, lies the only hope of peace.

To the English mind there were wont to be no advertisements more repulsive than those in the Southern papers relating to slaves who were to be disposed of by private contract or public auction. "Cash for negroes;" "Negroes for sale;" "Negroes, negroes, negroes!!!" "The subscriber will sell a healthy blacksmith, two carpenters, several field hands, and a yellow girl (very bright), who can cook, wash, and sew." These were the announcements that shocked our sensibilities, and, arousing our sympathies for an oppressed and downtrodden race, made us indignantly wonder if in a Christian land such things could be. A sentimental traveller has described the jar received by his nervous system when, in crossing from Pennsylvania to the District of Columbia, he was first waited upon by a slave. The first servitor who attended on the present writer after his arrival in these States was a black man; but he was Free. It was on board a river steamboat; and I shall not easily forget the queer sensations that came over me when I saw protruded over my shoulder a huge black thumb, clinging like a leech to the rim of the snow-white plate containing the stewed oysters I had ordered. One soon grows accustomed to these things, however, —even to the soft, moist, sable palm which the negro barber passes over your lips and chin after each swath of the razor. To the slave-trading advertisements an Englishman does

not become so soon accustomed. Let us take Havana, for instance. I don't know a place in the world where that most delightful repast, breakfast, can be taken with greater ease, comfort, and luxury, than in Cuba. The fish, the meat, the preserved cocoa-nut, the fruits, the flowers, the cigarito taken before the fragrant coffee, are alike charming; and although, ere you fall into the ways of the place, you are apt to resent as an annoyance the importunities of the lottery-ticket dealers who thrust their lean paws extending *interos* and *quartos* between the window-bars, you shall hardly be eight days in San Cristobal de la Habana without being bitten by the tarantula spider of the *Real Loteria*, and speculating therein from sunrise to sunset. You have probably dreamt of a lucky number the preceding night, and in the interval of rest allowed you between the tumbling down dead blood-drunk of one mosquito, and the arrival on guard, fresh, alert, and thirsty, of another. Or perhaps when the chain-gang passed beneath your window this morning, on their way to their daily toil at the Mole, the lips of one villanous gentleman in parti-coloured rags, and with a shackle at his shin, seemed to form themselves into the figure of an eight or a five. As a natural consequence, you are prepared forthwith to back that number for next month's drawing, and wait quite impatiently for the passage of a ticket-seller before the window-bars. But slavery will contrive, somehow or another, to spoil the Briton's breakfast. You open the *Diario de la Marina*—as large and clean, and clearly-printed, and well-edited a sheet as can well be seen out of England—and it is full of reminders of the existence

of that infernal pest. Either an outbreak among the negroes on a plantation has been *fuertamente reprimada y castigada*, or your eye lights upon column after column of advertisements of slaves for sale. "*Una mulatra muy clara*" has escaped. They classify their chattels here by their shades of colour—*claras, coloradas*, and *maduras*, as though they were cigars, and so as to make you wonder that they should have omitted the *fragrancias* or the *infectadores*. Then, "Zenobia, *de muy arrogante presencia*"—a stately darkey this, who can wash, brew, bake, dress ladies' hair, and play the guitar—is to be sold, for the offence of disobedience to her *señora;* while Massimiliano, the negro cook, has not only run away, but has wilfully injured, *de pura malicia*, the shafts of a *volante*, and has seduced two *asiaticos*, or Chinese coolies, named Pepe and Napoleone, to flit from their employment in the cigarette factory of the Honradez. You fling the *Diario* down in disgust. It should be printed, you think, in red ink. Accursed be this traffic in human flesh! and how dare any one lift his voice against the doctrines of Garrison and Wendell Phillips, of Fowell Buxton and George Thompson?

Perfectability is not given to mankind. The reformers have no sooner accomplished, as they think, their reformation, than they stand sadly in need of being reformed themselves. Slavery is a bad, a wicked, and unholy thing; the traffic in human flesh is detestable, demoniacal, and abominable; but what do you think of the subjoined notification, published "to whom it may concern" in the *New York Herald?*

"SURPLUS RECRUITS OFFERED.

"*Waltertown, N. Y., Sept.* 8, 1864.

"For the benefit of localities wanting recruits, I can state that there are four hundred surplus recruits over our quota in the barracks at Sackett's Harbour, and they can be credited to any locality in the State on the payment of eight or nine hundred dollars for each.

"JOHN H. CONKLING,

"Chairman of Board of Supervisors of Jefferson County."

Is there not a flavour of the *Diario de la Marina* about this official declaration? Is not the flavour aromatic, even to rankness? If the rose, under a pseudonym, loses nought of its sweetness, the thorn, I imagine, pricks just as sharply when it is cultivated by the chairman of a board of supervisors as when it is grown by a nigger trader down South. What is this surplus recruit offer but selling human flesh? What is the "surplus recruit" in the barracks at Sackett's Harbour but a human chattel, to be bought and sold, and passed from hand to hand, like a sheep or an ox? These miserable bondsmen—these indented apprentices to the great planter, Death—are to be had for eight or nine hundred dollars a-piece. Did they receive such a sum, or a quarter of it, when they enlisted? You may "bet your pile" that they did not. But there they are, merchantable and appraiseable, and some of their purchase-money will stick to somebody's fingers *in transitu*, of that be assured. There must be, to the knowing ones, a "big thing" to be made out of four hundred recruits.

Of course, if a man be such a fool as to sell himself, for any sum, big or little, it is nobody's fault but his own that he is a slave: but, for decency's sake, there should surely be some abatement in the parrot-cry of the intolerable wicked-

ness of dealing in human flesh. If white men are to be sold in the market-place, literally to the highest bidder, the black man can scarcely put in a claim to immunity in this respect.

While on the subject of enlistments, let me mention that the publication of a warning circular, addressed to intending journeyers to the States, by the British Emigration Commissioners, has already worked a considerable amount of good, and is calculated to work still more; and could her Majesty's Government make such copyright arrangements with the proprietors of *Punch*, as to enable them to reproduce as a rough bill-poster Mr. John Tenniel's beautiful cartoon showing the statue of O'Connell remonstrating with a simple-minded "Repaler," whom Death, in the form of a skeleton, is endeavouring to seduce into the Union army, I think that the readiness of the plucky but credulous sons of Erin to sell themselves as food for powder in a quarrel with which they have nothing whatever to do would be yet further diminished. The circular, which is to be pasted up in all emigrant ships, is very well in its way; but a great number of Irish emigrants cannot read; and the warning of the Emigration Commissioners, without some more *ad captandum* explanation, might have little more effect on the simple Irish mind than Lord Edward Howard's admirable speech in the Commons. A big woodcut, however, would at once attract attention, and excite curiosity as to its meaning: whereas a circular in small print is often disregarded, as containing only a list of "rules and regulations," which all emigrants constitutionally hate.

Nor need a pictorial counsel to Pat be an undignified proceeding on the part of authority. When an astute British recruiting-sergeant wishes to attract "smart young men" to the military service, he hies him to Mr. Ackermann's, and procures the gaudiest framed-and-glazed representation of a Bombay Light Cavalryman in blue and silver, sabring innumerable Pandies, or of a Cameronian Highlander, with a kilt like Mademoiselle Ferrari's, and a whole undertaker's tray of black ostrich plumes in his bonnet. He hangs these decoy ducks outside the tavern which is his house of call. The clay-grimed Giles Hawbuck, tired of eighteen hours a day toil for eight shillings a week—the not too immaculate Hawbuck, in debt to the beer-shop, jilted perchance by Molly Mogg, constantly in trouble for a trifle of pheasants' eggs—stops to look at the gay chromo-lithograph, spurns ridge and furrow, rusty bacon, and the prospect of the union house in old age, and elects to be a bold dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle, whack, and so forth. Beer and a shilling hand-money do the rest. If Giles Hawbuck is to be tempted into the Light Cavalry by these means, why should not we use similar ones with Teddy O'Flynn, not indeed to entice him to enlist, but to deter him from throwing his chances in life away for a delusive donative, and almost inevitable death, disease, or mutilation? The dead men of the Potomac tell no tales. It is only now and then, furtively, secretly, that you hear how a regiment that marched down Broadway a thousand strong, survives now only to the extent of eighty or a hundred sickly emaciated invalids. Put the question of North and South entirely on

one side—put the rights and wrongs of this controversy entirely out of the argument—but we surely have a right as a nation to protect our subjects by every means in our power from injustice, deception, and wrong. Let me again instance the example of Admiral Renaud, commanding the Imperial squadron in this port, who watches over his men with the jealousy of a hen over her chickens; who never allows them to set foot on shore, lest they should be kidnapped; and, when a run on shore is imperatively necessary to their health, takes a trip to Halifax, or Newfoundland, or the West Indies; and who, all placid old gentleman as he is, would "raise Cain" were one of his "enfants" to be entrapped into the Federal service. The British Ambassador and the British Consul here work like beavers to protect British interests; but the ministry of Lord Lyons and Mr. Archibald is only called into action after a wrong has been done, and in order that redress may be obtained. My suggestion of pictorial placards as supplementary official circulars may appear futile, and may be ridiculed; but in my narrow and circumscribed purview of human things, I cannot avoid tracing momentous events from the very pettiest causes; and, to illustrate the converse of my first proposition, I wish to point to two coloured lithographs which, ere this trouble broke out, were, to my thinking, more instrumental in attracting industrial immigration to America from Ireland than any number of newspaper articles or books of travels. One lithograph showed us Pat, miserable, unshorn, ragged, dejected, cowering in his ruined shebeen, with his pig and his empty potato-pot. This was Pat at

home. In the companion picture you saw him fat, rosy, prosperous, well dressed, a watch in his fob, and a Panama hat on his head, scanning the shipping advertisements on the wall, as though he would like a pleasure trip to the old country, just to show his relations what a "gintleman" he had become; while the perspective was made up of bales of cotton and barrels of prime mess pork—all, of course, belonging to the fortunate Patlander. The bare-footed, rack-rented, evicted tatterdemalion of Connaught saw these pictures. What could he more naturally do than sell his holding and his pig, and take a steerage passage to the promised land? I don't know who originally painted these works of art, but the German lithographers have pirated them by myriads, and copies abound no doubt in the cheap print-shops of Dublin, Cork, and Galway.

Nor, writing from a purely British point of view, and with the sole intent of preventing a gallant and impulsive race from being sold and bartered away into a most miserable bondage, should I omit to point out that between the military and the naval service, into which Irish emigrants are liable to be entrapped, there is but very little to choose. A British sailor is well paid, well clothed, well fed, and well cared for! Woe betide his captain, or his purser, or his doctor, if his beef and his biscuit are not of first-rate quality, and if his daily dose of lime-juice be withheld from him. He is liable, it is true, to corporal punishment; but, even pending the hoped-for abolition of that barbarous infliction, a British sailor, unless he be an out-and-out scoundrel, runs little more risk of coming to the gangway than a respectable British

householder does of being flogged for a garotte robbery. If any man wishes to taste the sweets of existence in the United States Navy, let him proceed to the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and try a spell on board the receiving-ship North Carolina. In a book called "Whitejacket," written by an American, Mr. Herman Melville, the well-known author of "Typee" and "Omoo," we learnt long since that the discipline of a Yankee man-of-war was none of the mildest; but at least, in his day, the men were comfortably off, and Uncle Sam's ships were kept in apple-pie order. From indignant letters just published in the newspapers here, it may be assumed that if ever there was a floating Pandemonium, the North Carolina was the watery inferno in question. Over three thousand naval recruits are said to be packed on board her and her sister receiving-ship. No kind of discipline, save that which can be enforced by the sword and the revolver, exists. Bounty-brokers are daily admitted on board, who sell passes to enable enlisted men to desert, then kidnap them, and enlist them again. Sometimes they are shot by the sentries, in endeavouring to make their escape. Pedlars, hucksters, and common thieves, also contrive to effect a lodgment between decks; and robberies of the most atrocious character are of nightly and hourly occurrence. The late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, in his story of "John Runnymede," drew a very graphic picture of the horrors of an English guard-ship during the last war; but the North Carolina would require the pen of a Hoffman, and the pencil of a Fuseli, to describe. One incident, too horrible for detailed narration, has been published, of a man who had

secured two or three hundred dollars in greenbacks about his person, and who was frightfully mutilated by the thieves who cut the money away from him. These things are no matters of hearsay, but are vouched for by eye-witnesses and communicated to the daily papers. I commend them to the notice of Professor Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Thomas Brown Hughes, and Mr. Ludlow, and Mrs. Grundy, *et hoc genus omne.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REPUBLIC OF JONES.

THE entries in my Diary for the 3rd of October, 1864, bring to my mind two matters on which I wrote to England at the time, and on which in this place I may still further comment. One has a grim and tragic, the other a more humorous, aspect.

The Exterminators—the Brownlowists—were hard at it, cursing the South, and devoting them to endless perdition. Emboldened by a transient gleam of success, by advantages which may lead to no practical result, and which, on calm examination, may turn out to be, some of them, more than half akin to reverses, the party of the "Dévorants," the worshippers of the goddess Bhowanie—the readers, let us say, of a New York paper called the *Christian Advocate*, which recently declared the Chicago platform to be "of the Devil, and a spawn of hell"—has arisen, with vengeful and menacing mien, and begins to chant its old war song of "Rush the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico; trample them under foot; root them up, hunt them out, men, women, and children; exterminate them, old and young; and when they are thoroughly swept out of the land, let their towns be colonised and their plantations settled by shrewd Evangelical

Down-East Yankees, who shall run the cotton-gins and crush the cane by means of negro 'apprentices.'" I am not, I earnestly hope, of a bloodthirsty disposition, and I am sure that I should not like to see any riots in New York; but there is a lamp-post just opposite the house where I live, and I don't think that, were any popular commotion to take place, I should go into very deep mourning were I to hear that the editor of the *Christian Advocate* had been suspended to the lamp-iron. As a pendant, there might swing that reverend gentleman, now of Wilmington, Delaware — the State where they sell British subjects into slavery; stay, to be particular, his name is Mr. Kellogg, and his proclivities "Old School"—who on Sunday, the 25th instant, preached a sermon against the rebels, taking his text from Jeremiah, chap. xiv.—"*By sword and famine shall those prophets be consumed; and the people to whom they prophesy shall be cast out and have none to bury them. Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be toward this people: cast them out of my sight, and let them go forth. And if they say unto you, Whither shall we go? then thou shalt tell them: Such as are for death, to death; and such as are for the sword, to the sword; and such as are for the famine, to the famine; and such as are for the captivity, to the captivity. . . . Shall iron break the* NORTHERN *iron and the steel?*" Yes, I think I should like to give Mr. Kellogg a taste of the "Old School."

There is not much, I have repeatedly observed, in the aspect of this most lamentable of wars to make people merry. On the contrary, a great deal, daily and hourly,

occurs of a nature to make them infinitely sad, and to induce in their minds a state of dolorous doubt, if not of absolute despair, as to the goal towards which humanity is tending. Little, if anything, offers itself for a "comic" or a "fast" writer to describe in the present aspect of affairs; nor did I come to this country to grin through a horse-collar, or to sing Tippettywitchet. Had I ever any fun in me, it has been knocked out of me long since by the things I have seen, or on which I have been compelled to reflect. One does not feel very much inclined to grimace in the midst of a Golgotha. Still, from time to time, some odd little fragments of the humorous and the grotesque will crop forth, like the "bunches" of gold from the fissures of the stern and naked rock in Nevada Territory; and these, I apprehend, should be laid hold of as soon as seen, for they grow scarcer every day. We should hasten, like the barber in Beaumarchais' play, to avail ourselves of all that can elicit our laughter, conscious as we must be of how brief a period may elapse ere there may occur something which shall provoke our tears.

It may be difficult, therefore, to suppress a smile, when I allude to the reputed existence in the United-States of the "Republic of Jones." It is said to flourish, and very prosperously too, somewhere in the South-West; and my attempt at localisation is perhaps not more vague than that of the Mulligan of Ballymulligan, when he was asked by Mr. Titmarsh, on their return from Mrs. Perkins's ball, where he lived? and, pointing up Oxford Street westward, answered—"There." But on this huge tract of the earth's

surface, why should there not be "somewhere in the South-West" a Republic, of whose very being the majority of the world are ignorant? Between the Gulf of Mexico and Cape Horn there may be dozens of independent political communities, Spanish-American Republics, of which Europe has never heard. The other day, a "reliable gentleman" from the Spanish Main, told me, that the Dictator of Paraguay had, so long as nine months since, proclaimed himself Emperor. Is the British Foreign Office aware of this fact —if it be a fact? Who has seen the new Paraguayian ambassador? Who knows anything about Paraguay, save the Superiors of the College of the Propaganda at Rome? Paraguay! There is a blue bird indigenous to that country, is there not? and there was once a Dr. Francia who ruled over the Paraguayians in a very high-handed and Lincolnian manner, and used to have his subjects shot for the mere offence of looking at him when he was in a bad temper. Beyond this, all is, to most minds, a blank. Paraguay is the land of secrecy, of silence, of *cosas de Espana* which are never mentioned. It is the land where the children never cry; where the parrots even do not dare to scream, or the monkeys to chatter too noisily. Do you know that statue of Silence in the Hall of Justice at Amsterdam? That is the image of Paraguay. There a perpetual finger is laid upon the lip; and the stone-palm whispers to the creepers "hush." The circumnavigator, Bougainville, told us, in the last century, how the Jesuit Missionaries had contrived, by a soft and paternal, but inexorable, discipline, to reduce a whole country to mute and

docile quiescence; and the influence of their oily but nervous theocracy has survived all the political convulsions of Paraguay. I believe the place is getting on swimmingly, and is already in the possession of postage-stamps, electric telegraphy, horse-railways, hoop-skirts, photographic studios, and other appliances of civilisation. And if this be the case,—and so few in Europe, or even in the States, reck of it,—why should there not be a Republic of Jones? We have, near home, a Republic of Andorre, and a Republic of San Marino, to say nothing of Monaco, which still lingers on, although on a site not much bigger than a bird-cage, and despite the general impression that Prince Grimaldi sold Monaco, as well as Mentone, to Louis Napoleon. And finally, are there not at least half a score of small German principalities and duchies of whose political pullulation the great body of the public are wholly unaware, and which are only remembered by more powerful potentates when they are hard-up to find wives for their sons?

Let us, then, acquiesce, on the ground of general feasibility, in the assumption that there may be a Republic of Jones, and that it is "somewhere in the South-West." Jones, however, is far from being a meek and pacific community like Paraguay. Jones is essentially and intensely belligerent. Jones has a large standing army—the very largest, perhaps, in proportion to its population, to be found in any country, for every man in the Land of Jones is a soldier. The Republic is said to be composed equally of deserters from the Federal and Confederate armies, who have withdrawn—otherwise skedaddled—with such bag and baggage

of their own as they could secure, and such effects belonging to their comrades and their commanders as they could appropriate—from any further connection with a strife of which, perchance, they do not see the use, the purpose, or the end. I think that the two thieves whom Timon came across in the wood were in quest of such a Republic. They only wanted to be let alone. The Jonesians have seen men and cities, and have found them to be, mainly, vanity. They have had enough of the Athenians and Lacedemonians, of Guelphs and Ghibellines, of Colonnas and Orsinis. The conflicting colours of the Circus disgust them; the hues of the Red and White Roses jar upon their nerves. They have sought out some desolate shade, not that they may "weep their sad bosoms empty," but that they may set up in business on their own hook, and found an independent Republic, which may be heard of, one of these days, in a very noticeable manner. Nor will it be the first time in history that mighty communities have had an origin as humble and as shady. The first fathers of Rome had a little of the shepherd and a good deal of the robber in their composition. The Heneti who first settled on the lagoons of Venice were a good deal less than half fishermen and a good deal more than half pirates; and, to come down to more modern times—good gracious!—Governor Collins's "History of New South Wales" gives us a curious inkling of the manners and morals of the first inhabitants of Botany Bay.

It must be a queer congeries of humanity, that Republic of Jones. Imagine a South-Western Robin Hood, with a

tawny beard, homespun knickerbockers, and a Rip-Rap hat, promulgating his decrees from the top of a barrel of "bald-face," and "blaming" the eyes of his subordinates when they misbehave themselves. Imagine Little John, erst a hog-driver, then the keeper of a groggery in Tennessee, and recently in trouble for manufacturing bogus "dingbats." Strive to realise Friar Tuck, who, finding that preaching didn't pay, and having irresistible proclivities towards "bust-head" whisky, "red-eye" rum, and loafing generally, had absconded with much lint, many jars of apple sass, and several tracts belonging to the Christian Commission, and joined the Republic of Jones. And the Pindar of Wake-field? He may have been a horse-coper down to Cincinnati. And Much, the miller? He may have been born a German shoemaker, who, seduced by over-potations of bounty-brokers' lager beer, on his first arrival at Castle Garden, forthwith enlisted, and on the morrow morning rued the day. Will Scarlett may, alas! have stripped off his brave English grenadier's coat in Canada, got himself smuggled from Hamilton to Buffalo, and taken the accursed dole of greenbacks; the scurvy maledicted money, which never did any one any good, and never will—begotten as it has been in the orgies of the Treasury Department, and accumulated by rogues, and squandered by fools, and never, never to be redeemed at a tithe of its nominal value. And the minstrel, Allan-a-Dale—who but he may have strummed the harp or scraped the big-bellied viol in a Broadway concert-saloon, where "pretty waiter girls in Oriental costumes" brought cocktails and destruction to beardless dry-goods

clerks? who but he may have worn the burnt cork on the protuberant cheek-bone—may have glued the horse-hair to the bladder scalp to simulate the Ethiopian wool—may have rolled the gleaming eyeball, and with pink lip grinned hugely blubberous, and carried the colossal shirt-collar like a pilot-boat cat-rigged—the while he propounded conundrums to his brother "end man" who played the banjo, or smote himself with the tambourine upon his head, his nose, and his shin, to the refrain of a darkey ditty concerning pop-corn that was hot, and squash that was toothsome to the taste, down in Ole Virginny? About Maid Marian I cannot so readily theorise. Are there any ladies in the Republic of Jones? My inner opinion would lead me to believe there are. It is all very well to abuse and to sneer at lovely woman—it is true she leads us a sad life sometimes—or to say with Alphonso of Castille that woman is a creature "*qui s'habille, se déshabille, et babille;*" but the honest truth is that we can't get on without her. If we make up our minds to banish woman from our comity, we become devils. And although the manners of the Republic of Jones may be of the roughest and rudest—although there can be no milliner's shops and establishments for the sale of perfumery, *vinaigre de toilette*, and false tresses there—it must be borne in mind *that lovely woman very readily adapts herself to the requirements of a savage state.* The alacrity with which she will take to spearing salmon, trapping beaver, cleaning and cooking the coon and the opossum she has caught, embroidering moccasins, and smoking the calumet, is astonishing. It will not be long ere, failing

pearl powder, she will don the war-paint—ere, in the absence of the "Lancers," she will dance the war-dance. And many will be the scalps that shall dry in her lodge. She is a wonderful creature, and can do everything but reason. "I shall never forget," said a trapper acquaintance to me, on board a Cuban steamboat, "a game at Old Sledge I had once with an Irishman, a Mexican 'greaser,' who didn't know a word of English, two professed gamblers from Natchez, and an Indian squaw who'd never touched a card before. The Irishman was clever, and the Mexican was 'cute, and the gamblers did their best to give us fits; *but in less than half an hour, sir, the little squaw she skinned the crowd.*" By which he meant that the Indian lady had won the money of the entire company.

It may be that I do the Republic of Jones wrong; that its President is a virtuous philosopher and philanthropist, a modern St. Simon, a Latter-day Père Enfantin; and that here all the aspirations that were dreamt of in the New Atlantis, and Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and M. Cabet's "Icaria," and M. Fourier's "Phalanstère," are realised. "Somewhere in the South-West" there may be as gallant and cheery a company as was gathered once in the poet's fancy, under a greenwood tree, when the tuneful Amiens told how the winter wind was not so unkind as man's ingratitude, nor the breath of the wintry sky so sharp as benefits forgot. There the melancholy Jaques may muse over the moose into which his comrade has put a bullet. There the buxom Audrey may fascinate the simple Touchstone. There pretty Rosalind, in tunic and pants, may

sing to the rice-bird, and, in default of cuckoos, bid married men beware of the voice of the bobo'link. There may be all the humours and loves, and jealousies and reconcilements, which the Immortal Man brought together in the Forest of Arden. For men and women, thank God! are pretty much the same all the world over. The Banished Duke, in tattered knickerbockers and tattered Rip-Rap hat, may be as noble and true a gentleman as Solomon in all his glory; and the Little Squaw who "skinned the crowd" at Old Sledge, though she have never a hoop to her petticoat nor a false curl to her head, may have a heart full of infinite love and tenderness.

Such is the strange record of a Society whose reputed existence reminds one of the community governed by "Mon oncle Thomas" in Pigault-Lebrun's novel. But this is not all, I would entreat you to believe, mere idle speculation. The area of this country is so enormous, that the formation of isolated aggregations of human beings, who may for a season vegetate wholly ignored, but may at any time start into notice, civilised and powerful, is far from being out of the range of possibility, or even of reasonable probability. I told you long since how stragglers from the Army of the Potomac were in the habit of camping out in the woods, under their shelter-tents, and allowing the interests of the campaign, so far as they were concerned, to "slide."* You may in this behold, on the very smallest

* The men who captured the gallant and unfortunate Major André were, after a fashion, citizens of a Republic of Jones. They were not mere "cowboys," or partisan desperadoes, but members of a curious congregation

scale, an image of what is not unlikely to occur on a much more extensive one ere this war is finally over. The actual quarrel between North and South, regarded as the two dominant sections of the country, may be decided, so far as the arbitrament of a campaign won or lost is held to be finality, before many weeks are over; but the outlying positions of the Republic have yet to go through strange vicissitudes, and ere things can revert to their original condition—if they ever do revert to it—political and social phenomena of the most astounding kind may be expected. So I leave, for the present, the Republic of Jones, not knowing whether Jones is the name of a district or of a man, and unable to determine with precision where it is, or whether it is at all. My desire has merely been to arrest in its progress a shadow, which some of these days may surprise us all, by proving to belong to a substance of some magnitude.

of cast-aways, who had gathered themselves together, and established a kind of government, quite independent either of Washington or of Clinton, but kept together by the cohesive power of plunder."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARSON BROWNLOW.

It would seem at the first blush hard to discover any admixture of the comic element in the Abolitionist character —the grim, stern, gloomy, intolerant, and fanatical New England mind. There has nevertheless been brought to light, during the debates on this Enrolment Bill, the existence of a little conspiracy among the saints of the Black North, which to me is exquisitely humorous. By the Bill now passed into law, recruiting for the Federal army is to be permitted, on account of the loyal States, in the States now or lately in rebellion, always excepting Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. This permission is an open and impudent concession to the selfish Radical Abolition party. It will enable them to use up the nigger. A New Englander drafted, or in danger of the draft, will thus be enabled to go into any of the seceding States where the Federal troops have obtained a lodgment, and crimp negroes. In Maryland and Kentucky there has for a considerable time existed a complete net-work of recruiting offices, where black men are enlisted at a cheap rate on Northern white men's account; and now every effort will be made by Northern agents in Georgia, Western Virginia, and elsewhere, to buy up free or

runaway negroes against the next draft. Some of the quasi-Union men in the Southern States, wholly or partially overrun by the Federals, have already begun to act on the principle, *fas est ab hoste doceri.* "I offered my niggers," said a Kentucky planter, "ten dollars a month, and their free papers at the end of the year, if they would get in my harvest for me. They refused. What did I do? I marched the whole crowd of black cusses down to the nearest rendezvous, and enlisted them all in the service of the United States; and I'll be goffered if I haven't got seventy-five per cent. of their bounties in my pocket." You may imagine that the negro, being free, cannot be thus summarily mustered into the service *bon gré mal gré.* Alas! whatever party is uppermost, that luckless Sambo *must* go to the wall. He is incurably given to "sloshing around" in a maundering and shiftless manner; and now that he is deemed worthy to fill a pit, there is always a bounty-jumper waiting round the corner to snap him up. There is, besides, something of the basilisk kind of fascination about these recruiting offices. If you enter them, *lasciate ogni speranza.* "'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly"—the rest of the ballad is somewhat musty. British subject, fat, and physically incapacitated for military service as I am, I should hesitate to loiter in front of a recruiting office. Ere twenty-four hours were over my head I might find myself at Riker's Island, or on board the receiving ship North Carolina. Sir, they would crimp the Archbishop of Canterbury, apron, shovel-hat, and all, if his Grace were to land from a Cunard steamer and lose his way in the slums down town.

The Americans have not the slightest respect for the cloth.

Clergymen are not to be exempt from the draft. In vain they have petitioned Congress, setting forth that their sacred office, their vows, their instincts, make the trade of the blood-spiller repugnant to them; that, through their habitual poverty and self-denial, they have no means of purchasing substitutes if they are drafted; and that they would be much better left at home in their cures, to preach a perverse generation out of its way of profligacy and vice. The Legislature has hitherto obstinately refused to listen to the reclamations of these gentlemen, principally on the ground that the clerical character in America is so easily assumed, that to grant the clergy exemption would be to open the door to a very wide-spread system of dodging the draft. *C'est le froc qui fait le moine* in Europe, but in the United States any one may dub himself reverend, and it would be almost impossible to prove that he had not been, at one period of his life, a minister of religion. Even though it were insisted upon as a condition of excuse that the reverend gentleman should be in the active ministration of the Gospel, nothing would be easier than for two or three of his friends to form themselves into a congregation, fit up a deserted dry-goods store as a chapel, and give him a "call" to the ministry. *Si nous inventions une religion* was Robert Macaire's last suggestion to Bertrand. The invention of religions is a thing done every day here.

It would be sad to see a priest of the Church, whose motto should be "Peace on earth and goodwill to all men,"

and who has read in the Scriptures that those who strike with the sword shall perish by the sword, shouldering a musket or sponging a swamp angel. Yet I cannot help thinking that the American clergy have, in a manner, brought this trouble upon themselves; and it certainly seems but just that those who did their best to make the war, and who are fanning its lurid flames from Saturday night to Monday morning, should be allowed to acquire a practical knowledge of what war really is. There was a reverend gentleman at Philadelphia the other day who, in the little periodical published during the continuance of the Sanitary Fair, wrote a song called the "Sky-blue coat." It began:—

> You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
> Though I never had seen the man before,
> 'Twas all because of the sky-blue coat,
> The sky-blue coat the soldier wore.
> Oh, the coat, the sky-blue coat, *ad libitum*.

And so, for many verses more, he went into rhapsodical ecstacies over one of perhaps the most hideous garments that his poor, brave, deluded Christian brethren were ever set up to be shot in. He admitted that the soldier was rough and wild, and that "sometimes in his mood he swore;" but then he never would disgrace the sky-clue coat, the sky-blue coat he wore. No, never; not even when Mrs. Tyler, the widow of an illustrious ex-President of the United States of America, writes to the public prints to complain that the domain inhabited by herself and her young niece has been ravaged by the Federal troops, and the public prints console her with a callous reminder of "*A la guerre comme à la guerre.*"

Parson Brownlow you may have already heard of. He is a very strong Union man—the strongest, perchance, with whom it would be possible to meet out of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum. There was a public meeting some time since in New York, called for a very admirable and philanthropic purpose—the formation of an association to give permanent aid to sick and wounded soldiers. The attendance was large and influential; the array of orators on the platform imposing. In the course of the evening Parson Brownlow made a speech. Let me cull a few, a very few, flowers of rhetoric from his harangue: "If I had the power, sir," said the reverend Brownlow, "I would arm and uniform in Federal habiliments every wolf, and panther, and tiger, and catamount, and bear, in the mountains of America; every crocodile in the swamps of Florida and South Carolina; every negro in the Southern Confederacy; and every devil in Hell and Pandemonium. . . . . This war, I say to you, must be pursued with a *vim* and a vengeance, until the rebellion is put down, if it exterminates from God's green earth every man, woman, and child south of Mason and Dixon's line. . . . . And we will crowd the rebels and crowd and crowd them, till I trust in God we will rush them into the Gulf of Mexico, and drive the entire race, as the devil did the hogs into the Sea of Gallilee." He wound up by saying, "We can whip the Southern Confederacy; we can take in England and France; and I want to carry it on till we whip out all creation." Every point in this discourse told immensely, and it would be difficult to determine whether the loudest cheers were elicited by the allusion to

the hogs in the Sea of Galilee, or the aspiration of "whipping out all creation."

It would be idle to discuss the question whether this man Brownlow, who would seem to be possessed by the same demoniacal spirit that drove the swine in Scripture to their destruction, is more bad than mad, or whether his eloquence was inspired by depravity, by delirium tremens, or by the dog days. Nor do I bring him forward as an average sample of the American clergy. God forbid that I should! There must be among that body many divines of piety and learning—clergymen as charitable and as tolerant as the Reverend Doctor Bellows, who is doing the good work of the Sanitary Commission with so much success in California. I merely point to the fact that Brownlow is allowed the title and status of a parson, and that his disgraceful gabble was not only listened to, but loudly cheered by a large and respectable audience in the Empire City of the Republic. At public meetings in England there used to be a chronic nuisance, one Captain Atcherley. He was as voluble, but not nearly so blasphemous, as Brownlow; but his rising to address the meeting was usually the signal for his being turned out by the police. I cannot, however, learn that the chairman at the gathering in New York so much as called the reverend orator to order. The public evidently like him; and in Baltimore lately, at the first session of the Convention, the consideration of some important business being laid over for a time, and a lull supervening, the audience called on Parson Brownlow for a speech, the which he incontinently proceeded to make in his ordinary

style. The Americans are fond of this peculiar line of oratory; just as some dram-drinkers are fond of rum and gunpowder, or brandy and cayenne pepper. If Mr. Brownlow be indeed a clergyman, and if he have any congeners it will do them all the good in the world to draft them, "arm and uniform them in the Federal habiliments," and send them to the front forthwith. The really good and pious pastors have little to apprehend. If they are drafted, their flocks will readily procure the funds to purchase substitutes for them.

Down South, too, there has been a remarkable specimen of the Church militant, but of quite another order, in the shape of the Warrior-Bishop Polk. He has been slain, bravely fighting in the forefront of the battle, and will fight or preach no more. He was a remarkable man. A friend, who knew the deceased well as Bishop of Louisiana, spoke of him to me as a gentleman of refined breeding, of high tone, and of great conscientiousness; not very rarely gifted as to parts or capacity, but solid, intelligent, and upright. My friend had a long conversation with him while he was still Bishop Polk, and just before the outburst of these dreadful troubles. He described him as burying his face in his hands and weeping like a child at the aspect of affairs. He was an inveterate Cavalier—as inveterate a one as Jeremy Taylor; but he had not, as had "the warbler of poetic prose," the protection of an Earl of Carbery to shelter him till the evil time had blown over; he had no Golden Grove to which to retire when "religion was painted on banners and made ambulatory." He conceived that it

was his duty to fight. The old Adam was too strong for for him. He abandoned his mitre for a morion, his cope for a corslet; he went into the field and died for what he, perhaps erroneously, deemed to be a righteous cause. There is a monument on the field of Culloden, in Scotland, erected to the memory of certain people called Jacobites, who laboured under a similar delusion; and Heaven be merciful to us all, Jacobites or Hanoverians, Federals or Confederates, as we may be. Even in poor Parson Brownlow's darkened mind there may be a glimmering notion that his folks have right on their side. I have heard, however, that, even in the midst of the combat's ensanguined turmoil, the Confederate General sometimes remembered that he had been a bishop—the soldier became the priest once more. It is related that, having to inspect a building at Harodsburg, which had been designated by the quartermaster as an hospital for troops, he found it to be a church, and unfitted for military purposes; and that then, taking off his sword, he entered the chancel and knelt down at the communion rails, and prayed long and earnestly that peace might be vouchsafed to his distracted country. And there was such a kind of prayer uttered, I think, in our own country, and on a red battle-field, more than two hundred years ago, by a dying English soldier, whom men called Viscount Falkland.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE LADIES.

A DIALOGUE.

Persons Represented: CAPTAIN CHEERFUL, H. M. M., and MR. SNARL.

The scene represents an upstairs room at Delmonico's: the boudoir, with the story of Cupid and Psyche in fresco on the ceiling; the alabaster clock, with the allegorical group representing Time struggling with Clio for possession of the Page of History; the Venice mirrors, the candelabra of oxydised silver, the great crystal chandelier, the caprices *after Boucher in the panels of the door, and the hangings of gilt and stamped Cordovan leather. The* DINNER *(for four) has been a gala one. Here is the bill of fare:—*

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Caviar d'Archangel. Sardines. Olives. Betteraves.
Cod-sounds. Cold Slaugh.
Les Huîtres de Massachusetts Bay. Les Huîtres d'East River.
Les Clams de Little Neck.

POTAGES.

La purée bisque aux écrevisses. Le potage Terrapin.

POISSONS.

Le "Blue Fish" *à la maître d'hôtel. Le Maquereau Espagnol grillé.*
Le "Striped Bass" *aux fines herbes.*

ENTREMETS CHAUDS.

Les petits pâtés d'émincé de veau à la McClellan. Les Rissoles de volaille, à la Sam Ward.

ENTRÉES.

Les côtelettes de chevreuil piqués sauce à la Barlow.
Les noix de perdrix et de beccafici en arcade à la Convention de Chicago.
Les épinards à la Chancellor Robertson.
Le Poulet en demi-Marengo à la Hurlbut.
Le filet "tender loin" *aux pommes de terre à la Fizzle d'Harrisse.*
Les salsifis à la Clason.
Le sorbet de Kirsch glacé à la pacification du Sud.

RÔTI.

Les cailles. Les ortolans. Les—(No; they shall not be reduced to the level of Cooks' French. THE CANVAS BACK DUCKS, with the

flavour of wild celery hanging about them like a halo, served with currant jelly, and so slightly roasted as to justify the maxim that they should only "fly through a hot kitchen," and accompanied by a *salade à la Romaine.*)

RELEVÉS.

Le choufleur au gratin.
Le timbale de maccaroni au gratin.
Les côtelettes du foiegras à la Corlies.

ENTREMETS SUCRÉS.

L'omelette soufflée à la Gurowski. *Le poudin à la Nesselrode.*
Biscuits variés. *Les glaces à la Napolitaine.* *Meringues à la crême.*

VINS.

Sauterne (Duc de Pouillac Cavargeac); Xeres ("Vino Fino," 1834; "Topaze," 1846); Chateau Yquiem; Champagne, Verzenay, Delmonico, "Gold Seal," Cliquot (grand vin de noces), Chambertin (with the cradle wheelbarrow), Madère ("Governor Fish," "Smoked," "Southside"), ——— *Jam satis.**

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* I have a collection of one hundred and eleven bills of fare, as elaborate, and more elaborate, than this, the *menus* of banquets at restaurants and private houses to which the subscriber was invited, and written or printed on paper, on white satin, on blue silk, and on *white velvet in letters of gold.* I need scarcely say, that had it been my habit to partake of a tithe, or a twentieth, of the good things enumerated above, I should never have lived to write this book, or to feel, after a year's incessant labour and anxiety, better (under Heaven's mercy) than I ever felt in my life. And it may gratify the ingenious gentleman who welcomed me on my return home—after twelve months' strenuous endeavour to behave as an honest and loyal Englishman should do in a foreign and hostile country—by inditing a lying paragraph about me in the *Liverpool Albion*, to the effect that I had expressed myself very glad to escape from America, and that I was "sent to Coventry" by the Americans on board the "Persia,"—to remark that the night before the subscriber left New York he was entertained at a dinner more sumptuous than the fictitious one sketched (*pour rire*) above; that in the chair was a Copperhead; in the vice-chair the President of the New York Club, and that among the guests who bade him good-by were officers in the Federal army, judges and lawyers and journalists of every shade of political opinion. And the ingenious gentleman may further like to know, that at the table on board the "Persia" at which the subscriber was pleased to sit, there were a Peer of the Realm, a lieutenant in the Blues, a colonel and a major of English Engineers, and a prominent Liverpool merchant, and that the said table was daily and nightly surrounded by friendly and good-natured Yankees, who were always glad to gossip with the subscriber. What manner of education is needed, I wonder, to produce a rascal who, for a couple of pounds a week, will slander a man whom he

The Amphytrion of the evening has been Captain Cheerful, H. M. M. Of the two remaining guests, one, Mr. W. H. H. has gone "down town," to the office of the "Orb" Newspaper, to indite a flaming editorial in the interest of the forthcoming Presidential election, proving (the "Orb" is democratic) that Nero, Peter the Cruel, Ivan the Terrible, Doctor Busby, Brandt the Indian, Torquemada, and Herod of Jewry, were mild and humane characters in comparison with Mr. Abraham Lincoln; and that Sejanus, Tigellus, Empson and Dudley, Judge Jeffries, and Maximilian Robespierre were angels, when brought into juxtaposition with the Hon. W. H. Seward. The remaining guest is present, but he must be reckoned a "personnage muet," seeing that he has gone to sleep on a sofa (green Utrecht velvet) grasping a table napkin in his right hand, and occasionally waving it, after the manner of a flag of truce, in his dream. We will call him Mr. H. H. He is a metaphysician, and "death" on Kant, Schopenhauer, and Herbert Spencer. He is the worthiest of creatures; but as mad as Tasso (who must have been insane, since he was shut up so long).

It is very late. Siphons of Selzer, Kissingen, and soda have made their appearance, together with the liqueurs; but there are still several sound clarets and burgundies around.

Cigars are "on hand." Those most approved of are the "Figaro Regalias" (about the size of the bowsprit of a fifteen ton yacht); but Cabanas, Partagas, and Cavargas are not wanting. The metaphysician has been smoking some nasty cigars, of (presumably) Swiss origin, called "Infectadores," and they have made him sleepy. Note also that, at the stage in the menu where the "Sorbet de kirsch glacé à la purification du Sud," made its appearance, there was brought to table a packet of very delicate cigaritos, from the fabric of the "Honrades" (mis hechos mi justificaran), which were inhaled between the entrées and the roast; and furthermore, that the entire proceedings were ushered in by the degustation of "whets," whereof Captain Cheerful took sherry and bitters, Mr. Snarl vermouth, Mr. W. H. H. absinthe, and Mr. H. H. "le cocktail au naturel."

HERE THE DIALOGUE COMMENCES; *but what is a Play without a* MISE EN SCÉNE?

CAPTAIN CHEERFUL. I wish to propose a toast. I'll trouble you for that Mouton.

MR. SNARL. (*handing cut-glass jug.*) It isn't Mouton.

never saw, and who never did him any harm? My friends tell me that I should disdain to reply to such petty calumnies. I will reply, so long as I have a tongue to speak or a hand to hold a pen. I don't mind the abuse; but I prefer to take it fighting, and not lying down, like a whipped hound.

It's Nuits. And allow me to add that you have already taken a *pousse* and a *châsse* of dry Curaçoa, and that to imbibe wines after liqueurs is, to say the least, a solecism.

CAPTAIN C. (*good-naturedly.*) See if you can refrain from grumbling for about seventy seconds, Snarl, while I get through my toast. It is one that in every assembly of Englishmen—

MR. S. (*suddenly rising, and gulping down a bumper of Kissingen.*)—THE QUEEN!

CAPTAIN C. (*somewhat nettled.*) You seem to forget that we drank Her Majesty's health the very moment the cloth was drawn. To resume. The toast which I have the honour——

MR. S. I won't drink the President of the United States: at least, not Abraham Lincoln. (*Pathetically.*) He has put his heel on the neck of Maryland; his torch is at her temple door—

"Maryland, my Mary——"

[*Would continue singing disloyal airs, but is checked by the discreet* CAPTAIN CHEERFUL.

CAPTAIN C. Confound you! Whose health will you drink?

MR. S. Delmonico's, the Royal British and North American Mail Steam Ship Company's, and my own. I'm going home on Thursday.

CAPTAIN C. (*with calm severity.*) I trust you are not so deadened, so lost to every sense of human feeling, as to refuse to respond to a toast which no man, no gentleman, can hear without delight, or receive without rapture.

Mr. S. (*doggedly.*) Go on. I suppose it's the "Army and Navy."

Captain C. It is not. At this late hour we can dispense with all formalities and routine toasts. I am about——

Mr. S. (*as though suddenly stricken with an idea.*) By the way, Cheerful, are you aware that there are two, and not twenty, guests at this table? Isn't it rather ridiculous, drinking healths at all?

Captain C. (*with calm dignity.*) My eyes do not yet begin to multiply surrounding objects, Mr. Snarl; but were there two, or twenty, or two hundred persons seated at this festive board—were there peers or peasants——

Mr. S. "Or any other man."

Captain C. (*adroitly.*) Or any other man; that man should be taught to conduct himself with propriety in the social circle, and to refrain from unseemly interruptions to those who are his equals in intelligence and his superiors in station. The venal hirelings of a corrupt——

Mr. S. (*resignedly.*) I have heard that before. Go on with your toast.

Captain C. (*chivalrously abstaining from taking advantage of the point he has made, even at the risk of spoiling the symmetry of a phrase.*) I will therefore, sir, propose The Ladies!

Mr. S. (*rising, and having drunk the toast, and waving a pair of nutcrackers frantically over his head.*) The Ladies! the Ladies! Three times three! Hip, hip, hurrah! For they are jolly good fellows. It's a way we have in the army, and a way we have in the navy, and a way we have in the

'varsity to drive dull care away. And so say all of us. The Ladies! The ladies in blue, and the ladies in yellow: the ladies who paint, and the ladies who glaze. Bless the dear creatures! They share our joys, and they double our woes; and oh! how fond of us they are when we come home from Delmonico's—so early in the morning. (*Sighs pensively.*)

[*At this conjuncture Mr. H. H., from the Utrecht velvet sofa, makes, without the slightest provocation, the following remark:—*

Mr. H. H. C'est un fichu pays. Un homme y perd son temps, ses forces, son âme. Je deviens abasourdi; je radote. Je suis un cancre. I have lost my grip of the Categorical Imperative.

CAPTAIN C. (*more cheerfully than ever.*) Be still, Old Mole. Still harping on my daughter and the Categorical Imperative. (*To Mr. Snarl, and in a tone of paternal censure.*) You will permit me to observe that ribaldry is not wit, and that clamour is not censure. I wish the toast to be drunk in an earnest and thoughtful manner, and not with wild and irrational outcry, such as would suit a knot of German shoemakers in a Lager Bier Garten in the Bowery. I wish it to be drunk with a full knowledge of the bearing and signification it implies. By the Ladies, Mr. Snarl, I mean the LADIES OF AMERICA.

MR. S. By all means. Another Figaro, if you please. Ring the bell. Thank you. No heeltaps. The Ladies of America! *I am sure there is no one who admires and respects them more than I do.*

CAPTAIN C. Words are very fine things; but they will not

make sauce *à la maître d'hôtel.* You drink the toast with your lips, but I am afraid, not with your Heart.

Mr. S. Why?

Captain C. Because I hear, on good authority, that for a whole year past you have been sneering at and depreciating the American ladies, old and young.

Mr. S. I have never done anything of the kind. Providence has gifted me with a pair of eyes, and until I become an inmate of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, I conceive that I have a right to form an opinion, and to express it in proper language.

Captain C. But you do *not* express it in proper language. I have heard you say that the American ladies are vain, giddy, and frivolous; that, although brilliant and versatile, they are hard and unfeeling; that they are so spoilt by flattery and adulation as to be absolutely rude to those who shower incense over them.

Mr. S. "Bully for you," in that last particular. They *are* spoilt, they *are* pampered and petted to an almost inconceivable degree of absurdity. They *are* frequently most rude and impertinent. When you enter an hotel dining-room with a lady on your arm, the American ladies at the table you pass turn round and stare your companion out of countenance: not with furtive or moderately scanning glances, but with broad, brazen, gaping stares. An English lady I know, sitting in an hotel drawing-room at Boston, saw the lady opposite to her coolly taking notes of the cut and materials of her dress on her tablets. The same lady was accosted in the same hotel drawing-room by another lady in

these terms:—"Air you acquainted down here?" She replied that her husband had some friends in Boston. "Then," continued the lady, who was a total stranger to her, "I guess you'll walk down town and show me the stores. *I'm tired of shinning around alone.*" This, mind you, was a woman to a woman. Had she preferred her request in a kind and proper manner, the lady I mention would have been very glad to accede to it; as it was, she had the spirit to declare that she "guessed" she would do nothing of the kind. On another occasion this same lady was at Saratoga, and went into a shop to purchase some trifling articles of haberdashery. The female behind the counter was scarcely commonly civil to her; but when she had completed her purchases and was turning to leave the shop, the shopkeeper rushed from behind the counter *to see what the skirt of her dress was like.* Hitherto she had only seen her down to the waist. These are little acts of realism which can scarcely be invented, and for the truth of which I am ready to vouch.

Captain C. There are rude, and coarse, and unmannerly women in England, in France, and everywhere else. You must not judge a whole country by such exceptional cases.

Mr. S. "Bully for you" again. I should be a senseless dolt thus to take exceptions for the rule. But I can tell you an instance where American ladies are habitually and well-nigh universally rude. I have travelled scores upon scores of times in those remarkably uncomfortable vehicles, the Broadway omnibuses and stages. You know that, through the parsimony of the proprietors, these omnibuses have no conductors. A strap runs along the roof and through a

circular trap at the further end, and you can thus momentarily put yourself in communication with the driver, if you wish to alight; and he stops the omnibus at once. When you have taken your seat, you rise; touch a bell by the circular trap, and hand your eight or ten cents—I forget the price of the fare—to the driver; or you give him a note of higher denomination (say a fifty-cent one), and he hands you, always through the trap, the change. You likewise know that many of the Broadway stage-drivers are great ruffians, and will, instead of handing you down proper change, fob you off with bogus currency, and little tickets issued by nobody knows whom, which are perfectly illegal. There is something horribly irritating in being thus swindled by a man *whom you cannot see*, and, more than that, in being in many cases sworn at and abused by him. I once suggested that, if it were impossible to obtain a supply of "Niam-Niams," or men with caudal appendages, the best drivers for these stages would be very powerful apes, with very long tails, the which should pass through the circular trap above mentioned; the which you might tug at when you desired parley with the driver, hold on by tightly till you got your change, and, on occasion, bite, twist, or cut with knives, according to the misconduct of the baboon on the box. But all this has nothing to do with the ladies. When a lady passenger enters, the gallant custom of the country is, that the gentleman at her side (if she be alone), or the one opposite to her, should rise; take the amount of her fare from her, and hand it through the trap to the driver. This is so much a matter of course, that when a lady has setttled herself comfortably

down in her seat, she pulls out her portemonnaie, selects the requisite number of cents, and hands them to the nearest male victim, not only without an inclination of the head, but often without troubling herself to look him in the face. With downcast eyes, and her veil down, she can see a pair of pantaloons within convenient contiguity, and that is enough for her.

CAPTAIN C. And enough for him too, grumbler. The custom is universal, and you cannot expect people to be always repeating vain formulas.

MR. S. I beg your pardon. *No formulas are vain or useless, when their object is politeness.* If I go into the tap-room in a village ale-house in England, and warm myself by the fire, the sweep or the costermonger sitting near will wish me good-day; if he wants a light for his pipe, and I am nearer the fire than he, instead of pointing to his pipe and grunting "Say," he will remark, "I'll trouble you for a light, sir." When he has got the light he will thank you; and when he has ordered a pot of beer he will, as he raises it to his lips and blows away the froth, in all probability say, "Here's luck!" meaning that he approves of the company generally, and mentally drinks that company's very good health, as I do yours, Captain Cheerful.

CAPTAIN C. (*not to be conciliated by soft sawder.*) Sweeps and costermongers are not ladies. Go back to your omnibus.

MR. S. I will. We will suppose the gentleman to whom the money has been given has performed the office expected —mind, expected from him,—and he then resumes his seat.

The lady never thanks him. *I* NEVER *saw a lady thank a gentleman under such circumstances.* They never thank you, either for opening a door for them, or for picking up their glove, or their fan, or their handkerchief. They never thank you if you give up to them your seat at a theatre, or in a room, or in a stage, or in a railway car, or on board a steamboat. If there are any ladies who do thank gentlemen, I have never met with them. A French gentleman whom I know lives in chambers in the buildings of the New York University. He is a gentleman of the old school, and makes it a point to lift his hat to every lady he meets *under a roof.* On the same floor with his chambers are the rooms of a very admirable and useful institution, called the Woman's Library, and all day long young women, belonging to every grade of society, are tripping up and down the stairs. He tells me that not in one instance has any one of these ladies acknowledged his quiet and respectful salute.

MR. H. H. (*from the couch*). *C'est la pure vérité* with one little exception. One *petite demoiselle* laughed in my face, and another—*une grande squelette coiffée à l'épouvantable*, said, in thunderous tones: "I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm no such woman." *Elle croyait qui j'avais des desseins infâmes à son égard.*

MR. S. They do not seem to understand that one of the most charming forms of politeness is the acknowledgment of the courtesy of an entire stranger. What makes Kings and Queens so popular? *They bow to every one who salutes them.* The rude *insouciance* of American ladies is, of course, not entirely their own fault. It is the natural growth of an

unnatural fetish worship with which they are surrounded: a fetish worship which was engendered by the former paucity of women in the country, and which is continued as a matter of routine and usance now that the females threaten to swamp the males numerically: and *will*, if the war continues. I say routine and usance, for, in reality, the Americans are not more polite to ladies than are the English and the French, *and they are not a tithe so polite as the Spaniards*. They certainly beat the Germans in this respect; but a German cannot be polite to anybody. So patent and notorious have the cavalier manners of the ladies become, that very many philosophical Americans wholly refuse to have anything to do with fostering the delusive fetish-worship, and, beyond the assistance which every man is bound to render to a woman in embarrassment, allow the ladies to shift by themselves as best they can. One gets tired at last of being treated like a dog. Our friend the metaphysician on the couch yonder!—even his meek soul has revolted at the dog-like treatment; and he tells me that when the cents are handed to him in an omnibus for transmission through the trap, he folds his arms, shuts his eyes, shakes his head, and shapes his lips to the monosyllable "No."

Mr. H. H. (*from the couch, hurriedly.*) Except the lady be young and pretty, and yet, alas! they are ruder than the old ones.

Captain C. All this is bosh. You have met with a few isolated cases of incivility, and you assume them to be general, and that they leaven the whole lump of society.

For shame! Here you have been a whole year, treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and you requite all these favours by grumbling and snarling at everything you meet, like a bear with a sore head. Did any American lady ever treat you with rudeness?

Mr. S. The first Northern lady to whom I took a letter of introduction in Washington—she was a bitter Northerner—told me that although she detested my country nationally, and thought the behaviour of the British government obnoxious, she could tolerate Englishmen individually. I don't think any English lady, Whig or Tory—I don't think any French lady, Imperialist, Orleanist, or Republican, would have spoken in these terms to a person she never saw before in her life.

Captain C. She was joking, or perhaps she didn't like your looks. I'll trouble you for the cognac. Thanks. Have you anything more to allege?

Mr. S. Much. The personal vanity of the American ladies is to me something monstrous and terrible. Half their time is spent in the adornment of their persons. They talk, think, dream of nothing but dress.

Captain C. Come, come; a little consistency, if you please. You have yourself admitted on many former occasions that American ladies are exceedingly clever, and the best conversationalists in the world.

Mr. S. I frankly admit the fact. But this cleverness is due to the precocity of their intellect and the copious range of subjects they learn at school, and much of it also must be put to the credit of the excellent schooling they receive.

They continue school-girls until they are sixteen or seventeen; but they are flirts at five; they have their beaux at the dancing school at eight; they have their *affaires du cœur* at ten. They can write love-letters by intuition. Their holidays have been spent in hotel watering-places, in hotel corridors and steamboat saloons. There has never been anything childish about them. They have learnt to look at themselves in the glass before they could walk, to wear false hair before they are fifteen—every other shop in Broadway is full of skeleton corsets or half globes of padding for the false bosoms of women. Their teeth are false——

CAPTAIN C. Stop, stop! Your obstinacy, ignorance, and prejudice surpass belief. You take a few worn-out city flirts, hardened coquettes, invalid beauties of watering-places, the veterans of a dozen seasons in New York and Boston, and decry by implication the fresh, fair, blooming maidenhood of America. You will be saying that they paint, next.

MR. S. They use a good deal of prepared chalk to whiten their necks and arms with; but they rarely use rouge. They are, as a nation, too notoriously pallid for *that*.

CAPTAIN C. Would you like to say anything else?

MR. S. A very little more. I ran off at a tangent when their intellectual attainments were the topic. They are very, very clever—alarmingly clever, but rarely profound. I believe that almost every educated American lady could write a novel or a leading article. They have a wonderfully facile knack of versification, and there is probably more good

second-rate poetry and less first-class poetry published in America than in any other country on the globe. For art, as yet, they have little taste; but the achievement of their gifted countrywoman, Miss Hosmer, will fire them to emulation; and in another ten years their cleverness will enable them to do some very noticeable things in water-colour painting and sculpture. They play the pianoforte with amazing facility and brilliancy, but rarely with any feeling or expression. *Elles ont la touche dur comme un marteau.* They sing with great dexterity of execution and fertility of florid ornament; but they sing from their heads, and not from their chests, and certainly not from their hearts. *They are not, as mature women, beautiful.* The young girls of sixteen and seventeen are wonderfully *pretty*, lithe, slim, bright, smiling, dapper, alert, tripping, and graceful; and occasionally you meet with a sweet pretty face and figure in a married lady: but beauty, as I understand it,—the beauty of the Roman peasant woman, of the Venetian dame, of the *bourgeoise* of Arles, of the English country lass—they seldom, if ever, possess.

CAPTAIN C. What has their beauty to do with their intellectual attainments?

MR. S. I thought I had disposed of that part of the subject. They learn a great deal at school, but when they have left it they do not read much. Balls and theatres, dressing and flirting, absorb too much of their time. Beyond newspapers, trashy periodicals, and light literature generally, I do not think they are to any extent given to cultivating their minds; of course, from these strictures I except New Eng-

land. The ladies of Massachusetts in particular are really and habitually studious, and their acquirements as are brilliant as they are solid. But a New York belle——

CAPTAIN C. There it is again. Always New York! Are there no ladies anywhere in the United States save at New York?

MR. S. There are ladies, high-minded, intellectual, handsome beyond compare, I am told, in the South; but they are unapproachable. They are in Dixie. There are ladies in the great West, who I daresay are everything that is to be desired; but I know nothing about the West. I have but hung for a year upon the skirts of the garment of the North. A New York belle, I repeat, does not care about serious reading. She has too much to do with doing nothing. She is incorrigibly lazy. You scarcely ever see her at needlework. Her hair, even at breakfast time, is always elaborately dressed; *but not in one case out of five hundred does she dress it herself.* The rich send for French *coiffeurs;* for the middle classes there are young ladies who would disdain to be domestic servants, who make a living by going round to private houses and "fixing up" young ladies' hair.

CAPTAIN C. Exemplary and charitable critic! And when they are married, my philanthropist?"

MR. S. When they are married they lead lives very similar to those which they have led when single. They have nothing to do. Household cares rarely occupy their attention. Most of them have no houses. They dawdle about the parlours of hotels and boarding-houses, or tinkle on the

piano, or troop up and down Broadway until their husbands come home from their stores or their counting-houses. The American women have the kindest and most indulgent helpmates to be found anywhere. There is nothing that an American husband will not do for his wife. I hope their homes are happy. I am sure they ought to be, and they, the happiest women in the world.

CAPTAIN C. *Et après.* It is growing very late.

MR. S. Though idle, they are no slovens. An American woman, young or old, is always neat, clean, and trim. At eight o'clock in the morning she is "fixed up." She looks as though she had just come out of a bandbox. There is too much uniformity of costume among the ladies: that is to say, ten thousand young ladies of seventeen wear mantles, bonnets, flowers, and sleeves precisely similar to those which ten thousand more young ladies of seventeen wear, and so on to the ladies of seven-and-thirty, and the ladies of seventy; but they all follow the latest Parisian fashions with taste, skill, and appreciation. They procure those fashions much earlier than we do; and, on the whole, I think the American ladies are fifty times better dressed than the English ones. They dance with ease and grace, and are furiously fond of that recreation. They are poor walkers. They are very light-hearted and exceedingly goodnatured, and indomitably vivacious—and here is their Health again, Captain Cheerful, with all the honours! They are the most delightful and attractive little bodies I ever met; only, they have been spoilt. But the War will cure them of a good many of their faults, and when they find

that they are no longer surrounded by swarms of dandies and danglers; when the Hard Time comes, and they have to put their shoulders to the wheel; then, I dare not doubt they will approve themselves true, and loyal, and loving women, whose sympathies and whose affections——

Here Mr. H. H. wakes up again, with a sudden yelp, and proceeds to mutter something incoherent respecting "the ancient Coptic civilisation." At this conjuncture Mr. W. H. H. returns from the office of the "Orb," having "chawed up" the Government to the complete satisfaction of himself and (to-morrow morning) of his party. To him enter Sam W——, who has brought a bottle of "Southside," from his own private cellar, in his pocket, declaring (the Sybarite) that Delmonico's Madeira is open to criticism. Serious conversation sets in; and Mr. Snarl remembers that he has a latch key.

This is all, my good companions of so many hundred pages. You will have no more of Captain Cheerful, nor of Mr. Snarl, nor of this Book, nor of me. Of course, the persons depicted above are all Imaginary. Of course, the dinner in the Cordovan leather-hung room at Delmonico's never took place. Of course, the conversation embodied in the colloquy of Snarl and Cheerful never occurred. But this chapter is the only imaginative one in the book. The rest is as true as my lights would enable me to make it; and I trust there may be a grain of truth or so seen in my shadowy dialogue.

As I rise from my task in the wintry morning, I look around me, and feel for a moment very solitary. The lamp has flickered to its last; and it is the grey dawn that coldly lights the last page. My watch has stopped; the fire is out; and the cup of tea they brought me eight hours since, and which has stood unregarded by me through the Night,

tastes, now that I put my lips to it, as cold as ice. The curtain drops, heavy and dark, on a long and weary drama, and the Show has been seen, and the Game is "played out." Shall I ever see the play or the actors again?

But, God bless that burly guard at Euston Square, any way, who, when I had parted on a November night in '63 from all that was dear to me in the world, and had flung myself in a very limp and boneless manner in the corner of the carriage of the Limited Mail bound for Holyhead and Queenstown—God bless that guard who thrust his head in at the window and whispered, "*Excuse me, sir; but you've another three-quarters of a minute before the train starts, and you can get out and give the lady another Hug.*" The which I did. I am sure that guard must have been a family man, and had given somebody a Hug before he went on duty that night; and I hope that all his journeys may be as prosperous as mine have been.

THE END.

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